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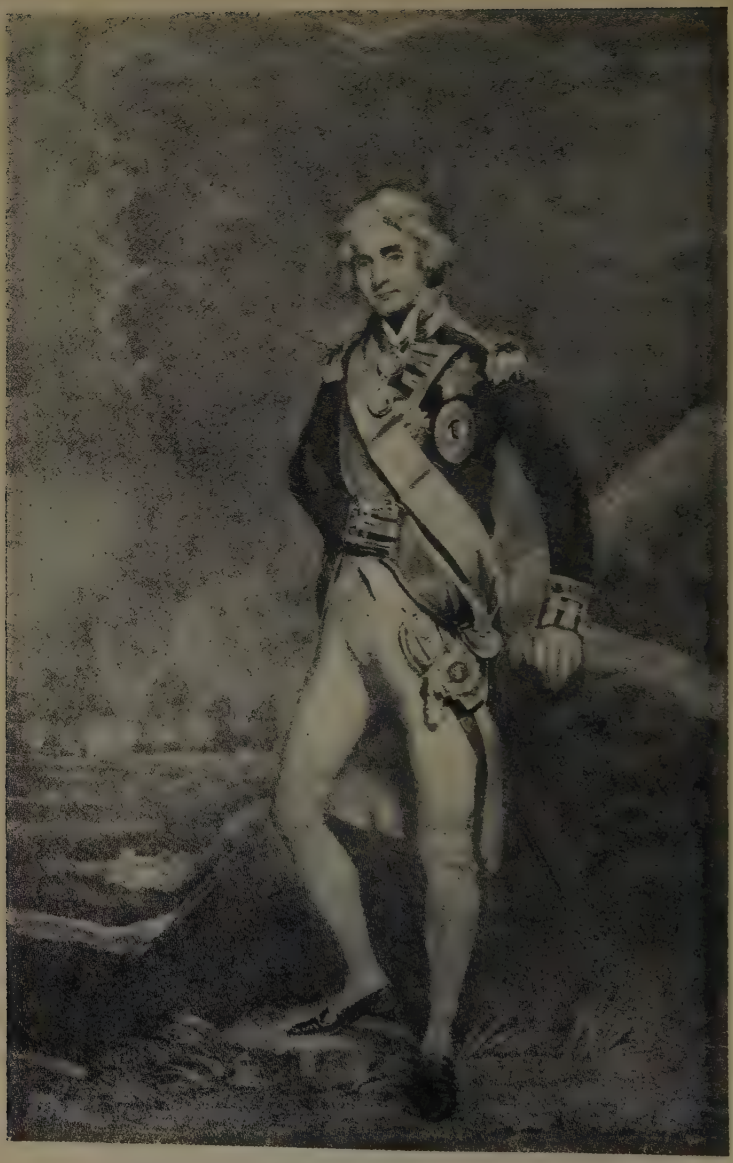
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
15
19
24

LIST OF NAVAL BATTLES NUMBERED ON MAP

1. In Greek waters:
   - Salamis
   - Naupactus
   - Actium
   - Prevesa
   - Lepanto
2. Lissa (Adriatic Sea)
3. In Sicilian waters:
   - Mylæ
   - Ecnomus
   - Messina
   - Malta
4. Toulon
5. Barbary coast:
   - Tunis
   - Algiers
6. Alexandria
7. Dardanelles
8. In Spanish waters:
   - Gibraltar
   - Cape St. Vincent
   - Cadiz
   - Trafalgar
9. Quiberon Bay
10. English Channel:
    - Spanish Armada campaign
    - Battles of Anglo-Dutch Wars
    - Beachy Head
    - La Hogue
11. In North Sea:
    - Heligoland Bight
    - Dogger Bank
12. In Danish waters:
    - Copenhagen
    - Jutland
13. Svold Island (Baltic Sea)
14. Virginia Capes
15. Saints' Passage
16. Nombre de Dios
17. Cartagena
18. Vera Cruz
19. Falkland Islands
20. Coronel
21. In Chinese waters:
    - Yalu
    - Port Arthur
22. Tsushima
23. Cocos Islands
24. In Indian waters:
    - Trincomalee
    - Negapatam
    - Cuddalore

FAMOUS OLD-WORLD SEA FIGHTERS



NELSON AS VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.
After a painting by J. Hoppner, R. A.

FAMOUS OLD-WORLD SEA FIGHTERS

By
CHARLES LEE LEWIS
Associate Professor
United States Naval Academy

ILLUSTRATED

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FAMOUS OLD-WORLD SEA FIGHTERS

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

To
My Father
MASON AVERY LEWIS

PREFACE

THE sea has played an important rôle in the history of the world, from the dim past when men first ventured out of sight of land in their rude craft to the present when ships ply back and forth, ever faster and in ever increasing numbers, like great shuttles weaving into intricate patterns the hopes and desires and fears of nations. Looking backward over this long period of time, one finds in the annals of the sea some of the most stirring exploits and most heroic spirits of history. Some were voyagers and explorers; others were fishermen, whalers, and merchant captains; still others were pirates, freebooters, and naval leaders. It is with the latter class that this volume of biographical sketches is concerned, and chiefly with those who engaged in legitimate naval warfare.

In selecting the representative Old-World sea fighters, the author tried to choose men of real distinction whose deeds of valor are conspicuous in their nation's history and whose achievements, taken in their proper chronological order, make a continuous story of naval history from the Greco-Persian conflict to the recent World War. Changes in types of ships and weapons of warfare have not been disregarded, nor have the connections between naval wars and the general trend of history been overlooked. Indeed, it is hoped that the following of the course of naval history in this book may stimulate the reader's interest in general history. Perhaps, the naval story may serve as a thread of Ariadne through the complicated mazes of the history of the Old World.

The author has followed closely the facts of history, in the writing of these sketches. The book, then, is not after the manner of fictional biography or historical fiction. The careers of the famous sea fighters of the Old World need none of the embellishments of fiction to render them picturesque, none of the inventions of the story-teller to make them romantic and intensely interesting. This becomes evident, when one pauses to consider that here are portrayed the achievements of men whose lives have been diversified by experiences on the sea and also in warfare, both of which afford unlimited opportunities for adventurous and romantic deeds. Such men have been chosen for portrayal; they are, in the words of Walt Whitman,

Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never surprise
nor death dismay,
Picked sparingly without noise by thee, old ocean, chosen by
thee,
Thou sea, that pickest and cullest the race, in Time, and unitest
nations!
Suckled by thee, old husky nurse, embodying thee,
Indomitable, untamed as thee.

CHARLES LEE LEWIS.

Annapolis, Maryland.
January, 1929.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	PHORMIO (?–428 B. C.) AND THE EARLY GREEK NAVY	13
II.	MARCUS VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA (63–12 B. C.) AND THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM	29
III.	OLAF TRYGGVESSON (964–1000) AND THE VIKINGS	48
IV.	BARBAROSSA (1456?–1546) AND THE MOHAMMEDANS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN	64
V.	FRANCIS DRAKE (1541–1596) AND THE SPANISH ARMADA	87
VI.	ROBERT BLAKE (1599–1657), CROMWELL'S ADMIRAL	119
VII.	MICHEL DE RUYTER (1607–1676), HOLLAND'S GREATEST ADMIRAL	147
VIII.	COMTE DE TOURVILLE (1642–1701) AND THE RISE OF FRENCH SEA POWER	170
IX.	EDWARD HAWKE (1705–1781) AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR	182
X.	COMTE DE GRASSE (1722–1788) AND FRENCH AID IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION	198
XI.	BAILLI DE SUFFREN (1729–1788) AND THE STRUGGLE FOR INDIA	220
XII.	HORATIO NELSON (1758–1805) AND THE DEFEAT OF NAPOLEON	242
XIII.	WILHELM VON TEGETTHOFF (1827–1871), THE GREATEST OF AUSTRIAN ADMIRALS	277
XIV.	HEIHACHIRO TOGO (1847–) AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER	294
XV.	DAVID BEATTY (1871–) AND THE WORLD WAR	317
	A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY	349
	INDEX	355

ILLUSTRATIONS

Nelson's *Victory* . . . . . (*Cover Inset*)

Nelson as Vice Admiral of the Blue . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

A Greek War Trireme 16

View of the Piræus, Athens, and the Long Walls at the Time of the Peloponnesian War . . 26

Statue of Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa . . . 36

The Battle of Actium 44

When the Vikings Went to War 50

Olaf Tryggvesson Consults a Seer of the Scilly Isles 54

Kheyr-ed-Din "Barbarossa" 68

Christian and Turkish Galleys in Action . . . 82

Sir Francis Drake 90

Defeat of the Spanish Armada: Attack of the Fire-ships at Calais 116

The Battle off Dungeness 132

Admiral Robert Blake 140

Admiral Michel Adriaanszoon de Ruyter . . . 152

The Dutch in the Medway 160

Comte de Tourville 172

The Battle of La Hogue 178

Admiral Edward Hawke 184

The Battle of Quiberon Bay 194

Comte de Grasse 200

Rodney's *Formidable* Breaking the French Line at the Battle of Saints' Passage 214
Vice Admiral Pierre André de Suffren 222
The Battle of Negapatam 234
The Battle of the Nile 262
Nelson Mortally Wounded at Trafalgar . . . 274
Baron Wilhelm von Tegetthoff 278
Sinking the *Re d'Italia* at Lissa 292
Count Heihachiro Togo 296
Rojdestvensky Being Transferred to a Destroyer at Tsushima 312
Admiral David Beatty 318
The *Lion* Leading the Battle Cruisers at Jutland . 344

Famous Old-World Sea Fighters

CHAPTER I

PHORMIO (?–428 B. C.) AND THE EARLY GREEK NAVY

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men, thy grand in soul?
Gone,—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away,—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each moldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

From BYRON'S *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

From NATHANIEL LEE'S *The Rival Queens,* Act IV, Sc. 2.

THE sea was an important factor in the history of the ancient Greeks. Even in their legendary stories there appear adventurous voyages like that of Jason and his fifty heroes in the *Argo* in search of the "golden fleece," and in Homer's "Odyssey" there is the account of the wanderings of Ulysses after the fall of Troy, during which he is borne here and there by Fate on the waters of the Mediterranean. Such stories are significant as to what the sea life of the Greeks was before the dawn of history; and a glance at the map of Greece will show why the people were so naturally drawn to the sea. It will be noted that no other country of the same size has

so many natural harbors and such a long coast-line, and that, consequently, no Greek had to journey far to get a sight of the sea. With a comparatively barren rocky soil and an increasing population, it was but natural for these hardy people to seek new markets and even new homes across the seas. Accordingly, they dotted the Mediterranean with their trading-posts, many of which were developed into colonies; and by the sixth century B. C., they had encircled with their towns the coast of the Black Sea, established themselves here and there on the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean, and, though gaining but a foothold in southern Gaul, had made thoroughly Greek all of Sicily and southern Italy.

In spite of all the colonial expansion and growth in maritime commerce, we hear but little of regularly constituted navies in Greece before the time of Themistocles. This shrewd Athenian statesman, in the interval between the first and second Persian invasions, persuaded his countrymen to build a hundred ships, telling them that the oracle which had advised them to trust alone in walls of wood could have referred only to the protection afforded by ships. That he had rare foresight, the victory of the Greeks over the Persians at Salamis, 480 B. C., is ample proof. This battle, moreover, marked one of the turning-points in history, for the defeat of Xerxes's tremendous military and naval forces, that day, rolled back the tide of Oriental autocratic domination and gave the Greek states a period of peace, during which they developed their free institutions, their literature, and their art, without which our own institutions and culture would be poor indeed. The battle itself is of considerable interest, because of the number of ships

engaged and the strategy displayed by the Greeks in choosing a comparatively narrow strait between the island of Salamis and the mainland of Attica, so that their three hundred and eighty ships could contend on more nearly equal terms with the six hundred or more of the Persian vessels. But it was not a distinct naval battle, for it resembled more closely a military combat in which the soldiers fought each other from floating platforms. Some naval tactics were displayed in the ramming of the exposed Persian ships by the Greeks in the initial stage of the battle; but, after that, the contending forces became a confused mass of struggling men on swaying decks, and the details of what happened are uncertain. Even Themistocles was more of a politician than he was a seaman, and he was not himself in command of the Greek fleet at Salamis, as he had yielded that honor to Eurybiades, a Spartan, who was merely a soldier.

As a really typical sea fighter among the Greeks we have, therefore, chosen one who distinguished himself a little later in Greek history, during that life and death struggle between Sparta and Athens, which is known as the Peloponnesian War. This great civil war, which lasted for twenty-seven years (431–404 B. C.), was caused by the imperial policy of Athens,—a policy which aroused the jealousy and discontent of the southern Greek States, constituting the Peloponnesus. Under the lead of Sparta, these States finally brought about the downfall of the Athenian empire and demonstrated the incapacity of the Greek character to form a united national State. None of the peculiar significance of this conflict has been lost by the fact that its events have been narrated by one of the world's greatest historians,

Thucydides, who had himself seen service on the sea in this great civil war. It is from this historian that we draw nearly all the information that we have concerning the first great seaman of recorded history,—Phormio.[1]

Like Venus who sprang full-grown from the sea, or like Minerva who leaped fully armed from the brow of Jupiter, Phormio emerged first, from the pages of Thucydides, a mature and experienced leader. We do not know the year of his birth, nor anything concerning his ancestry except that "he came of no obscure family"[2] and that his father was named Asopius. All his boyhood, and early manhood as well, is shrouded in darkness, and his very appearance is unknown to-day, for no statues or other likenesses have come down to us. If only Plutarch had included him in his famous "Lives," we should have known him as well as we do Themistocles and Phormio's contemporary, the great Pericles, and many other far less important figures in Greek history; but, for some strange reason, this most famous biographer of antiquity thought Phormio unworthy of a place among his illustrious Greeks and Romans.

Before relating the events in Phormio's later life, which are recorded in history, let us consider the type of war-ship which was used in his day. This was the trireme,[3] a kind of fighting ship which the Greeks probably derived from the Phœnicians, and built first at Corinth as early as 700 B. C. This was the type of vessel used at the battle of Salamis, and it remained the

[1] The Greeks wrote it "Phormion."
[2] PAUSANIAS'S *Description of Greece*, Book I, Chapter 23, Section 10.
[3] This is the Latin name; the Greeks called their ships *trieres*, which means "triple arranged."

A Greek War Trireme.

From "Romance of the Ship," by Lieut. Com. E. Keble Chatterton. Published by Seeley Service and Co., Ltd. Used by arrangement with the publishers.

standard war-ship until a considerable time after the Peloponnesian War. From the size of some dry-docks which have been uncovered by archæologists, it has been estimated that the dimensions of these ships did not exceed one hundred and thirty feet in length and sixteen feet in breadth. It appears that there were two masts, the mainmast carrying the larger square sail and a smaller mast forward, bearing a correspondingly smaller sail. Neither of these sails was used in battle, and both the mainmast and the larger sail were usually left on shore, if possible, when a battle was expected. Indeed, the phrase "hoisting the sail" became synonymous with "running away from the enemy." In battle, apparently, reliance was placed entirely on the strong arms of the rowers, for maneuvering. These numbered, in the larger triremes, one hundred and seventy men, with twenty-seven rowing on the lower seats, twenty-seven also on the middle tier, and thirty-one on the upper row, on each side of the vessel. While rowing, the men kept time to the music of a flute or the stroke of a hammer on a metallic gong. In addition to the rowers, the crew consisted of about ten marines, heavily armed, and twenty seamen who managed the sails and bore light arms in battle. The commanding officer was called a trierarch, and next to him in rank was the navigating officer, or "helmsman," who steered the ship with two heavy rudders, one on either side of the stern of the ship. Of the other subordinate officers, the one in command of the bow held the most responsible position.

On each side of the vessel was a gangway about three feet wide, which was sometimes planked in on the outer side and so became a protected passageway and fighting

platform for the sailors and marines. However, the hardest fighting in the hand-to-hand struggles took place on the main deck, which stood some three feet above the gangway and covered all the ship from bow to stern. In the stern was a deck-house, raised a little above the level of the main deck, for the trierarch and the helmsman. The stern itself curved upward in the "goose-head," which was the symbol of the floating power of the ship. On the fore part of the deck was the forecastle; while above, and beyond it, projected the curved prolongation of the bow of the ship which was often carved in the shape of a ram's head and was covered with bronze. Below this and near the water-line was attached a beak, some ten feet long, often fashioned to resemble a boar's head, with sharp projecting teeth; it also had a thick metal covering. On each side of the ship's bow was a great eye, through which probably a hawser was passed; and, behind the eyes, two strong cat-heads, like great ears, supported the anchors and protected the gangways and oars when the enemy was being rammed.

This was the type of ship which, for the hundred years preceding the Persian Wars and the hundred years thereafter, was the dominant war-ship[1] on the Mediterranean. It was the most powerful and the swiftest fighting ship thus far evolved, an instrument ready for the use of the master sea fighter of that age. The earliest exploit by Phormio, which Thucydides relates, was his bringing ships to the assistance of Pericles during the last stage of the war against Samos, 440 B. C. The Samians, however, made but a feeble attempt at

[1] The Greeks also had ships with two banks of oars, called biremes, and an earlier type, the penteconter, with one tier of fifty rowers.

open fighting, and after a siege of nine months, they surrendered to the Athenians.

About eight years then elapse before we meet with Phormio again in Thucydides's pages, when, in command of thirty ships, he assisted in the capture of Argos and gained the Acarnanians as allies for his countrymen. A few months afterwards, we find him bearing reënforcements to northern Greece to help subdue the revolt of Potidæa. This town was originally a Corinthian colony; and so its revolt helped to precipitate the Peloponnesian War, in which Corinth was one of the allies of Sparta. After escaping the ravages of the plague, Phormio returned to Athens, and in the winter of 430 B. C. he was sent, with twenty ships, around southern Greece into the Corinthian Gulf to the Athenian naval base at Naupactus, in the vicinity of which he was soon to perform his most brilliant achievements.

The Spartan army had proved itself so superior to that of the Athenians that the latter had been forced to find refuge within the walls of Athens. As a counter move, they sent their navy to ravage the coasts of the Peloponnesus and thus draw the invaders away from Attica; and Phormio's movements formed a part of this general plan of conducting the war. During the summer of 429 B. C., the Spartans and the Corinthians, with their numerous allies, planned an ambitious expedition against Acarnania, the ally of Athens on the western coast of Greece. Phormio, not wishing to leave Naupactus, his base, unprotected against the Corinthian fleet, at first permitted the Spartans, who led one division of the expedition, to land their forces without his interference and to begin their campaign. After a time, as

Thucydides[1] relates, "The Corinthians and allies had started for Acarnania without any idea of fighting at sea, and with vessels more like transports for carrying soldiers; besides which, they never dreamed of the twenty Athenian ships venturing to engage their forty-seven." They were, therefore, greatly surprised when Phormio came out from his base and sailed on a parallel course with them as they coasted along their own shore. When they attempted to slip away from the coast by night and cross to Acarnania, they were observed by the watchful Athenian commander and, at dawn, they saw that they would have to fight in the open sea.

The Corinthian captains quickly arranged their triremes in a circle with the prows outward, like the spokes of a wheel; inside the circle were stationed the store-ships and also five of the fastest war-ships which were to dart out and strengthen any point that should be threatened by the enemy. Phormio, on the other hand, formed his ships in column and moved round and round the Corinthians, threatening to attack here and there and thus forcing them to contract their circle. He knew that when the wind rose, as it usually did there in the early morning, his enemies would not be able to keep their formation and would be thrown into confusion; so he kept circling about them like a dog shepherding a flock of sheep, only waiting for the most favorable moment to strike. The wind, as expected, began to blow, and the Corinthian ships, which had by that time been drawn too close together, began to foul each other. At once, confusion took the helm,—with the crews struggling to clear their oars, and the captains shouting their orders in vain in the midst of the tumult. Phormio then

[1] *Peloponnesian War*, Book II, Section 83.

gave the signal to attack. First, a ship of one of the Corinthian admirals was sunk; then other vessels were disabled in rapid succession. The confusion was so great that the Corinthians, in spite of their superior numbers, thought only of flight; but the Athenians pursued and captured twelve of their ships, taking aboard and carrying away with them almost their entire crews. Before returning to Naupactus, however, Phormio set up a trophy on the promontory of Rhium and dedicated a ship to Poseidon, the god of the sea.

The Corinthians gathered their shattered forces together at Cyllene, the arsenal of Elis, much mystified as to why and how it had all happened. Here they were joined by the Spartans, whose land operations in Acarnania had also resulted unsuccessfully. The command of the allied fleet was then entrusted to a Spartan, and he was ordered to repair the dishonor of the recent disgraceful defeat. There was no mystery about the reasons for this defeat. The Athenians won because of the years of patient training which their crews had undergone, and particularly because of the naval genius of Phormio.

But the great Athenian leader realized that his twenty ships would probably be no match for the armada which he was informed the Peloponnesians were preparing. So, along with the news of his recent victory, he sent an urgent request for as many ships as possible to be speedily dispatched to him. Twenty triremes were accordingly sent, but their commander was ordered to go first to the island of Crete to reduce a hostile town. This foolish diversion of the reënforcements probably happened because Pericles was then dying of the plague, and unworthy men were gaining control in Athens.

Meanwhile, the Peloponnesians took the sea with seventy-seven triremes, and coasted along the shore of Achæa to a point near the narrow entrance into the Corinthian Gulf. But Phormio was undaunted at such tremendous odds, and took up a position with his twenty ships directly opposite the enemy on the other side of the entrance to the gulf, which at that point was only about three-quarters of a mile wide. Here they faced each other for a week or so, Phormio wishing not to fight in the straits and the Peloponnesians hoping they would not be forced to fight in the open sea.

The commanders on both sides addressed their men with encouraging words during the long days of waiting for battle. "Against their superior experience," declared the Spartan admiral, "set your superior daring, and against the fear induced by defeat, the fact of your having been then unprepared; remember, too, that you have always the advantage of superior numbers, and of engaging off your own coast, supported by your heavy infantry; and, as a rule, numbers and equipment give victory."[1] As for Phormio, he reminded his men that the enemy were greatly afraid of them because of their recent victory, that many of the allies had been brought into the war against their will, and that their own skill on the sea was unquestionably superior to that of their enemies. He concluded with these words: "And I may once more remind you that you have defeated most of them already; and beaten men do not face a danger twice with the same determination."[2]

But in spite of the courage and skill of the Athenians, they were not able to take the initiative, for they could

[1] THUCYDIDES'S *The Peloponnesian War*, Book II, Section 88.
[2] *Ibid.*

not reach their base without sailing through the straits, and they could not afford to attempt to draw the enemy into the more open sea, for fear he would at once set out for their base at Naupactus and perhaps capture it. So the Peloponnesians, at last, took the first step and sailed into the straits with their fleet in four divisions, the leading division of which was composed of twenty of the fastest ships. Phormio was thus forced, against his will, to fight in the narrow strait, for the maneuver of the enemy threatened Naupactus. He, accordingly, embarked and made all possible speed with the hope of getting safely through the strait; but the Peloponnesian fleet bore down on him as he was coasting along in column of ships close in shore. Eleven of the leading ships did succeed in getting through to the open water; but the remainder were cut off and driven ashore. Here some of the crews escaped by swimming to land, others were slain, while the crew of one trireme was captured together with the ship.

Phormio, of course, was with the eleven ships that escaped, and he succeeded in outdistancing the twenty fast Peloponnesian vessels and reached Naupactus in safety. One Athenian ship, however, lagged behind and was being chased by a single enemy war-ship far ahead of the rest, as they sailed leisurely along chanting a pæan for the victory they supposed they had certainly gained. Now, there happened to be a merchantman lying at anchor in the roadstead, and, around her, the Athenian trireme circled quickly and, before the captain of the pursuing vessel hardly realized what was happening, she suddenly attacked and drove her beak into the side of the enemy ship. So destructive was the blow that she immediately sank, the Spartan commander

committing suicide as she went down. This produced a panic among the pursuing Peloponnesians. Some of them stopped to let the main body of the fleet come up; while others ran aground in the shallows, partly through excitement and partly through ignorance of that locality.

Here was a good opportunity for the Athenians to turn defeat into a splendid victory. So only a word of command was needed from Phormio to send his ten triremes into action, and with cheers they dashed out of Naupactus to attack their enemies, who were already turning to flee toward the base which they had left early that morning. Phormio, however, overtook and captured six of the nearest vessels, and chased away the remainder of the Peloponnesian ships. Then he recovered those of his own vessels which had been driven ashore at the beginning of the action, and returned quite content to Naupactus. Soon afterwards, the main body of the Peloponnesian fleet, fearing that reënforcements would soon arrive for Phormio, sailed away for Corinth. As a matter of fact, their fears were not groundless for, not long after their retirement, the twenty Athenian ships, which were to have joined Phormio before the battle, arrived at Naupactus.

This battle practically ended the campaign. During the following winter, Phormio sailed to Acarnania, and landed about eight hundred men whom he led into the interior to establish more completely the Athenian influence in that country. He then returned to Naupactus where he remained until spring, when he sailed away for Athens. He took with him the captured ships and the prisoners who were not freemen; the freemen he exchanged, man for man, for Athenian prisoners in the

hands of Sparta. This is the last we hear of Phormio in the war; like a meteor across the heavens, he sweeps through Thucydides's history and is gone. In the year 428 B. C., according to Thucydides,[1] a fleet of thirty ships was sent out under Asopius, the son of Phormio, as the Acarnanians had insisted that the commander be some relative of the great admiral who had aided and befriended their country. The inference from this is that Phormio was then dead; possibly he fell a victim to the plague upon his arrival in Athens, for it returned each summer for several years until a fourth of the population had perished of the pestilence. Pausanias[2] says that Phormio was buried near Pericles just outside the city of Athens, where were to be found "the tombs of all the Athenians who fell in battle by sea or land, except the men who fought at Marathon; for these, as a meed of valor, are buried on the field."

That Phormio's services to Athens were greatly valued is further shown by the fact that the Athenians built, at Delphi, a colonnade out of the treasures which they took from the Peloponnesians in battle, and there they dedicated figureheads of ships and bronze shields. Upon this memorial they placed an inscription, enumerating the different States from which the different spoils were taken; this inscription, Pausanias[3] thinks, referred to Phormio and his great exploits.

Phormio's personal character was in keeping with his professional achievements, if we are to judge from his introduction into a Greek play,[4] where he is portrayed

[1] *Peloponnesian War*, Book III, Section 7.
[2] *Description of Greece*, Book I, Chapter 29, Section 3.
[3] *Ibid.*, Book X, Chapter II, Section 6.
[4] *The Taxiarchs*, by EUPOLIS.

as brave, rough, and straightforward. From Pausanias[1] we learn, moreover, that he ranked among the Athenian worthies, but that he had fallen into debt and retired to a neighboring township where he resided until the Athenians elected him admiral. "But he said he could not go to sea," relates Pausanias, "since he owed money, and could not look his men in the face until he had paid his debts. So the Athenians discharged all his debts, for they were determined that he should have the command." These fragments of information are all that we have bearing upon his character.

But it is of no great consequence so long as we have the full accounts in the works of Thucydides of his great victories in the Corinthian Gulf: from these exploits one can deduce the man in command. Is it not enough to have one's name recorded in history as the first great admiral? There had, doubtless, been great sea fighters when the Cretans dominated the Mediterranean and afterwards among the Phœnicians, but their names have been swallowed up in oblivion. Greek fleets had sailed the seas long before the day of Phormio, and had fought each other and then struggled with the Persians. But, as has been stated already, even Salamis, one of the world's decisive battles, had few of the characteristics of a naval engagement, and even its commanders were not seamen. However, only some fifty years thereafter, naval science had so far developed among the Athenians as to have established the naval profession. In this profession, Phormio stands first in point of time; and in the efficiency which he developed in both personnel and ships, in the confidence which he inspired in his leadership, in his audacity and his courage, and in the

[1] *Description of Greece*, Book I, Chapter 23, Section 10.

VIEW OF THE PIRAEUS, ATHENS, AND THE LONG WALLS AT THE TIME OF THE PELEPONNESIAN WAR.
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character of his plans and maneuvers which can be explained merely as the manifestations of genius, this first great sea fighter was a worthy example for those who were to follow.

It was very unfortunate for Athens that Phormio's life was cut short, for, if he had lived, his native city might not have lost her place of leadership and power in Greece. As it was, the first ten years of the Peloponnesian War ended in a draw with the Peace of Nicias, both parties agreeing to restore the acquisitions of territory which had been made during the struggle. It was, however, only a peace in name, for the war was resumed and soon thereafter the brilliant, though unprincipled, Alcibiades gained the leadership in Athens, and the Athenians were allured through his influence into what turned out to be the most disastrous expedition in their history. This was the attempt to conquer Sicily, particularly its chief city, Syracuse, with a large force of some two hundred ships and thirty-five thousand soldiers and marines. The campaign was marked by the recall and treachery of Alcibiades who then went over to the side of the Spartans, by a series of Athenian victories at first, and finally, through the aid of Sparta, by the bottling up of the Athenian fleet and the destruction of most of its ships, together with the invading army. "Of many thousands who went away," writes Thucydides,[1] "only a handful ever saw their homes again."

Athens never recovered from this blow. Though she raised other fleets and struggled along for several years, the remnant of her navy was captured at Ægospotami in 405 B. C. and, the following year, Athens fell and the

[1] *The Peloponnesian War*, Book VII, Section 87.

Athenian empire came to an end. Neither Sparta nor Thebes, who succeeded in turn to the supreme control in Greece, built up a strong maritime power. The same was true of Alexander, who did not have a very large navy, but spread his conquests through Asia largely by means of his armies. So, with the fall of Athens, Greek sea power in the Mediterranean really came to an end, and about two centuries were to elapse before another nation, the Roman, was to demonstrate her right to bear the trident of Neptune on that sea.

CHAPTER II

MARCUS VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA (63–12 B. C.) AND THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter, bring:
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose,
Now, like the hands that reared them, withering;
Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose!

From BYRON'S *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

THOUGH Roman merchant ships had sailed the Mediterranean since the beginning of the sixth century, it had not been found necessary to build a navy until the interests of Rome on the sea began to clash with those of Carthage. This city, originally a colony of the Phœnicians, had inherited a strong love for the sea and ships; and because of its situation on the narrow strip of arable land in northern Africa, its inhabitants would, in any case, have been driven by necessity to seek their livelihood on the Mediterranean. Unlike the Romans, the Carthaginians had a strong navy; and when their commercial rivalry finally led to war, in 264 B. C., the Romans soon saw that they would have to build warships and learn to fight on the sea.

It is said that the first Roman ships were modeled after a Carthaginian quinquereme[1] which had been

[1] These ships did not differ greatly in appearance and structure from the trireme, except that they had five banks of oars instead of three, and about double the number of rowers.

wrecked on the coast of Italy, and that a fleet of one hundred of these ships, together with thirty triremes, was constructed in two months, while the crews were trained in rowing machines placed on the shore. Though they were defeated by the Carthaginians in the first naval battle, the Romans were not discouraged, but perfected a boarding bridge[1] which they placed on their ships, and, in the next engagement, the Carthaginians lost half of their ships, either sunk or captured, for when this heavy corvus crashed on one of their decks, whatever superiority they had in seamanship at once vanished. The Romans, through this invention, were enabled to make use of their unequaled prowess as soldiers, as the issue of the battle was thus decided on the decks of the ships. This victory off Mylæ, on the northern coast of Sicily, was followed by another off Ecnomus, on the southern shore of the same island, which was one of the great naval battles of history, because of the number of ships engaged, three hundred and thirty Roman to three hundred and fifty Carthaginian, and because of the skilful tactics displayed on both sides. As the war continued, the Romans were almost always successful on the sea, though two of their large fleets were practically wiped out by storms. After twenty-four years of fighting, the first war came to an end with the defeat of Carthage and her loss of Sicily to Rome.

In the two other wars against Carthage, the fighting was carried on almost entirely on land; but Rome was

[1] This was called a "corvus," because the end which was let fall on the deck of an enemy ship had a large, sharp, curved piece of iron on it that resembled the beak of a crow. It was attached to a pillar set up in the prow of a ship, and was raised or lowered with a pulley placed at the top of the pillar.

successful in both, and at the close of the last, in 146 B. C., she completely destroyed[1] the city of Carthage. Standing then without a rival in all the Mediterranean, Rome had very little need for a navy, for she spread her sway over Egypt and Syria, Greece and Macedonia, with the swords of her legions. She, accordingly, let her navy fall into utter decay for a century, until pirates so terrorized the seas that Pompey was authorized, in 67 B. C., to build a fleet to subdue these plunderers. This, he completely accomplished in three months, but after the emergency had passed, no effort was made to keep the ships in condition as a standing navy.

But the assassination, in 44 B. C., of Julius Cæsar, who had become all but in name the first Roman emperor, brought about a civil war between Octavius and Mark Antony, during which there came to the front a man who was to gain the distinction of being the greatest sea fighter of his age, mainly because of the part he played in the Battle of Actium, one of the decisive battles in the history of the world. This man was Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa. He was born in the year 63 B. C., the birth year also of Caius Octavius, the nephew of Julius Cæsar, who was afterwards known to history as Augustus Cæsar. With young Octavius, Agrippa was studying at Apollonia, a seat of literature and philosophy in southern Illyria just across the Adriatic from Italy, when the news of the assassination of Cæsar was brought by a special messenger to Cæsar's heir. The two young men set out immediately for Rome, but they traveled leisurely and circuitously by way of Naples so that Octavius might have time to feel his way

[1] For more than ten years, Cato had closed every speech which he delivered in the Senate with the words, "*Delenda est Carthago*" (Carthage must be destroyed).

and thereby make no false moves. Agrippa remained the firm friend to Octavius during the next twelve years of uncertainty and civil strife, while the assassins of Cæsar were being overcome, and Octavius and Antony were preparing for the final test which was to decide which of the two was to rule the Roman Empire.

The first conspicuous service which Agrippa rendered Octavius was performed during the rebellion of Lucius Antonius, the brother of Mark Antony (Marcus Antonius). This took place during the Triumvirate, composed of Octavius, Lepidus, and Antony, who had thus divided the empire among themselves. Antony was then in Egypt, where he had become completely infatuated with Cleopatra, and, for a time, the rebellion assumed alarming proportions. But Agrippa took the field, and it was largely through the generalship that he displayed that the cause of the Triumvirate was saved. As a reward, Octavius made him prætor, a judicial office that was next in rank to the consulship, though Agrippa was then but twenty-three years old. We next hear of him two years later, when he gained a splendid victory over the Iberians in Aquitania and brought order into that turbulent corner of the empire. For this achievement, he was given the consulship by the grateful Octavius, and about this time a marriage was arranged for him with Pomponia, the daughter of Cicero's friend, the aged Atticus, and one of the richest heiresses in Rome.

Meanwhile, Octavius had made several attempts to subdue Sextus Pompeius, son of Pompey the Great, who had established himself in Sicily where he had gathered together a large fleet and a strong army, made up of the remnants of the forces of the Republicans who had

assassinated Julius Cæsar. The last effort had ended in the loss of many ships, and might have been an utter disaster if Pompeius had only followed up his victory. Octavius, realizing at last that sea power could be overcome only with sea power, decided to build a real navy and give the command to Agrippa, who had already demonstrated his military genius.

In this work, Agrippa showed great activity and resourcefulness. He chose as a naval base an inlet on the Bay of Naples, where were situated two landlocked pools between Puteoli and the promontory of Misenum. One of them, the Lucrine Lake, was quite near the sea, and it was soon connected thereto with a narrow channel. The other, called Lake Avernus, was a mile inland, but a canal was dug to join it with the Lucrine Lake. A powerful mole and a breakwater completed the establishment, which was named the Julian Haven. In this protected position, Agrippa set to work to build his ships and train his crews, and to lay the firm foundations of naval power.

In the summer of 36 B. C., preparations were completed for beginning a campaign against Pompeius in Sicily. July 1st was the date set for the sailing of the fleet of some five hundred ships with one hundred thousand soldiers from Africa, Tarentum, and Naples. The divisions sailed on this day, but a storm came up and the two Italian squadrons were so badly damaged that a delay of a month was caused. Lepidus, however, with the African contingent, made a landing on the western and less protected end of the island; and as he had with him more than half of the legions, he succeeded in holding his own while Octavius and Agrippa repaired their ships and made ready for another start.

The main forces of Pompeius were on the promontory nearest Italy, in which was the city of Messina. Octavius planned, therefore, that Agrippa should take a part of the fleet and occupy the attention of the enemy fleet north of the straits, while he would take another division and land the main body of the soldiers in the south. Agrippa, accordingly, forced a naval battle with the enemy in the neighborhood of Mylæ, where the Romans had decisively beaten the Carthaginians two centuries before. His ships were large and were provided with towers and heavy artillery;[1] they were the battleships of that age. The vessels of Sextus, on the other hand, were the cruisers of that day; they were converted merchant ships and, though less protected, they were speedier and more easily maneuvered. They dashed against the larger ships and attempted to break their long oars and damage their rudders, and then attacked them at the bow or stern; whereas Agrippa's ships tried to grapple with their agile antagonists or drive them away or destroy them with their heavy artillery. Night closed the more or less indecisive engagement, in which Sextus, however, lost thirty ships and Agrippa, only five.

But that very evening Sextus withdrew to Messina, and the following day he moved through the straits to interfere with the landing of troops by Octavius, whose intentions he had correctly divined. The soldiers were landed, but they were immediately engaged by the land forces of the enemy, and in the naval battle which followed, Octavius was completely defeated. He made his escape with but a solitary ship, in which he safely

[1] This consisted of ballistæ, catapults, and other mechanical devices for discharging large darts and heavy stones.

reached the Italian coast. From here he sent word to Agrippa of the disaster, and ordered him to send reenforcements across Sicily to his besieged soldiers.

In spite of his losses, Agrippa still had a large fleet, and, moreover, the forces of Lepidus were gradually approaching his base on the northern coast of the island. Sextus, seeing that he was surrounded, that more soldiers were being poured into the island, and that Agrippa's fleet would soon be greatly enlarged, decided to hazard all immediately on another naval battle. This took place off Naulochus and was a fiercely contested struggle. Agrippa had provided his ships with a sort of grappling iron, called a "harpago," which was a long beam shod with iron and having an iron claw fastened to the end. This was thrown by a catapult upon the deck of an enemy ship; and when it caught, a machine drew the two vessels together and hand-to-hand fighting took place on the decks. With the aid of these weapons Agrippa gained a decisive victory, for, of the enemy fleet, only seventeen managed to escape to Messina, the remaining one hundred and sixty being either captured or destroyed. Sextus sailed away to the island of Lesbos with the hope of coming to an understanding with Antony; but he was quickly made a prisoner and put to death at Miletus.

Octavius gave Agrippa a magnificent reward for his victory, heaping honors upon him and large estates in Sicily which had been taken from their enemies. These rewards were richly deserved, for it was largely Agrippa's hand that had turned disasters and defeats into final victory; and Octavius, after this war, found himself at the head of a large army of forty-five legions of infantry, twenty-five thousand horsemen, and forty

thousand light-armed troops, and a navy of six hundred war-ships. Lepidus had, about this time, been eliminated, and events were shaping themselves for the final contest between Octavius and Antony for the supreme power.

Before this conflict was precipitated, however, Agrippa was given a few more years to further consolidate for Octavius his part of the Empire, and gain for him more prestige and respect in the eyes of the people. He took a fleet up the Adriatic, from south to north, and drove the Illyrian pirates out of their retreats, and, in coöperation with an army, brought back to Rome a considerable quantity of money, slaves, and ships from the countries bordering upon the upper Adriatic. Octavius then appointed him to the office of ædile, in which he displayed his usual energy and versatility. Now a very wealthy man, he set about improving conditions in the city of Rome, partly at his own expense. Public roads and aqueducts were repaired; sewers were cleansed; and dilapidated public buildings were restored. He designed and constructed magnificent public baths on the Greek model, which served as patterns afterwards for those built by Titus and Caracalla. He also built the great Pantheon, the original porch of which is still standing, and not far from it he constructed the temple of Poseidon, which commemorated his many naval victories. These larger works were not completed, however, until after the Battle of Actium; and, indeed, throughout his later career he was a great patron of art and architecture, and contributed so much to the beautifying of Rome that it has been contended that the Emperor Augustus's boast that he had found the capital a city of brick and had left it a

STATUE OF MARCUS VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA.
From the bust in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

city of marble could have been more truthfully uttered by Agrippa.

In the year 32 B. C., Agrippa was called away from these constructive enterprises of peace to take command of Octavius's fleet in his war with Antony,—a war which had been threatening the country for a decade or more. While Octavius, with the assistance of such men as Agrippa and Mæcenas, had been building up his power and influence in the West; Antony, in the East, had been living the life of an Oriental monarch under the spell of Cleopatra. He had divorced his wife Octavia, the sister of Octavius, in order to marry the Egyptian queen; and he foolishly alienated his supporters in Italy by saying openly that he expected to found a new dynasty on the banks of the Nile and make Alexandria, instead of Rome, the capital of the entire Empire. The contest resolved itself, therefore, into a conflict to decide whether Oriental or Occidental influences were to predominate in shaping the destinies of the Roman world.

During the winter of 32 B. C., Antony established his headquarters at Patræ,[1] on the southern shore of the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf. His army was scattered among various Grecian coast towns, where it could be supplied with grain by the ships from Alexandria; while his fleet lay in the Ambracian Gulf,[2] a well-protected inlet north of the Gulf of Corinth. His army consisted of some one hundred thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry, and his fleet numbered about five hundred[3] ships of war. The ships were of various types, there being quinqueremes and ships of even eight

[1] Now called "Patras."
[2] Now named the "Gulf of Arta."
[3] *Life of Mark Antony*, by PLUTARCH.

and ten banks of oars. Erected on their decks were towers, heavily armed with the artillery of that day, and, ship for ship, they were more powerful than those of Octavius. To begin with, they were not adequately manned, and, during the winter, many of the sailors and oarsmen died of famine and disease. Antony ordered his captains to seize, for rowers, peasants, travelers, carters, or slaves, wherever they could be found; but he finally had to burn some of his ships because crews could not be secured for them.

The forces of Octavius consisted, on the other hand, of eighty thousand foot, twelve thousand horse, and only two hundred and fifty war-ships.[1] His army was placed in cantonments on the eastern coast of Italy; while the fleet was distributed at Brundisium, Tarentum, and other smaller harbors of the south. His ships were smaller than those of Antony, for Agrippa had discarded, as too cumbersome, the heavy turreted ships in which he had formerly put so much dependence; for, in his naval battles with Sextus Pompeius, he had seen demonstrated the superior fighting qualities of the new cruiser type of ship. Accordingly, for this campaign he assembled all the ships he had captured from Sextus and also those which he had more recently taken from the Illyrians,[2] and organized a fleet of swift cruisers which were well manned, many in his crews being experienced sailors from the Dalmatian coast.

[1] *Life of Mark Antony*, by PLUTARCH.

[2] These people had a two-banked ship, called a "liburna," though this name was applied indiscriminately by the Romans to any small ship of less than five banks of oars. This change in shipbuilding was a reaction against extreme types such as sixteen, thirty, and even forty-banked ships. For a fine description of the "liburna" type of war-ship, as well as for the portrayal of the life of a slave at the oars and the atmosphere of the life on board a Roman ship of war in the first century A. D., read Lew Wallace's *Ben-Hur*, Book Third.

In the following spring, Octavius and Agrippa took the offensive. Their plan of campaign was that the latter should take a part of the fleet and attack the southern coast of Greece, as though the main forces were to be landed there. Meanwhile, Octavius was to seize Corcyra (modern "Corfu") and then land the army in Epirus and march immediately southward; Agrippa was to sail to the north, and their concentrated forces would be prepared either to defeat Antony's army or to destroy his fleet in the Ambracian Gulf. In accordance with this plan, Agrippa proceeded to Grecian waters with his squadron and captured Methone in the southern Peloponnesus, whence he hunted down, with his cruisers, Antony's grain-ships from Egypt and Asia. Antony had his attention diverted to that quarter until Octavius had safely landed his army and had begun marching toward the south; he then saw that he had been deceived, and hurriedly ordered a concentration of all his land forces on Cape Actium, which is on the southern shore of the Ambracian Gulf. Losing no time in making his way from his base at Patræ to the scene of operations, he arrived about the same time Octavius did, and had to resort to a stratagem to save the situation until his reënforcements came up. This, he did by dressing his crews as soldiers and placing them on the decks of his ships. Octavius was deceived and, deciding to await the arrival of Agrippa before engaging in battle, he established his army in an entrenched camp on a northern promontory of the gulf. The portion of his fleet which had made possible his land operations cast anchor in the Gulf of Comaro, which was a little north of the entrance into the narrow winding channel which led into the larger gulf where Antony's fleet lay.

Here Agrippa soon joined Octavius with his squadron, and took command of the entire fleet.

Neither side seemed desirous of taking the initiative in the final conflict, and for many weeks the opposing armies remained almost inactive, facing each other across the gulf, with Agrippa's fleet controlling the entrance and Antony's ships riding proudly inside. The latter fleet must, indeed, have made an impressive sight, for Antony's Phœnician and Egyptian war-ships displayed an Eastern profusion of color in their painted upper works, gilded bows, and bright flags and streamers; while Cleopatra's flag-ship was a veritable floating palace, with sails of silk, gilded bulwarks, and oars plated with silver.

Octavius, however, had the advantage so far, since he could safely bring supplies across from Italy, while Antony's supply-ships were at the mercy of Agrippa's fast cruisers, who controlled not only the entrance to the Ambracian Gulf, but also all the neighboring waters. Consequently, Antony could not delay action indefinitely; food began to run short, disease increased, and there were some desertions to Octavius's side. He, therefore, moved a part of his army to the northern shore of the gulf to menace the enemy camp, round which he sent large squadrons of cavalry, in an effort to cut off the water supply. But all attempts seemed in vain on land, and his Roman generals advised that the army should retire into Macedonia where, supplies being plentiful, they could await the advance of Octavius in a more advantageous position. These generals had but little confidence in the fleet, and as Shakespeare has it, a veteran centurion thus addressed Antony:[1]

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, Scene 7.

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

But Cleopatra wished Antony to resort to a naval battle, hoping not so much to win a victory as to escape more easily thereby from a precarious situation and return to Egypt. As always before, she finally had her way with Antony, and he, at last, issued orders on August twenty-ninth for a naval battle. He ordered twenty-two thousand soldiers to embark on one hundred and seventy[1] ships of war, the largest from three banks of oars up to ten banks alone being chosen, and the remainder being burned. The suspicion that the naval battle was merely to cover a flight to Egypt was increased by Antony's ordering the large sails to be taken aboard, though he attempted to explain this unusual procedure by saying that they would be needed in the pursuit of the enemy. But he also embarked all his treasure by night with the aid of faithful slaves; and this, becoming known, confirmed the suspicions of two of Antony's officers that he was on the point of deserting his army and they, at once, went over to Octavius's side with two thousand cavalry. Most of Antony's forces, however, seem to have suspected nothing and remained loyal to their old general until after the naval battle.

[1] FERRERO'S *Greatness and Decline of Rome*, IV, 98. This number seems small, but ancient authorities differ widely in their estimates. It might be safer to write, as some modern writers do, that there were more than two hundred ships on either side. Plutarch says, however, that Octavius claimed to have captured in the battle three hundred ships.

After a delay of some days, caused by a storm which made the sea too rough for either fighting or running away, the eventful day of the battle, September 2, 31 B. C., arrived. Early in the morning of that day, Agrippa, who had been fully informed by the deserters of Antony's preparations, sailed out from his base on a calm sea and took up a position some three-quarters of a mile from the entrance to the Ambracian Gulf. His fleet, which bore eight legions and five pretorian cohorts of soldiers, was divided into three sections. Hours passed, and it was midday before Antony's heavy ships began to issue from the gulf. As they came out, they, too, formed into line in three divisions, though the sixty Egyptian ships were in rear of the center and under the command of Cleopatra herself. The scene was thus set for a very dramatic event; while the hills to the northward and the promontory of Actium to the south were crowded with spectators,—the soldiers of the two sides, who were intensely interested in the outcome of the struggle.

After a brief delay, Antony's left wing, which he commanded himself, attacked the right wing, under the personal command of Agrippa; and, soon thereafter, the entire fleets became engaged. The nature of the fighting is well set forth by Plutarch as follows: "There were generally three or more ships of Cæsar's about one of Antony's, assaulting it with pikes, javelins, and firebrands, while Antony's men, out of their wooden towers, threw weapons of various kinds from engines."[1] Agrippa's well-trained crews avoided all of the enemy's attempts at ramming, and used very successfully their own rams in smashing the oars of their larger an-

[1] *Life of Mark Antony*, by PLUTARCH.

tagonists, which were thus rendered helpless and liable to capture by boarding.

The Egyptian ships made no effort to enter the battle; but, while the issue was still doubtful, a breeze sprang up and they began to unfurl their sails. Then the flagship of Cleopatra, propelled rapidly by the silver-tipped oars and the breeze which filled the purple silken sails, passed behind the fighting line on its extreme left and, followed by the entire Egyptian squadron, was soon in full flight for Alexandria. When Antony saw this, he forgot everything else,—even the brave men who were fighting for his cause—and hastily went on board a swift quinquereme and set out in pursuit of his queen. "When she saw him coming," writes Plutarch,[1] "she put a signal in her vessel, on which he soon went aboard: neither of them could look each other in the face; and Antony sat down at the head of the ship, where he remained in sombre silence, holding his head between his hands." Agrippa guessed that Antony was in the pursuing quinquereme, and sent some of his swiftest triremes in pursuit; but Antony was saved from capture by the assistance of some other fleeing ships, though two of the Egyptian vessels were taken in this rearguard action.

Few in Antony's fleet, however, knew of his flight, and the battle continued until sunset. So stubbornly was it fought that Agrippa found it difficult to capture even the ships that were drifting helplessly with broken oars, because of their high bulwarks and strongly defended towers. To secure his victory, he, therefore, made use of a very destructive weapon, fire. Arrows, around which oiled tow had been wrapped, were ignited

[1] *Life of Mark Antony*, by PLUTARCH.

and hurled into the upper works of the tall ships; while rafts were piled with combustible material, and then set on fire and towed or pushed against the drifting ships. Many vessels were thus destroyed; while some were sunk, others drifted ashore, and the remainder made their way back into the gulf.

Agrippa's fleet kept the sea all night, fearing some attempt at surprise or flight in the darkness; and, the next day, Octavius invited the remnants of Antony's fleet and army to surrender, telling them that their general had fled and there was no reason for further fighting. Antony's loyal soldiers would not believe, at first, that he had deserted them, but thought he had been called away on urgent business and would soon return; but, after a week of waiting, they gave up hope and surrendered. The surrender of nineteen legions, more than ten thousand cavalry, and the remnants of the fleet, completed the victory of Actium. By the summer of the following year, Greece and all the provinces of Asia Minor had come over to Octavius's standard, and, on his arrival at Alexandria, both Antony and Cleopatra committed suicide. Octavius was thus left master of the Roman Empire.

In this position of supreme power, Octavius did not forget the man who had, indeed, been his strong right arm during the long period of uncertainty and strife. He associated Agrippa with him in the consulship for the year 28 B. C., and, the same year, he arranged a marriage between his niece Marcella and the great naval leader. For still a third term, Agrippa became consul the following year,—the year in which the Roman Senate bestowed upon Octavius the title of Augustus. It was during this consulship also that the Pantheon

THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

From an old print.

was finished and dedicated. Agrippa then began to be looked upon as the "second man" in the Roman world, and the feeling that he might succeed Augustus was strengthened during the Emperor's grave illness, probably of typhus, in 23 B. C., when he handed over to his old friend and companion in arms his signet ring.

But Augustus recovered, and the relationship between him and Agrippa became strained for a time, because the Emperor's nephew Marcellus had married his only daughter Julia, and it looked as though this young man was to be the successor to the throne. Agrippa, jealous and angry at the thought that, after all he had done for the State and for Augustus in particular, he might be supplanted by a mere youth, withdrew to Lesbos, ostensibly as the proconsul of Syria, where he remained until the death of Marcellus removed this obstacle to his hopes and his former friendship with Augustus. In the year 22 B. C., they were fully reconciled, and the Emperor made Agrippa governor of Rome while he was absent in Sicily; and, in the year following, he induced him to divorce Marcella and marry his daughter Julia, the young widow of Marcellus.

However distasteful these marriages of state may appear to us, there is no doubt but that Agrippa was the fittest man in the Empire to succeed Augustus and that he had fully earned the right of occupying the Emperor's place at his death. Augustus, from that time, fully recognized this right, and after Agrippa's return from Gaul and Spain, where he had been employed in putting down a rising of the Cantabrians, he made him his colleague in the *tribunicia potestas,* thus publicly making him a partner in the administration of the government. This power was extended for another period

of five years, upon Agrippa's return from the East, in 14 B. C., where he had been governor of Syria. But in spite of all his triumphs, both in war and in peace, and his brilliant prospects for the future, Agrippa was destined never to wear the imperial robes; Augustus was to outlive his able lieutenant. Sent to suppress an insurrection in Pannonia, Agrippa died there the year following, in March, 12 B. C. Augustus himself delivered the funeral panegyric, and buried his colleague in his own splendid mausoleum.

Though Agrippa himself never donned the Emperor's purple, yet, of his six children, the eldest daughter, Vipsania, became the wife of Tiberius, the successor of Augustus, and another daughter, Agrippina, was the mother of the Emperor Caligula and the grandmother of the Emperor Nero; while his two elder sons, either of whom Augustus preferred to Tiberius as his successor, both died prematurely.

Augustus never forgot what he owed to his navy for his final complete victory in the Civil War, and he continued to maintain naval stations and to keep squadrons of war-ships in commission, even during the long years of comparative peace which followed the Battle of Actium. Accordingly, the sea was kept free of piracy during his reign, and his merchant ships went, unafraid, to and fro on the Mediterranean which had become a veritable Roman lake. Over these watery highways, during the four hundred years of the *Pax Romana*, as over the military roads, were carried the language and literature, the laws and institutions, the arts and all "the grandeur that was Rome," to all the countries that could be reached by Roman ships.

During all this long period, however, we read of no

naval battles; for there was no enemy naval power with which to contend. Finally, in the fifth century, A. D., when the Roman Empire had begun to crumble under the repeated attacks and inroads made by the barbarians from northern Europe, the Vandals who had established a Teutonic kingdom in Africa, with its capital on the site of ancient Carthage, swept out into the Mediterranean with a fleet under Genseric, and in the year 455, six centuries after the Romans had satisfied to the uttermost their hatred of the Carthaginians, this fleet ravaged Sicily, and, then anchoring unopposed in the Tiber, landed an army which marched to Rome and plundered the city without mercy. Loading their ships with the spoils, which Rome had gathered from the four quarters of the world, the Vandals sailed away for Carthage; but a storm came up, and a large part of the fleet was destroyed and the art treasures were engulfed in the Mediterranean, to the great loss of posterity.

But, strangely, Carthage was thus avenged, and Scipio's foreboding for his native city was fulfilled. As Scipio watched the smoking ruins of Carthage, in 146 B. C., which had been burning for seventeen days, he said to his friend, Polybius the historian, that he feared that, some day, a similar fate would overtake Rome, and he then quoted from Homer's "Iliad" the following lines:

> Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fate,
> The day when thou, Imperial Troy, must bend,
> And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

CHAPTER III

OLAF TRYGGVESSON (964–1000) AND THE VIKINGS

From out the south bold Tryggve's son
With one-and-seventy ships came on,
To dye his sword in bloody fight,
Against the Danish foeman's might.
But the false earl the king betrayed;
And treacherous Sigvalde, it is said,
Deserted from King Olaf's fleet,
And basely fled, the Danes to meet.

Sharp was the clang of shield and sword,
And shrill the song of spears on board,
And whistling arrows thickly flew
Against the *Serpent's* gallant crew.
And still fresh foemen, it is said,
Earl Eirik to her long side led;
Whole armies of his Danes and Swedes,
Wielding on high their blue sword-blades.

Hard pressed on every side by foes,
The *Serpent* reels beneath the blows;
Crash go the shields around the bow!
Breast-plates and breasts pierced thro' and thro'!
In the sword-storm the Holm beside,
The earl's ship lay alongside
The king's *Long Serpent* of the sea—
Fate gave the earl the victory.

From *Haldor the Unchristian.*

AFTER the passing of Roman sea power on the Mediterranean, the scene of naval history shifted for a time to the waters of northern Europe; for it was there that hardy seafaring race arose who are popularly called the

Vikings. We hear but little of them, however, until near the close of the eighth century. More than three hundred years had passed, therefore, before they, in turn, were seized with that same strange spirit of unrest and adventure, which had driven their Teutonic kindred, who lived farther south, to break through the boundaries of the Roman Empire, and, in the latter part of the fifth century, to conquer completely the western portion of that empire. In fact, they did not appear in history until that period, sometimes called the "Dark Ages," had come to an end and Charlemagne had laid the foundations of a new empire on the ruins of the old Roman Empire in the West.

By that time the Vikings had become bold seamen, and, in their raids, ranging farther and farther from their homes about the deep inlets of the Scandinavian coast, they had begun their ravages on the coasts of England and the European mainland. The story is often repeated that Charlemagne once came to a village on the North Sea, where he saw far out at sea some of the ships of these fearless mariners. Looking at them with tears in his eyes, the great Emperor exclaimed, "These sea-dragons will tear asunder the empire I have made."

It was a true prophecy, for during the next two hundred years these fair-haired Northmen were to harry the coasts not only of Charlemagne's kingdom, but those of other countries as well. They invaded England, and, after a long time, conquered it; so, in 1016, a Danish king called Canute reigned over England, as well as Norway and Denmark. They overran the northern part of France, which came afterwards to be known as Normandy; and it was from here that the great expedition

under William of Normandy crossed the English Channel in 1066 and, invading England, made it far more completely Norman than it had ever been Danish. From Normandy, also, other expeditions went forth as far as the Mediterranean, where the Normans established themselves in Sicily and southern Italy. Other Vikings made their way across the Baltic and up the rivers into the very heart of Russia where they laid the foundations of that State whose very name was derived from that of one of their chieftains. From there, they then raided Persia, and threatened even the city of Constantinople with a great fleet of small ships which they had launched in the Black Sea. They even pushed out into unknown seas, and braving the icy waters of the north, sailed to Iceland and then to Greenland; afterwards they probably reached the mainland of North America nearly five centuries before the voyage of Columbus.

As far as expeditions to foreign lands were concerned, the ships of the Vikings were used merely to transport the fighting men to the coasts or up the larger rivers far into the interior. None of the European States then had navies of any consequence, and depended almost entirely on their armies for defense against invasion; but every Viking was a soldier as well as a sailor, and was at no loss to take care of himself after his feet touched land. Western Europe, however, often had respite from these marauders while the Vikings fought among themselves for supremacy in Scandinavia. It was in such struggles, then, that their naval genius had an opportunity to display itself, and it was in these battles of Viking against Viking that Olaf Tryggvesson, when the wild days of the "Viking Age" were drawing

WHEN THE VIKINGS WENT TO WAR.

From "Illustrated London News." Used by permission of The London Electrotype Agency, Ltd.

to an end, gained for himself the distinction of being considered the ideal northern sea king.

Before taking up the events in this sea king's adventurous life, it would be well to consider briefly the type of war vessel with which the Vikings fought. The details concerning the appearance of these northern ships are much more definitely known than are those of the Grecian trireme or the Roman quinquereme and liburna. The main reason for this is that several Viking ships in comparatively recent years have been discovered imbedded in clay which has marvelously preserved them.

These ships had been placed in the earth because of certain burial customs of the Vikings, who loved their ships so dearly that they could not bear to be separated from them, even in death. There were three kinds of burial. In the first, in which the remains of the deceased were cremated, his ashes and his personal property were buried in a boat-shaped grave on land, the outline of which was marked by a line of stones.[1] Another form of burial consisted in placing the body of the dead sailor in his own ship, which was then set on fire and allowed to drift out to sea, thus lighting the way for the Viking on his last voyage into the Unknown. It was the third sort of burial, however, which preserved so many of these ships for posterity. In this form, instead of the ship being sent out to sea, it was dragged ashore, and in its bow was placed the dead seaman's body, with a wooden structure erected over it. There, with his horse, dogs, weapons, and other

[1] "One of the most interesting is that where the rowers' seats are marked, and even a stone placed in the position of the mast." Du Chaillu's *The Viking Age*, I, 309.

property, he was left to sleep in peace; while over the entire ship a great mound of earth was then heaped, and the tomb was complete.

Of such ships, the most noteworthy is the one which was found in 1880 in the mound of Gókstad and is now in a museum in Oslo, Norway. This ship is seventy-nine feet four inches by sixteen feet six inches, and had one mast and thirty-two rowers. A very ingeniously constructed rudder was attached to the right-hand side of the stern, which, like the bow, rose some three feet six inches higher than the gunwale amidships. The ship is supposed to have been built not later than the eleventh century, and experts consider her a masterpiece in workmanship, in the beauty of her lines, and in the symmetry of her proportions. That she was a very seaworthy vessel is attested by the fact that an exact replica was built in 1893, in which Captain Magnus Anderson crossed the Atlantic from Bergen to Newport with a crew of eleven men, at an average speed of nine knots.

This ship may be taken as fairly typical, though there was considerable variation in size. Many of the ships were smaller than the Gókstad vessel; but the *Long Serpent* of Olaf Tryggvesson was one hundred and eighty feet long, while that of Knut the Great, the largest Viking ship of which there is any record, had sixty pairs of oars and must have been fully three hundred feet in length. The single mast bore a square sail which was beautifully striped in red, blue, and green, and sometimes was splendidly embroidered and lined with fur. The Vikings took great pride in these sails which they gave poetical names such as "the cloak of the wind," and "the tapestry of the masthead." The oars, referred to as "the wave sweepers" or "the long

arms," were usually pulled by two, three, or four men to each oar, who sat on a row of benches on either side of the ship. The size of a vessel was usually indicated by the number of such benches, as a fifteen, twenty, or thirty-seater. The average crew numbered about one hundred and twenty men, though, sometimes, crews of as many as seven hundred men are mentioned. The helmsman was usually the commander of the ship, and stood on a raised place in the stern, where he could overlook both the ship and its crew. The weapons, however, seem to have been kept forward in what was called the "high-sea chest." Both stern and prow had the same lines; so the ship could move backward or forward at will. The prow was usually decorated with the carved figure of a dragon's or serpent's head, which was gilt or covered with thin sheets of gold. The ship itself was usually painted a dark blue, or in variegated colors such as red and white. Along the sides of the vessel were hung the warriors' shields, overlapping each other; and as these were usually painted either black or yellow, the color contrasts must have been striking and picturesque. These ships were dearly loved by the Viking chiefs, who gave them such poetical names as "Raven of the Wind," "Lion of the Waves," and "Sea King's Deer"; and they carried their masters to such widely separated places as Greenland and Vinland (North America), and Palestine and Constantinople.

Olaf Tryggvesson, as has already been stated, lived during the last part of the Viking Age, and he seemed to sum up in his character the dominant traits of his seafaring race. He was born in Norway, in the year 964, the son of King Tryggve Olafson and Queen Astrid. At the time of his birth, however, his mother was in

hiding because King Tryggve had been murdered a short time previously. In attempting to reach her brother Sigurd, who was with King Valdemar of Russia, Astrid with her son Olaf, who was then but three years old, was captured by Esthonian pirates on the Baltic and sold into slavery. From this state of servitude, they were rescued by Sigurd who had come to Esthonia to collect taxes for King Valdemar and, attracted by the appearance of the handsome young Olaf in the market-place, learned his name and parentage. The lad was then but nine years old, but very strong and large for his age; and he gladly accompanied his uncle to the court of the Russian king at Novgorod, where he remained until he was eighteen years old.

The young man was then seized with the desire to return to the country of his ancestors, where he hoped that he might gain rapid advancement. On the way, he landed on the coast of Wendland, a Baltic province of Poland, where he was well received by King Burislav, whose daughter Olaf married during the following winter. The next year, with his father-in-law, he joined the army of Otto III. of Germany in a successful campaign against the Danes and the Norwegians. After that, his wife fell sick and died, and Olaf found no more pleasure in Wendland; so he set out on plundering expeditions. In these forays, he went down the coast of Europe as far south as Flanders, and then crossed over to England. Not only was England plundered, but also Scotland and a part of Ireland.

After cruising along the shores of the British Isles for four years, he came to the Scilly Isles, which lie to the southwest of England. Here he met a seer who told him that he would become a renowned king, that

OLAF TRYGGVESSON CONSULTS A SEER OF THE SCILLY ISLES.
From a painting by Asbj. Knutsen in "Norraena: The Heimskringla."

in a battle soon to be fought he would be severely wounded, but would recover in seven days, and that he would then be baptized into the Christian faith which he would spread throughout his kingdom. A part of the prophecy was almost immediately fulfilled, during a mutiny that broke out among Olaf's followers, in connection with which the young chieftain was so favorably impressed with the new religion that he became a Christian. He then proceeded in a friendly way to England, which was then Christian. Here he found favor in the sight of Gyda, the beautiful widow of an English earl, and he soon made her his wife, after he had ruthlessly disposed of one of her suitors who was foolish enough to challenge him to a duel.

After spending several years administering his wife's estates in England and Ireland, Olaf learned of the unpopularity of Norway's ruler, Earl Hakon. This caused him to determine to return to his native country and claim the throne which had been usurped at his father's death. He arrived in Norway at an opportune time, for Hakon was in hiding because of an insurrection of his people; and, accordingly, the rightful heir to the throne was unanimously accepted as king in 995. King Olaf began at once the conversion of the country to Christianity; and in doing so he did not hesitate to use force, declaring, according to the Saga,[1] that all Norway should be Christian or die. The chieftains in some few districts refused to become Christian; but Olaf looked upon such a refusal as rebellion against his authority, and proceeded to kill them or torture them, and smashed, with his battle-axe, the altars of Thor and Odin. The people, seeing that he was prepared to back

[1] *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga,* in *The Heimskringla,* I, 185.

up his words with deeds, did not dare to oppose the king's wishes further, and it was not very long until the country became nominally Christian.[1]

It is believed that Olaf was ambitious to rule not only over a Christian Norway, but also over a united Christianized Scandinavia. The first step that he took in this direction was an offer of marriage which he made to Queen Sigrid of Sweden. His courtship seemed to be on the point of ending successfully, when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should be baptized into the new faith. She answered, "I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me; and, on the other hand, I shall make no objection to you believing in the god that pleases you best."[2] Olaf became enraged at her reply, and exclaimed, "Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade?" and then, striking her in the face with the glove he carried, he rose up and departed. But Sigrid, as often with women, had the last word, sending after him this parting shot: "This may some day be thy death."

While King Olaf was Christianizing his obstinate subjects, he was at the same time strengthening his fleet, by the capture of some ships as well as by the construction of new vessels. The names of some of these have come down to us; for example, there was the *Little Serpent,* a large ship with a dragon head covered with brazen scales, which he took from a piratical magician who had refused to accept Christianity; there was the

[1] In the account of the Christianizing of the country, the Saga has this interesting item: "Leif, a son of Eirik the Red, who first settled in Greenland, came this summer (999) from Greenland to Norway; and as he met King Olaf he adopted Christianity, and passed the winter with the king." (*The Heimskringla,* I, 218.) This was that Leif the Lucky who is reputed to have discovered North America.

[2] *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga,* in *The Heimskringla,* I, 193.

Crane, a long ship of thirty benches; and also the *Long Serpent* of thirty-four benches, with its gilded dragon's head at the bow and dragon's tail at the stern. All these forces the king was soon to need.

When Earl Hakon died, his son Eirik fled to Sweden where he was well received. From there he made Viking expeditions on the Baltic, and became rich and powerful, marrying, before many years had passed, the daughter of King Svein of Denmark. This king, after Olaf's failure to win the hand of Sigrid of Sweden, married her himself. So there was great friendship among those who hated Olaf of Norway; and this feeling of enmity was greatly intensified by the marriage of Olaf to King Svein's sister, Thyre. She had been promised by her brother to King Burislav of Wendland, but the marriage to the heathen king was so distasteful to her that upon her arrival in Wendland she would neither eat nor drink, and, at the end of seven days, she fled by night and traveled secretly to the court of King Olaf. She was a young and handsome woman and, as the Saga[1] relates, "It came into Olaf's mind that she would be a good match"; and they were accordingly married. His queen soon began to tease Olaf to attempt to regain for her her property and estates in the south; but the king's friends dissuaded him from making the expedition. Finally, he came one day into the room where the queen was weeping; and the outcome of the interview was an insinuation by her that he was afraid to go out of his kingdom and take what rightly was his own. To this the king replied, "Never did I fear thy brother, King Svein; and if we meet, he shall give way before me!"[2]

[1] *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga,* in *The Heimskringla,* I, 225.
[2] *Ibid.,* I, 226.

King Olaf then gathered together, in the year 1000, a fleet of sixty ships, and sailed southward to Wendland. He appointed a meeting with King Burislav (the father of his first wife), and the conference concerning his wife's property went off so peaceably that he remained there a large portion of the summer. Meanwhile Queen Sigrid the Haughty, who hated Olaf with all the hatred of a woman scorned, urged her husband, King Svein, to attack Olaf because he had married the king's sister without his permission. She finally won the king over to her wishes, and he sent messengers to Earl Eirik, his son-in-law, and to the Swedish King, asking them to join him with their forces so that, together, they might easily overcome King Olaf. Svein also sent a spy into Wendland to find out Olaf's plans and to delay, if possible, his sailing for Norway until they might have time to assemble all their forces. Everything turned out well for Olaf's enemies, for he delayed his return until they had everything ready and had sailed to Svold Island, near Wendland, where they expected to fall upon the Norwegian king on his homeward voyage and destroy him.

King Olaf was completely deceived by the Danish king's spy, Earl Sigvalde, and he even permitted him to pilot his fleet right into the trap which had been prepared for him. When his chieftains saw the enemies' fleet of one hundred and eighty ships rowing out to meet them, they begged the king to avoid risking a battle and to continue on his way to Norway; but Olaf replied, from the lofty stern of the *Long Serpent* which he was steering, "Strike the sails; never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life, but flight I shall never take."[1] He then ordered the

[1] *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga*, in *The Heimskringla*, I, 239.

war-horns to sound for all the ships to close up and be joined fast to each other as they lay side by side, with the *Long Serpent* in the center and the *Little Serpent* on one side of her and the *Crane* on the other. On the *Long Serpent's* quarter-deck high above the others stood King Olaf, who was easy to distinguish because of the short red coat he wore over his armor; on his head was his helmet inlaid with gold and in his hand, his gilt shield. From this vantage point, he saw the enemy forces gathering under their respective banners and making ready for the attack. As they came on, King Svein singled out the *Long Serpent;* while the Swedish king attacked one of Olaf's flanks and Earl Eirik the other.

The bloodiest battle that had ever been fought on the Northern seas then followed. As King Svein's flag-ship drew near to attack, the forecastle men of King Olaf's three largest ships threw grappling chains into her and dragged her near enough to use their bows with such deadly effect that her decks were soon cleared and the Danish king and the others who had escaped death were forced to flee to other ships out of bowshot. Then the Swedish king made a similar attempt on Olaf's center, but he, too, met with the loss of many men together with his ship, and was obliged to get away as best he could. The Norwegians, therefore, had gained a complete victory in the center.

But, on the flank which Earl Eirik was attacking, the battle was not going so well. He had a ship which has been referred to as the *Iron-Beard,* because it had projecting iron spikes on its bows, below which was a broad plating of iron extending down to the water. It was, therefore, a primitive ironclad ram. Eirik seems also to have been just as progressive in his naval tactics, for

his plan was to lay his ship alongside the outermost enemy ship, clear its decks of all defenders, cut its cables and let it drift away, and then attack the next vessel in succession. This was what was taking place on the Norwegian flank, and there seemed to be no way of stopping the victorious strokes of Eirik's battle-axes and swords.

At last, all of Tryggvesson's ships were cleared except his *Long Serpent,* and Eirik then laid his *Iron-Beard* alongside her and continued the struggle. Other ships came up and the *Long Serpent* was surrounded by foes, the majority of whom, however, kept at a safe distance from the battle-axes and swords of its defenders, who were all picked men, the strongest and bravest fighters in Norway. Among them stood Olaf, shooting with the bow and then hurling spears, always two at a time. He looked over the sides of his ship and observed that his men struck briskly with their swords, but seldom wounded an enemy. "Why do you strike so gently," said Olaf, "that you seldom cut?"[1] To this, one of his men replied, "The swords are blunt and full of notches." Then the king went down into the forehold and opened the chest where the weapons were kept and took out many sharp swords which he handed to his men. As he stretched down his right hand in doing so, blood was observed running down under his steel glove, but no one knew where he was wounded or how severely.

At last Eirik determined to board the *Long Serpent* near her middle, where but few men were left round the mast. With four men, he led the way; but after a severe combat, the Earl was forced to leap back onto his ship. A second attempt, however, was more successful, for so

[1] *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga,* in *The Heimskringla,* I, 245.

many poured into the *Long Serpent* that her defenders could not dislodge them. So those who were left able to defend the ship crowded to the stern where they formed themselves around King Olaf for a last stand. But they could not hope to hold back for long so great an opposing force, and in a short time most of them had fallen, brave and strong though they were. As was customary in those days, there was one on board who wore arms and clothes like the king's; and when the battle appeared to be lost they both jumped overboard, each on a different side of the ship. King Olaf escaped the weapons that were hurled at him, and holding his shield over his head, sank beneath the waters. The other was taken, and for a time it was thought that the real king had been captured: but when the man was brought before Earl Eirik, he knew that he was not the king.

> The *Serpent* and the *Crane*
> Lay wrecks upon the main.
> On his sword he cast a glance,—
> With it he saw no chance.
> To his marshal, who of yore
> Many a war-chance had come o'er
> He spoke a word—then drew in breath,
> And sprang to his deep-sea death.[1]

It was reported after the battle that King Olaf had taken off his coat of mail under the water, and then diving under the enemy war-ships, had swum to a friendly ship which rescued him and carried him away to Wendland; and many stories were told about the subsequent adventures of the defeated king, some even foretelling that he would return to Norway. But, as the Saga

[1] From *Halfred.*

tersely puts it, "King Olaf Tryggvesson never came back again to his kingdom in Norway."[1] The country was divided among the victors, the two kings and the earl, Eirik becoming the proud possessor of the *Long Serpent.*

Though King Olaf went down in defeat, still he engaged in battle with the odds three to one against him, and he remains, after nine centuries, one of the popular heroes of the Norwegian people. He has, in their eyes, a sort of double distinction. In the first place, as the rightful heir to the throne through his descent from Harold the Fair-haired, he brought Christianity first to the Norwegians, even though he had to do it largely by force and violence. Moreover, he was in all respects an ideal sea king, with his energy and daring, his skill in the use of all weapons and the handling of ships, his geniality and liberality to his friends, and his heartless cruelty to his enemies.

His characteristics have been thus suggestively summed up: "King Olaf was more expert in all exercises than any man in Norway whose memory is preserved to us in sagas; and he was stronger and more agile than most men. . . . He could run across the oars outside of the vessel while his men were rowing the *Serpent.* He could play with three daggers so that one was always in the air and he took the one falling by the handle. He could walk all round the ship's rails, could strike and cut equally well with both hands, and could cast two spears at once. King Olaf was a very merry frolicsome man; gay and social; was very violent in all respects; was very generous; was very finical in his dress; but in battle he exceeded all in bravery. He was

[1] *The Heimskringla,* I, 248.

distinguished for cruelty when he was enraged, and tortured many of his enemies. Some he burnt in fire; some he had torn in pieces by mad dogs; some he had mutilated, or cast down from high precipices. On this account his friends were attached to him warmly, and his enemies feared him greatly; and thus he made such a fortunate advance in his undertakings, for some obeyed his will out of the friendliest zeal, and others out of dread."[1]

[1] *The Heimskringla*, I, 217, 218.

CHAPTER IV

BARBAROSSA (1456?–1546) AND THE MOHAMMEDANS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

But who that chief? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success. . . .

"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—
'tis done!
"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few inquire his will;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

From BYRON'S *The Corsair*.

THE three preceding sea fighters; namely, Phormio, Agrippa, and Tryggvesson, gained their greatest distinction in what might be called civil wars. In the Peloponnesian War, it was Greek against Greek; at the Battle of Actium, Antony indeed had Asiatic and Egyptian allies, but the principal fighting was that of Roman against his Roman brother; while at the Battle of Svold Island, it was Norwegians against Danes and Swedes,—all of the same Scandinavian race. But the next great contest, in naval history, was waged between peoples not only of different race, but also of different religion. This struggle, carried on intermittently from the mid-

dle of the seventh century until the latter part of the sixteenth century, covered roughly the portion of European history which is usually referred to as the medieval period. The contest divides very readily into two phases: first, there were the Arabian and Turkish attempts to capture Constantinople; and then, after this was successfully accomplished by the latter, there was the trial of strength between the Turks and the Christians of southern Europe to decide who was to have the supremacy on the Mediterranean.

In the first phase of the struggle, there was considerable fighting on the sea; but no great naval leaders emerged from either side. The Arabs gained a few victories over the Byzantines,[1] but only when they outnumbered the Christians. Eventually they succeeded in surrounding Constantinople with an army and a fleet, in 674–677 and, again, with even larger forces, in 718; but in each case, the Byzantines defeated their navy by the use of "Greek fire,"[2] which struck terror into the hearts of the superstitious Mohammedans. Both of these expeditions ended in utter failure, and the last attempt was in many respects one of the greatest military disasters in history; for, of the army of one hundred and eighty thousand, only thirty thousand succeeded in mak-

[1] Constantinople was known as Byzantium before its name was changed by the Emperor Constantine. After the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, the Empire in the East continued to exist with its capital at Constantinople for nearly one thousand years. "Byzantine" is a convenient adjective which historians have applied to that empire and its civilization.

[2] "A semi-liquid substance, composed of sulphur, pitch, dissolved nitre, and petroleum, boiled together and mixed with certain less important and more obscure substances. . . . When ejected, it caught the woodwork on which it fell and set it so thoroughly on fire that there was no possibility of extinguishing the conflagration. It could be put out, it is said, only by pouring vinegar, wine, or sand upon it." *The Art of War*, by OMAN, p. 546.

ing their way safely back into Syria; while only three ships returned of the original eighteen hundred transports and war-ships.[1]

It is needless to say that the Arabs made no further efforts to capture Constantinople; and so the Byzantine Empire had rest from that quarter, and its existence was not seriously threatened until the rise of another Mohammedan power in Asia, the Ottoman Turks. Gradually the territories of the Byzantines were then overrun by these Turks, until all that was left was the city of Constantinople and its immediate vicinity. Finally, in the year 1453—one of the landmarks in the field of universal history—Mohammed the Conqueror surrounded the city by land and by sea with overwhelming numbers; and, after a siege of only six weeks, the ancient capital which had stood for centuries as a bulwark for Christianity was taken by the Turks who have held it ever since as their most prized possession.

The Turkish lust for conquest was by no means satisfied with the capture of Constantinople. The Sultans continued to add to their dominion until, by the middle of the sixteenth century, only a hundred years after the fall of Constantinople, their armies had overrun practically all the Balkan States and Hungary, and were knocking at the gates of Vienna, in Europe; while, in Asia and Africa, they controlled all the States bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, from Asia Minor to Morocco.

During the first part of their period of territorial

[1] The typical war vessel used on both sides was called a "dromon," which means "fast sailer." It was a two-banked ship about as large as a quinquereme, and carried a crew of approximately five hundred men. Amidships it carried a heavy castle from which the archers fought, and on the forecastle was a kind of turret for the artillery of that day. The "dromon" had thirty or forty oars to a side, and two masts bearing lateen sails.

expansion, the Turks seem to have given but little thought to a navy, but to have relied chiefly on their armies to gain victories over both Christian and infidel. In fact, the Turks themselves never took to the sea, not even to the extent that the Arabs had previously. Even in the case of the latter, there is a story that when the Khalif Omar was beginning the conquest of Egypt he wrote to his general, inquiring what the sea was like; and the reply was, "The sea is a huge beast which silly folk ride like worms on logs"[1]: whereupon the Khalif gave command that no Mohammedan should risk his life on such an unruly element without his express permission. But after the Arabs had conquered the northern coast of Africa, the Barbary States, their rulers were never long without ships.

It was in these States, particularly Morocco and Algeria, that piracy grew up gradually until it took on tremendous proportions near the close of the fifteenth century. Shortly before that time the ranks of the pirates were swelled greatly by the Moors, who were expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, and who then seized eagerly upon piracy as affording a way for gaining revenge against the Spaniards. When these Barbary States passed under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey, they furnished just the material needed by the Turks for increasing their navy so that they might gain as complete a supremacy on the Mediterranean as that already secured by them in many of the countries on its borders.

Intimately associated with the corsairs of northern Africa was the sea fighter who has been chosen as fairly representative of this period of naval history,—Kheyr-

[1] Stanley Lane-Poole's *Barbary Corsairs*, p. 7.

ed-Din, commonly known as Barbarossa ("Red-Beard"). His ancestry might as well be set down as unknown, because of the conflicting statements of different authorities. The Christian writers say that his father was a Christian who became a Mohammedan, one authority[1] going so far as to give the name of the French family to which he belonged; whereas the Turkish historians[2] claim that he was a Roumelian soldier by the name of Yakoub in the army of Mohammed II. They all agree, however, that Barbarossa was born on the island of Mitylene, or Lesbos as it was known by the ancients. An English writer[3] thus wittily remarks, "The island of Lesbos has given many gifts to the world —Lesbian wine and Lesbian verse, the seven-stringed lyre, and the poems of Sappho; but, of all its products, the latest was assuredly the most questionable, for the last great Lesbians were the brothers Barbarossa."

There were indeed four of the brothers; but only Kheyr-ed-Din and his oldest brother, Uruj, distinguished themselves. The career of the latter, who seems also to have had a red beard and to have borne the name of Barbarossa, was short but brilliant. His native island had for a long time been famous for its buccaneers, and, being of an enterprising and adventurous character, Uruj Barbarossa took to this lucrative profession. After having been captured by a galley of the Knights of St. John, then having their order established on the island of Rhodes, and having been ransomed by a Turkish prince, the governor of Caramania, Uruj decided to seek a field of operations where he would be less hampered

[1] *Vie de Barberousse,* par RICHER.
[2] *Histoire de L'Empire Ottoman,* par J. DEHAMMER, V, 237.
[3] STANLEY LANE-POOLE, in his *Barbary Corsairs,* p. 31.

KHEYR-ED-DIN "BARBAROSSA."
From an old print.

by these warlike knights. He made his way, therefore, in a ship furnished him by his benefactor, to the coast of Tunis and established his headquarters, about the year 1504, on the island of Jerba.

Here he was joined by his younger brother Kheyr-ed-Din, who was to become much the more famous of the two; for he added wisdom in counsel and coolness of judgment to the fiery fighting courage possessed by his brother. He had already made a considerable name for himself among the pirates; but just what his achievements had hitherto been, it is not recorded. Tunis being one of the chief centers for pirates, the brothers had no difficulty in coming to an understanding with its Sultan, who promised them his protection and support for one-fifth of the booty which they were to capture.

Opportunity was soon afforded the Barbarossas for making good their part of the bargain; for as they were cruising off the island of Elba in a galleot[1] of thirty-six oars, they sighted two large galleys belonging to His Holiness, Pope Julius II., which were rowing along leisurely toward Italy, not even thinking of pi-

[1] The "galleot" was a small galley, with from eighteen to twenty-four oars on a side, a crew of about two hundred men, one mast, and no castle on the prow. The corsairs preferred this type to the galley because it was more easily managed. The "galley" was about one hundred and fifty feet long; she had two or three masts, each carrying a lateen sail; at the prow was a deck which provided a place for the fighting men and sailors and the guns, while at the poop was another deck on which were the quarters for the admiral or captain and his higher officers, and sometimes a few guns also; behind and overlooking the roof of the poop stood the pilot who steered the ship; extending between the two decks down the middle of the ship was a narrow gangway, up and down which paced two boatswains, whip in hand, while the rowers were at work; the average number of oars was fifty-four, twenty-seven on each side, and often as many as six men tugged at each oar; these men were slaves and were chained to their benches; the full complement of officers and men reached the total of about four hundred.

rates, for none had been seen before in those waters. The galleys were almost twice as large as the corsair ship; but Uruj determined to attempt a capture of both the Christian vessels as they happened to be separated from each other by several miles. Ordering most of his oars to be thrown overboard so that his crew would not be tempted to try to escape, he then waited for the approach of the foremost galley. She came on, all unconscious of danger, until she was too near to escape. Her crew were then thrown into a panic of confusion; and as the two vessels came alongside, the corsairs boarded and soon made the galley their prey. The corsair crew then dressed themselves in the clothes of the Christian prisoners and, manning the captured galley, they stood ready to attack the other Christian ship which approached, ignorant of what had happened. The ruse succeeded; the second ship was easily taken; and back sailed the pirates to Tunis with their prizes, where astonishment and admiration greeted this notable exploit.

The next important capture was made the following year when a Spanish ship with five hundred seasick soldiers on board fell an easy prey to the Barbarossas. They then had a large number of Christian slaves to supply rowers for their ships, which within five years they increased to eight good vessels. Then they began to lay plans for capturing a base where they would be independent of the Sultan of Tunis and released from the necessity of handing over to him one-fifth of the spoils. The first attempt was made against the port of Bujeya, which lies on the coast between Algiers and Tunis. It had recently been taken by the Spaniards and strongly fortified; and so, in spite of desperate fighting, Uruj lost his left arm and the corsairs were repulsed.

They consoled themselves, however, with the capture of a Genoese galleot, richly laden, which they took on the way back to Tunis.

But this capture brought more trouble upon their heads, for the Senate of Genoa was so angered by the loss of this ship that they sent out Andrea Doria, who was to become the greatest Christian admiral of his time, with twelve galleys to get revenge on the corsairs. In this purpose Andrea succeeded in full measure, for he sacked the fortress of Goletta, near Tunis, drove Kheyr-ed-Din into the city, and carried away half of his ships in triumph to Genoa. Uruj had not recovered from his wound sufficiently to take part in this humiliating defeat; but the following spring he joined his brother at Jerba, where he had retired to work day and night at shipbuilding to repair the losses. When they became strong enough, they made an expedition against Jijil, some sixty miles to the east of Bujeya, which was in the hands of the Genoese; this they succeeded in taking, and there they established their headquarters, Uruj taking the title of Sultan of Jijil.

It was not long until the Sultan of Jijil was called upon by the Arabs and Moors of Algiers to help them drive out the Spaniards who occupied a rocky, strongly-fortified island which dominated the city. The invitation was accepted at once by Uruj who was ambitious to establish a monarchy of his own. He, accordingly, set out with about six thousand men and sixteen galleots to assist Algiers. A strong place near the city was surprised, and the commander, a bold corsair by the name of Kara Hasan, was put to death. Soon thereafter, Uruj with all his forces was in the city of Algiers, where he made himself master and ruthlessly dealt with those

who had called on him for aid. He then defeated a Spanish expedition that was sent against him, and in time his rule was established over all of what now constitutes Algeria, except that the Spaniards held Oran and Bujeya, and two or three fortresses like the island fort near the harbor of Algiers.

The Sultan of Jijil had become the Sultan of Algiers, or Middle Barbary as it was then called, and his galleots were so watchful that all the western Mediterranean became unsafe for the passage of Christian merchant ships. So the King of Spain, known afterwards as the Emperor Charles V., at the request of the governor of Oran, dispatched ten thousand veterans to assist him in making an end of the corsairs. The governor succeeded in defeating and killing Uruj Barbarossa, who was taken by surprise, with only fifteen hundred men, south of Oran, but he did not follow up his victory, thinking probably that after their leader was dead the power of the corsairs would disintegrate.

In this he was mistaken, for Uruj's mantle fell upon worthy shoulders, those of his younger brother, Kheyr-ed-Din, who combined statesmanlike qualities with those of the freebooter. His first move was that of a statesman; for he sent an ambassador to Constantinople to the Sultan, bearing rich gifts and slaves, laying his homage before the Commander of the Faithful, and begging that the province of Algiers be added to the Ottoman dominions. Sultan Selim had just completed the conquest of Egypt, and the prospect of gaining, so easily, more territory in Africa pleased him greatly. So he immediately appointed Kheyr-ed-Din Beglerbeg, or Governor-General, of Algiers, and sent to his new viceroy's aid a guard of two thousand soldiers.

With such support, the new ruler of Algiers began to consolidate his territory. He made alliances with the Arab tribes in the interior, strengthened his garrisons along the coast, and with the aid of a storm, almost completely destroyed a Spanish expedition that had been sent against him. Then he resumed his piratical scouring of the western Mediterranean in search of Christian prey, and his ships even passed outside the straits of Gibraltar where they lay in wait for the returning Spanish ships laden with the riches of the Indies. From the month of May until the autumn storms began, there was an open season for hunting Christian ships, and that "Scourge of Christendom" had begun which was to be an annoyance to Europe and later even to America, for three hundred years. Kheyr-ed-Din had worthy lieutenants, one of whom came sailing back one fine day with seven Spanish galleys which he had taken off the eastern coast of Spain; and, with such help, the new Barbary State of Algiers grew rich and powerful.

Finally, Barbarossa (as we shall call him from now on) considered himself strong enough to rid himself of the Spaniards, who still held the rocky island at the very harbor mouth of Algiers, and forced him to beach his galleots a mile to the west and to moor his merchantmen to the east of the city, where they were endangered by the rough weather. He began by bombarding the fortress for fifteen days, and then the weak remnant was overpowered by an assault. Just two weeks afterwards, nine transports, filled with ammunition and men to reenforce the garrison, came in sight; the corsairs dashed out and captured everything,—the nine ships, twenty-seven hundred men, and a large store of arms and provisions. Everything that Barbarossa had attempted, he

had successfully carried out. His fleet had increased to such an extent that he had thirty-six of his own galleots always on the cruise in the summer months; his fighting men were strengthened by recruits from the seventy thousand Moriscos whom he had rescued, in a series of expeditions, from servitude in Spain; and seven thousand Christian slaves labored in improving the defenses of the harbor of Algiers.

At about the same time, the Turks had succeeded in removing all the obstacles to a complete domination by their navy of the eastern part of the Mediterranean. The first of these was Venice. This city-state had fallen heir to the sea power of the Roman Empire of the West, the Crusades having been made possible by the fact that the sea routes to the Holy Land were then in Venetian hands. The Fourth Crusade had been shamefully diverted to an attack against Constantinople, which was captured by the Doge Dandolo, in 1204, and Venice had received a great deal of territory from the Byzantine Empire, thus becoming the dominant power on the Mediterranean.

But she had rivals, chiefly Genoa, all of whom she had crushed until the Turks came and established themselves at Constantinople on one of the principal sea routes of Venice, that leading to the Black Sea, to whose shores came the products of southern Russia and Central Asia. When the Turks decided to try their fortunes on the sea, late in the fifteenth century, they had such military resources behind them, and such advantages in strategic positions which they had won on land with their armies, that the Venetians, after some half-hearted attempts, concluded it would be useless to fight with them, and chose rather to enter into such treaty relations with the

Sultan as would permit them to continue to have a commercial monopoly in the eastern Mediterranean.

The Knights of St. John, however, on the island of Rhodes, put up a heroic resistance, and taxed all the ingenuity and resources of the Ottoman Empire in a six months' siege before they were overcome, in 1522, by Sultan Suleiman who generously permitted them, because of their gallant defense, to sail away to the island of Malta, where they reëstablished their order. There was then no power left to challenge effectively the supremacy of Suleiman's navy in the Ægean, Ionian, and Adriatic seas; and knowing how successful Barbarossa had been in establishing his sway over the western part of the Mediterranean, the Turkish Sultan saw the advantages that might come through a closer relationship with his viceroy in Algiers and, therefore, summoned him to present himself, without delay, at Constantinople.

With his customary caution, Barbarossa arranged that the government of Algiers might be left in loyal hands during his absence, and made proper preparations for a possible meeting on the voyage to Constantinople with Andrea Doria, who, though recently unsuccessful in an attack against one of the Algerian ports, had defeated the Turkish fleets several times on the western coast of Greece. At last, in August, 1533, Barbarossa set out with a fleet of eighteen galleys. He looted Elba on the way and captured a few Genoese corn ships, but sailed at a respectful distance from Malta and its Knights of St. John. After coasting round the Peloponnesus (or Morea, as it was then called), he made his way to the Turkish capital. The Sultan was greatly pleased when the Algerian fleet rounded Seraglio Point,

with flags and pennons flying, and came to anchor in perfect order in the waters of the Golden Horn.

This favorable impression was shared by others at the royal reception given in honor of Barbarossa and his captains. It was a crowded reception, for it was with much curiosity that the greatest statesmen and generals of the Empire looked upon this rough old seaman whose deeds and whose name were known throughout Europe. Barbarossa was then seventy-seven years old, and his red beard was streaked with white, but his strong, burly figure appeared still vigorous, and his eyes were still piercingly bright. The Grand Vizier saw at once that he was the man of the hour, and wrote to the Sultan, "We have put our hands on a veritable man of the sea. Name him without hesitation Basha, Member of the Divan, Captain-General of the Fleet." [1]

This was done, and Barbarossa spent the winter in the dockyards of Constantinople, where he soon discovered that the Turks knew but little about building or maneuvering ships. But there were material and men in abundance, and the inspiration of his wonderful energy; and so, in the spring, he was able to go to sea with eighty-four galleys. It might be truthfully said, therefore, that Turkish supremacy on the Mediterranean began with Barbarossa's winter in the dockyards of Constantinople.

The people of southern Italy were soon to learn that an entirely different spirit had been instilled into the Turkish navy; for when Barbarossa set out from the Golden Horn with his eighty-four galleys, he made first for that country. Entering the Straits of Messina, he began by sacking Reggio, and then swept up the coast

[1] *Sea-Wolves of the Mediterranean*, by E. Hamilton Currey, p. 126.

nearly to Naples, capturing ships, burning villages, and killing or enslaving the inhabitants. Ship after ship departed for Constantinople, bearing the booty and the slaves for the Sultan whom Barbarossa wished to show that his appointment had been a wise one. In this expedition, he is said to have captured some eleven thousand Christian slaves.

But there was one capture that he failed to make; this was Giulia Gonzaga, a young widow of noble birth, who was reported to be the loveliest woman in Europe. Barbarossa had destined her for the Sultan's harem. The expedition which a renegade Italian guided to her castle about ninety miles northeast of Naples succeeded in getting within the very grounds of the castle before discovery; but the duchess was lowered by her faithful servants from an upper window to a horse which had been hastily provided, and she thus made her escape. Barbarossa was enraged at the failure, and as he looked upon the frightened captives that the raiders had brought to him, he shouted angrily, "I sent you out to bring back a pearl without price, and you return with these cattle!"[1]

Disappointed in this cherished plan, he then turned his fleet toward Sardinia, and visited upon that unfortunate island the same treatment which the coast of southern Italy had just suffered. After these preliminaries, he was ready to carry out the main purpose of his cruise, which was the conquest of Tunis and the annexation of that kingdom. An unworthy sovereign sat on its throne, and Barbarossa had only to appear before the city with his fleet for it to fall, like over-ripe fruit, into his hands. Its king fled, but he appealed to

[1] *Sea-Wolves of the Mediterranean*, p. 136.

Charles V. of Spain for aid; and this ruler, seeing that Barbarossa in Tunis would endanger his own kingdom of Sicily and be a menace to every Christian ship which attempted to pass eastward between Sicily and Africa, heeded the call for help.

Charles had, as his admiral, Andrea Doria, the greatest Christian seaman of that time, whom he placed in command of the fleet of six hundred ships which bore him and the flower of his imperial troops, early in the summer of 1535, from Barcelona in an expedition against Tunis. The Knights of Malta also sent five ships, which aided greatly in the capture of the twin towers that guarded the entrance into the harbor of Tunis. It is needless to say that the most desperate of struggles then took place; but the forces of Barbarossa were overpowered and he had to flee with some of his chieftains to Bona where he had, fortunately, left fifteen ships. More than a hundred ships, and rich stores of ammunition and weapons were captured by the Christians, who, for three days, were permitted by Charles to loot, massacre, and debauch the city. All Europe was thrilled with the capture of Tunis, the release of thousands of Christian slaves, and, above all, the defeat of Barbarossa himself.

But Barbarossa did not sit down and weep over his defeat; on the contrary, while the victory was being celebrated, he got together twenty-seven ships and, slipping across to the Island of Minorca, he boldly entered Port Mahon, where he took a rich Portuguese galleon, then sacked the town, and sailed away to Algiers with six thousand captives, and much booty and ammunition. Meanwhile, Doria was searching for him with thirty galleys under special orders to capture him, either dead

or alive. After a time, the Spanish fleet returned home, and Barbarossa made his way back to Constantinople for reënforcements.

The old corsair reached the Turkish capital at an opportune time, for war had recently been declared against Venice, because she had begun to retaliate for the numerous acts of piracy that had been committed against her merchantmen. Doria had been cruising again in the Ionian Sea and had sorely defeated the Sultan's fleet off the coast of Greece. Suleiman, therefore, welcomed Barbarossa with open arms, and again placed him in command of his naval forces. In the early summer of 1537, the old Sea-Wolf sailed out into the Mediterranean with one hundred and thirty-five galleys to avenge the recent defeats, and began operations by sweeping with fire and sword along the southeastern coast of Italy and rounding up some ten thousand slaves. After an unsuccessful attempt to capture Corfu from the Venetians, he turned his attention to the smaller islands around Greece, which were then the possessions of noble Venetian families. Here he reaped a rich harvest of tribute and slaves,—four hundred thousand pieces of gold, one thousand girls, and fifteen hundred boys being a part of the booty. The next year he set out on another raid with one hundred and fifty ships, visiting the islands again for tribute and rowers, and burning eighty villages in Crete alone. Here Barbarossa learned that a united fleet of Emperor Charles V., the Pope, and Venice was gathering in the Adriatic, and he immediately sailed forth to meet it.

Corfu was the place of rendezvous for the Christian forces, and about the middle of June, 1538, the eighty-one Venetian and the thirty-six Papal galleys arrived at

the appointed place. But Doria kept his allies waiting anxiously until September 5th before he arrived with forty-nine Spanish galleys of the Emperor Charles V. On the twenty-second of September, there arrived also fifty Spanish galleons,[1] which had been delayed by contrary winds; on them were ten thousand of the Emperor's best soldiers. The Venetians had fourteen of the same type of sailing ship, and, to them, Doria generously added fourteen from his number. This left the Spaniards thirty-six, which were placed under the command of Franco Doria, the admiral's nephew; while the Venetians then had twenty-eight, which were commanded by Condulmiero in his flag-ship, the *Galleon of Venice*. The Christian forces, in all, comprised about sixty thousand men, one hundred and sixty-six galleys, and sixty-four sailing vessels.[2]

Barbarossa, who had been able to assemble only one hundred and twenty-two of his galleys, was informed by his scouts that a division of the Christian fleet had been sighted off Prevesa, and he made all haste to intercept it there; but he was too late, for the Papal ships had returned to Corfu. Doria had not, at that time, arrived at Corfu, but Barbarossa was ignorant of this fact, and so did not follow the Christians. He, on the contrary, entered the spacious Gulf of Arta,[3] and anchored his galleys so that they commanded the entrance to the gulf.

On the 25th of September, the same month in which

[1] "Nefs" they are usually called; they were sailing ships which had grown in popularity since the discovery of America.

[2] *Doria et Barberousse*, par JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE, pp. 275, 279.

[3] In Roman times, this was called the Ambracian Gulf. It was in those waters that the Battle of Actium was fought in 31 B. C.; while the town of Prevesa occupied the site of Octavius's camp.

the Battle of Actium had been fought so many years before, the Christian fleet appeared off the entrance to the gulf, and Doria and Barbarossa had again come face to face. The Cross and the Crescent, each under its most renowned leader, confronted each other in the first great naval battle between Christian and Mohammedan, to decide who was to control the Mediterranean. Andrea Doria was seventy years old; Barbarossa, eighty-two: each felt that the day at last had come which was to end their long rivalry on the sea. Neither admiral, however, seemed desirous of making the first move. Barbarossa had the advantage in position and did not wish to take his fleet out into the open water where it might be surrounded by the superior numbers of the Christians; while Doria did not wish to risk his heavy ships in passing the bar which closed the entrance to the gulf nor to attack the fleet while protected by the guns of the fortress of Prevesa. As Doria could not keep his fleet indefinitely in the open sea on a hostile coast, Barbarossa had every advantage in a waiting game. But his captains grew restive and clamored so for a fight in the open sea that Barbarossa was forced to yield, and early on the 27th, he gave orders to issue from the gulf and form a single line abreast for the attack. "I have but one order to give," he said, "follow my movements attentively and regulate your own accordingly."[1]

It happened that, the night before, Doria had moved his fleet some thirty miles to the southward, except for the sailing vessels which were scattered here and there, with the *Galleon of Venice* becalmed ten miles away and right between him and the oncoming Turkish fleet.

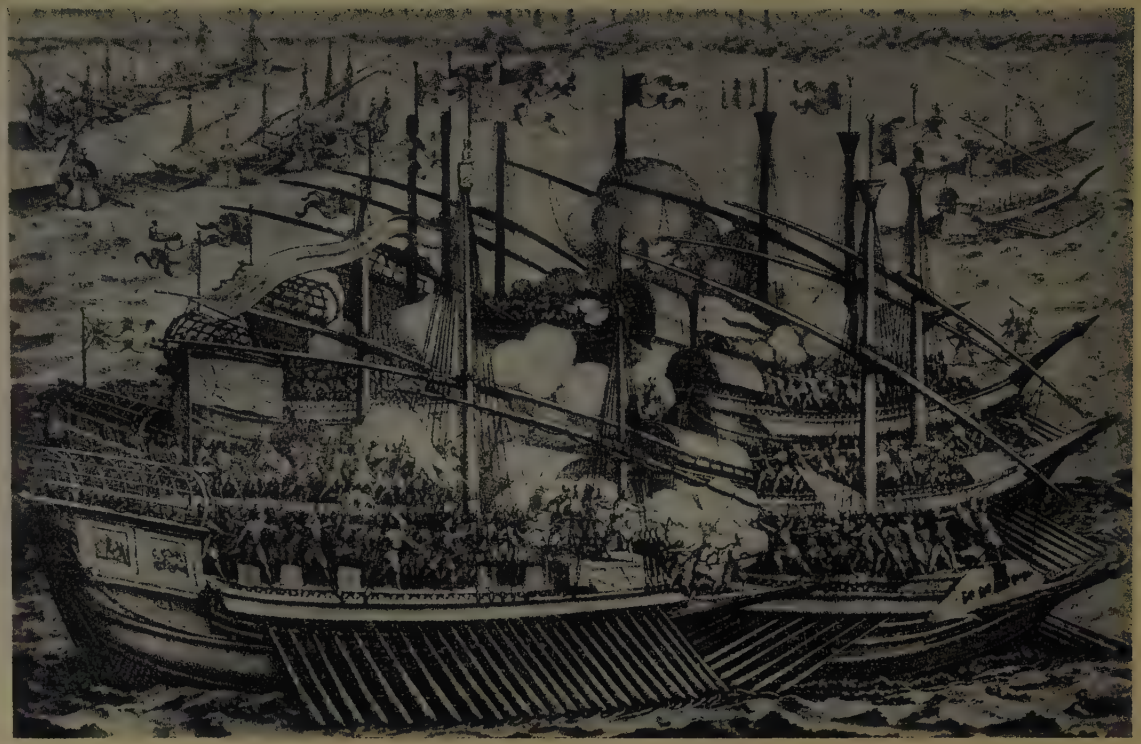
[1] *Sea-Wolves of the Mediterranean*, by E. Hamilton Currey, p. 207.

Condulmiero sent a light skiff to Doria asking for orders and assistance, and Doria replied, "Begin the fight, you will be succored."[1] The brave captain had no choice, however, but to fight or surrender, for he could not move his ship. So he ordered his crew to lie down on the decks, and he alone stood exposed in his shining armor to direct the fight.

The Moslem galleys approached, and at first circled around like fierce birds of prey at a safe distance, for they feared the great guns which the galleon carried. Meanwhile, everything was as still as death on the Christian ship. Suddenly, at a signal, the Moslem ships rushed forward, their crews yelled in fury, and the first broadsides were fired which brought down the mast of the galleon and the Lion Standard of St. Mark. Still there was silence on the Christian ship. But when the Moslems had come so near that their prows almost touched the sides of the galleon, there was a roar from her guns and a shower of cannon balls which wrought destruction on the enemy. One Turkish galley sank immediately, and others were badly damaged; all who were able then moved out of range with the greatest possible alacrity.

Next a plan was formed whereby twenty galleys advanced at a time and delivered their attack, and then were relieved by twenty more in turn. In this manner the attack, which had begun at one o'clock, was continued against the galleon until sunset. Thirteen of her crew were killed and forty wounded, and the captain was covered with blood from a wound in the face and another in the right leg; the upper works of the ship were a mass of wreckage of fallen masts and bat-

[1] *Sea-Wolves of the Mediterranean*, p. 208.



CHRISTIAN AND TURKISH GALLEYS IN ACTION.

From an old print.

tered timbers, and fire had twice broken out: but they fought on with no thought of surrender and, as evening approached, their guns were as coolly directed, and fired with almost as deadly effect, as when the fight began.

Then the firing died down, and the Venetians prepared themselves for a final attack. All the galleys of the Turkish fleet seemed to have gathered about the doomed ship, and Barbarossa himself was there to direct the assault. In a few moments, the fate of the vessel would be decided; then, to the surprise of the Christians, the Turkish ships drew off to attack some smaller vessels and left the *Galleon of Venice* victor of the fight. Two other galleons were burned to the edge of the water, and a third staggered away with her mainmast gone. Thus ended the fight with the Christian sailing ships.

But what had Doria been doing during all those precious hours? Incredible as it may seem, he waited three hours before getting up anchors and, even then, did not make a move toward supporting the *Galleon of Venice;* but merely maneuvered back and forth as though to draw the Turks farther out to sea, instead of coming to close grips with them, as he could easily have done, for he had the advantage of the wind. The commanders of the Papal and Venetian galleys went aboard Doria's flag-ship and bitterly remonstrated with him on the futility of his tactics, but to no avail. Was he jealous of the Papal and Venetian leaders? Did he have a secret understanding with Barbarossa? Or was the old admiral afraid to risk a decisive battle with his wily antagonist, his "rival in glory," as Barbarossa expressed it? These are questions which have puzzled historians ever since the Battle of Prevesa.

Next day there was a favorable wind for Corfu, and

Doria sailed away for that island with his ships untouched and unharmed. Barbarossa, who had taken a Venetian galley, a Papal galley, and five Spanish galleons, laughed loud and long, and jokingly said that Doria had put out his lanterns that no one might know whence he had fled. When Sultan Suleiman heard of the results of the battle, great was his rejoicing, and he doubtless remembered with more pleasant anticipations still an aphorism which Barbarossa had spoken at the time of his presentation to the Sultan, "Sire, he who rules on the sea will shortly rule on the land also." There were illuminations and a procession to the Grand Mosque, and all the Moslem world rang with the praises of Barbarossa, who had put to flight the greatest naval leader of the Christians. Indeed, there was good reason for rejoicing, for, from the date of this battle, the Turks were absolute masters of the Mediterranean for thirty years; that is to say, until the Battle of Lepanto turned the tide in the favor of the Christian nations.

In spite of his already advanced age, Barbarossa was to live eight more years, during which he added more fame to his name. The month following the Battle of Prevesa, the allied fleet seized Castelnuovo on the southeastern coast of the Adriatic as a slight compensation for their defeat, and the Turkish armies failed to recapture the place. So Barbarossa went, in the summer of 1539, with a fleet of two hundred ships and, after a siege of several weeks, took the city by assault, with the loss of eight thousand men.

In 1543, Francis I. of France, in order to offset the power of Charles V. of Spain, made an alliance with the Sultan of Turkey, and Barbarossa brought a large fleet of one hundred and fifty ships into the harbor of Mar-

seilles, where he was received with much ceremony. On the way, he had burned Reggio again and carried away the governor's daughter, and, appearing off the mouth of the Tiber, had terrified the inhabitants of Civita Vecchia. Before long, the French king became ashamed of his alliance with the Mohammedans and was put to his wit's end to get rid of his new allies. He was practically forced to aid Barbarossa in an attack on Nice, which, however, was unsuccessful because of the heroism with which it was defended. He also had to allow the Turks to winter in the harbor of Toulon and to feed the crews; while Barbarossa sent out raiders to prey upon Spanish towns, and sometimes filled gaps in his rowers' benches by raids at night in the neighboring French villages. At last, the French got rid of their expensive allies by furnishing them rations for the homeward voyage, by freeing four hundred Mohammedan galley slaves, and by loading Barbarossa with jewelry, silks, and other presents. As he sailed for Constantinople, the old sea-rover loaded his ships still more heavily with beautiful captives for the pashas' harems, which he took from the Italian coast towns, that his welcome might be all the warmer.

Two years later he died, July 4, 1546, about ninety years old. "Valorous yet prudent, furious in attack, far-seeing in preparation, he ranks as the first sea captain of his time."[1] For many years no Turkish fleet set out from the Golden Horn without her crew saying a prayer and firing a salute over the tomb of Kheyr-ed-Din (Barbarossa), which remains to this day in the village of Beshiktash, on the shore of the Bosphorus near Constantinople.

[1] *The Barbary Corsairs*, by STANLEY LANE-POOLE, p. 111.

After the passing of Barbarossa, the Turks continued to hold the mastery in the Mediterranean, for one of the last things the old admiral did was to ransom one of his worthiest chiefs, who had fallen into the hands of Doria. This Dragut, as he was called by the Christians, became a worthy successor to his old chief, and kept things lively for both Andrea Doria and his grand-nephew, Gian Andrea Doria, until he lost his life during the long and bloody, but unsuccessful, siege of Malta, which the Sultan made against the Knights of St. John in 1565.

Five years later, the Christian States joined forces again in a Holy League against the Turk under the leadership of Don Juan, the brother of Philip II. of Spain. They met the Turkish fleet, commanded by Ali Pasha, in the Corinthian Gulf off Lepanto.[1] Though the young Doria, who commanded the right wing, acted as strangely as his great-uncle had done in the Battle of Prevesa, yet the Turkish admiral was killed and the victory went to the Christians. The Battle of Lepanto is, therefore, looked upon as one of the decisive battles of history; for, though the Turks soon had another fleet together and began ravaging the seas, still its commander, Ulugh Ali, who commanded the Turkish left wing at Lepanto, declined battle more than once,—in a word, the idea of Turkish invincibility on the sea was destroyed by the Christian victory at Lepanto. This battle is also noteworthy as the last to be fought between oar-driven fleets, and we shall see that the next great sea fight, only seventeen years later, was between sailing ships,—so suddenly, after many centuries, did the age of oar give place to the age of sail.

[1] The modern name for Naupactus, where Phormio won a victory.

CHAPTER V

FRANCIS DRAKE (1541–1596) AND THE SPANISH ARMADA

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
  Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
  And harried his ships to wrack.

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
  When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
  And he stooped, and finished the game.

From *Admirals All,* by HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE struggle for sea mastery, as related in the last chapter, was carried on by peoples of different races and different religions,—Christian against Mohammedan. The next great contest of this nature was fought between Christians of the same Caucasian race,—Protestant Englishmen against Catholic Spaniards. These Spaniards had taken the lead in the overthrow of Turkish sea power in the Mediterranean, and the commander-in-chief of the allied Christian fleet at the Battle of Lepanto, Don Juan, was a brother of the Spanish king. This king, Philip II., when he came to the throne in 1558, had inherited the greatest and most powerful kingdom of that day. Not only did he rule Spain, Burgundy, the Low Countries, and Austria with all her German and Italian provinces, but also he held sway over a vast colonial empire in America. This was made

even more extensive by the subjection of Portugal in 1580, and the addition of her colonies and trading-posts in Africa and India. The tradition of Spanish and Portuguese maritime prowess was, therefore, a proud one.

While this great empire was being won by the enterprise of such sailors and soldiers as Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Cortes, Pizarro, and Albuquerque, Englishmen made no efforts either to discover or colonize new lands, with the single exception of the Cabots (but even they were Venetians, and nearly a century passed before their discoveries were practically utilized). Though the English, since the reign of King Alfred, had made use of ships of war as well as merchant vessels, it was not until the period of the earlier Tudor kings that the foundations for a strong and permanent navy were laid. Of these kings, Henry VIII., in particular, deserves the title of the first great English sea king, for he established the first Navy Board, adopted sailing vessels as the major units of his fleet, and devoted revenues from the forfeited church property to the building of ships, which, by the close of his reign, amounted to a standing navy of fifty-three vessels. The year 1545, says Corbett,[1] really marked the birth of English naval power, for it was the year which most clearly showed the transition from oars to sails, and only four years before this date the first great sailing admiral was born. This was none other than Francis Drake, whose career was characterized by the spirit and the daring of the Elizabethan age.

Drake's life, almost from babyhood, was influenced by the religious strife then existing between Protestants

[1] Julian S. Corbett, in his *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, I, 56.

and Catholics in England. Because of religious persecutions, his father, Edmund Drake, who was a strong "Reformation man," was forced to flee from his home at Tavistock in Devonshire. He took refuge with his family in the good Protestant town of Plymouth, where his friends secured for him the appointment of Reader of Prayers in the Royal Navy. This was a position suited to his tastes, as he had probably once been a sailor and had shown some ability as a preacher. Here, in one of the old war-hulks, the Drake family had their floating home. "The clatter of the shipwrights' hammers in the dockyard, the sea-songs of the mariners as they polished the idle guns, the fierce and intemperate denunciations of his father's friends vowing vengeance on the 'idolaters who had defiled the House of God,'—such were the first sounds his dawning intelligence learned to grasp. His eyes could rest nowhere but on masts and guns and the towering hulks of the war-ships which lay anchored about his floating home, his very playthings were instruments of destruction; the prayer he lisped at his mother's knee was little better than a curse."[1] What wonder then that he became afterwards a crusading sea king!

But harder times were in store for Edmund Drake, for when the Catholic princess Mary became queen, in 1553, he lost his naval appointment and was reduced to such extremities in providing for his family as to accept with eagerness the opportunity of apprenticing Francis to the master of a small ship which traded with France and Holland. This was a hard experience for the lad, for the life on board a Channel coaster in those days tried the spirit and the physical endurance

[1] JULIAN CORBETT'S *Sir Francis Drake*, p. 4.

of the bravest and the strongest sailors. But young Francis measured up to the requirements of this exacting service; and when his master died, after a few years, he bequeathed to his apprentice the ship on which he had faithfully served. By this time, the affairs of Drake's father had taken a turn for the better also; for Elizabeth had become queen and, through the help of friends, he had become vicar of Upchurch on the Medway.

Meanwhile, there were many indications of the growing hatred between the English and the Spaniards. The former had, at last, awakened to a realization of the riches to be gained from over-seas trade. Daring shipmasters went to Guinea for gold and ivory; others went in search of the Northwest Passage; while still others voyaged to Brazil, Russia, and the Levant. It was inevitable that their interests should clash with those of the Spaniards. Moreover, religious persecution added fuel to the flames. In its zeal to keep heresy out of Spain, the Spanish government placed its harbors under the control of the Holy Office; and such strict rules were laid down that an Englishman, found with an English Bible and Prayer Book in his kit, could be arrested in a Spanish port and carried before the Inquisition. Stories began to be told of sailors being thrown into dungeons, and tortured or burned by the Inquisitors, which inflamed the hatred and the desire for revenge of the seagoing population of England. So, year by year, more Protestant rovers went to sea and sought Catholic ships, whose crews they likewise cruelly treated. Finally, in 1564, Spain closed all her ports to English vessels.

This interfered with Drake's Channel trading; so he

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

From an engraving by W. Holl of the painting by F. Zucchero.

sold his little ship and took service with his two kinsmen, the Hawkins brothers, who owned many ships at Plymouth and at London. John Hawkins had only recently returned from his first slaving voyage, and was soon off on another to the African coast. Drake, however, did not accompany him; but as the Spanish embargo had been removed, he sailed as purser in one of the Hawkins ships to the port of St. Sebastian in Spain. Here, as Destiny would have it, he was brought face to face with evidence of Spanish cruelty, for his ship is said to have carried back to England the remnants of a Plymouth crew, most of whom had rotted in Spanish dungeons during the embargo.

Hawkins's second voyage was so successful that the Spanish ambassador made an indignant protest to Elizabeth, for the Spanish king had strictly prohibited his American colonies from trading with foreigners,—particularly in slaves, as this was his own monopoly. So the English Council bound Hawkins not to return the following year. But sudden wealth, so easily acquired, was a powerful temptation; and though Hawkins did not repeat his venture the next year, an expedition did sail under Captain Lovell, and, with him, went Francis Drake on his first voyage to the West Indies. This voyage was not successful, and the failure is thought to have been due to some treachery which further embittered Drake's hatred of the Spanish. He must, therefore, have welcomed the opportunity of recouping his losses, which was afforded by the sailing of another expedition, from Plymouth, in the autumn of 1567.

This voyage became a turning point in the struggle between England and Spain, for, before it was finished, steps had been taken which could not be retraced, and

irreconcilable hostility had been provoked. John Hawkins commanded the little squadron of six vessels, two of which were furnished by Queen Elizabeth from the Royal Navy. The little *Judith,* one of the smallest of the number, was under the command of Drake. The squadron was armed, equipped, and organized as though bound on a regular naval expedition. It was not a lawless band of corsairs, as some of the more romantic writers would have us believe. Hawkins was sent out to assert the doctrine that it was a violation of international law to forbid a friendly nation from trading with the Spanish West Indies, and a breach of treaty for Spain to so treat England. It will not appear strange that Elizabeth should have furnished her ships for such an expedition, when it is remembered that the Royal Navy was then but a nucleus around which gathered armed merchantmen in time of war, and in time of peace she might very reasonably employ her vessels in a commercial expedition. Of course, the question at issue between the two countries might have been settled at once by war; but neither side was in a condition then to risk all on such a decision.

"The division of nations," declares Froude,[1] "was crossed by the division of creeds; and each nation had allies in the heart of every other. If England went to war with Spain, Spain could encourage insurrection among the Catholics. If Spain or France declared war against England, England could help the Huguenots or the Holland Calvinists. All governments were afraid alike of a general war of religion which might shake Europe to pieces. Thus individuals were left to their natural impulses. The Holy Office burnt English or

[1] In *English Seamen of the 16th Century,* pp. 17–18.

French Protestants, wherever it could catch them. The Protestants revenged their injuries at their own risk and in their own way."

Hawkins's expedition proceeded first to Guinea to procure negro slaves; but, on the way, a number of Portuguese trading vessels were destroyed, in reprisal for treatment which a former English squadron had suffered from other Portuguese. All of these caravels were destroyed except one, the *Grace of God,* which was added to the squadron and entrusted for a time to the command of Drake. After about three months, having collected some five hundred negroes, they departed for the Spanish Main[1] to dispose of their living freight. This was accomplished simply by a display of force, except in one place, La Hacha, which had to be stormed and cleared of Spaniards. But even here, during the night, the Spaniards stole back to trade in secret, governor and all, until they had purchased about two hundred negroes. Consequently, one wonders whether there was not some understanding between Hawkins and the governors of these towns, who only pretended to offer resistance.

The squadron, loaded with treasure, then set sail for home; but a hurricane so injured the ships in the Gulf of Mexico that Hawkins was forced to enter San Juan de Ulua[2] to refit. It was the port of Mexico City, and in the harbor there lay twelve ships loaded with gold and silver, the annual produce of Mexico, waiting for the rest of the Plate Fleet and its escort. Hawkins occupied an island which commanded the entrance to the

[1] The mainland of South America, but especially that part of the coast extending from Panama to the mouth of the Amazon.

[2] Vera Cruz, it is now called.

harbor, and when the expected Spanish fleet arrived, it found the port in the possession of the English. Hawkins might have captured all these treasure ships, if he had dared, and sailed away to England with his vessels full of gold and silver. But he resisted the temptation, and entered into a formal agreement with the Spaniards, which stipulated that they were to be permitted to come in unmolested, on condition that he be allowed to refit and revictual his squadron.

After three days, however, the Spaniards broke their agreement, in spite of oaths and hostages and the word of the Viceroy as a gentleman and a soldier, and treacherously attacked the English. Hawkins and his men made a desperate fight; but, though the Spaniards lost over five hundred men, only two of the English ships, the *Minion* and the *Judith,* escaped. These little ships, overloaded with the remnants of the crews of the lost ships, shot-riddled, and only half-victualed, staggered home; while the Spaniards gloated over their victory. But they had yet to reckon with Hawkins and Drake; they had sowed the wind, and the whirlwind was to be reaped.

Drake's ship was the first to arrive in Plymouth, and Drake himself was immediately dispatched, by William Hawkins, to London to report the disaster. He arrived opportunely, for, a short time previously, some of the Protestant rovers had captured a Spanish ship in the Channel, bound for the Netherlands, with money to pay the Duke of Alva's army. The Spanish ambassador strenuously objected to Elizabeth's "taking care" of this treasure for his king; but, on the arrival of Drake, Elizabeth had good reason for refusing to give up the money until full satisfaction had been rendered for the

treatment which had been meted out to the members of Hawkins's expedition.

The next four or five years of Drake's life were comparatively quiet ones. He probably served for a time in the Royal Navy. And, during this period also, he was married to a Devonshire maiden named Mary Newman, who lived near the town of Plymouth. He, moreover, made at least two voyages to the Spanish Main in search of a vulnerable spot for making a deadly thrust at England's enemy. From the last of these, he returned to England with a daring scheme in his head for recovering all his losses and, at the same time, wreaking vengeance on the Spaniards.

The plan was a bit wild, but there were those who were willing to back it; and, on May 24, 1572, Drake set out from Plymouth with two small ships whose crews together numbered only seventy-three men and boys. On his former voyage, he had discovered that the entire produce of the mines of Peru was concentrated, from time to time, at a small town, called Nombre de Dios, on the Caribbean side of the Isthmus of Panama, before being conveyed to Spain. It was against this place, therefore, that Drake's expedition was directed.

The ships arrived safely in a little bay in the Gulf of Darien, which had previously been selected as his base. After careful preparations here, a night attack was made on the city of Nombre de Dios, which came very near to succeeding. Drake, with a picked band of his men, entered the harbor by moonlight and secured complete control of the public square; they then made their way to the king's treasure-house, where they were on the point of forcing an entrance when Drake tumbled over from loss of blood caused by a wound in his leg. His

men had already become nervous because of the constant ringing of the alarm bell, the roar of a tropic rain, and the shrieks and warlike cries and all the uncertainties incident to a night attack. So Drake had endeavored to keep his injury a secret and had tried to cheer his men with brave words, such as, "I have brought you to the mouth of the Treasure-House of the World. Blame nobody but yourselves if you go away empty."[1] But the brave leader was now forcibly carried back to the boats by his faithful men, who rowed out of the harbor just as dawn was breaking. It was a failure, though a magnificent one.

Drake, however, was not yet ready to give up the attempt. Guided by friendly Maroons (tribes of Negro-Indians), he made his way inland to Venta Cruz, a half-way station on the road between Panama and Nombre de Dios, and laid an ambush for the mule trains bearing treasure to the latter city. It was here that he first saw the Pacific from the branches of a lofty tree and "besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea!"[2] On the failure of this ambush, occasioned by carelessness on the part of one of his men, Drake took Venta Cruz by storm, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

The Spaniards were sure this time that El Draque had put to sea, for news came that he had boarded a ship of Nicaragua and stripped her of her gold. So the mule trains resumed their journeys unmolested. But, suddenly, back came Drake, and placed his men in ambush again just outside the gates of Nombre de Dios. This

[1] *Sir Francis Drake Revived*, by PHILIP NICHOLS (1626).
[2] *Ibid.*

third attempt was a complete success, for he captured both gold and jewels, and so much silver that a large part of it had to be buried. With great difficulty the adventurers then made their way back to their ships, and sailed for home with their precious cargo.

Here they arrived on August 9, 1573. This was a Sunday, and an old narrative[1] records that "the news of our Captain's return brought unto his (friends) did so speedily pass over all the church and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the preacher. All hastened to see the evidence of God's love and blessing toward our Gracious Queen and country, by the fruit of our Captain's labor and success." At last, Drake had succeeded in exacting reparations for all the losses he had suffered at the hands of the Spaniards.

As far as Queen Elizabeth was concerned, however, Drake had returned at an inopportune time; for she was just then finding it to her advantage to take a friendly attitude toward King Philip. So Drake was in danger of being sacrificed as a pawn in their political game. The Spaniards, of course, claimed that his actions stamped him as a pirate. He had not really engaged in technical piracy but, rather, in a form of irregular reprisal; still it is doubtful whether he had sailed under a commission from the Queen or any recognized official of the government. Such a commission was considered necessary, according to the international law of that day. Drake, therefore, was given a hint by his friends in authority to disappear; and this advice he immediately took, probably retiring to Queenstown, Ireland.

Drake was thus forced to wait nearly four years be-

[1] *Sir Francis Drake Revived,* by PHILIP NICHOLS.

fore he could embark on another expedition which he had already planned. Finally, Elizabeth was convinced that a lasting peace could not be maintained between England and Spain, and so she turned again to Drake who was then in London seeking to advance his fortunes. Calling him into her presence, she is reported to have said: "Drake! So it is that I would gladly be revenged on the King of Spain for divers injuries that I have received."[1] Whereupon he revealed to her his plan for making a raid on Panama and the South Seas by way of the Straits of Magellan. Elizabeth was so pleased with the daring project that she subscribed a thousand crowns, on condition, however, that her connection with the expedition be kept a profound secret.

Drake at once set about the equipping of ships and the making of all necessary preparations. Money and men were easily secured, for a wave of interest in exploration had just struck England. Frobisher had recently returned from what he then thought was the discovery of the Northwest Passage, and, besides, he had brought back some specimens of a black rock which was thought to contain gold. Drake, however, kept the real destination of his expedition a secret from his enthusiastic supporters, though he could not prevent the Spanish ambassador from being suspicious, when he was informed of the preparations being made by Spain's daring enemy. Drake's fleet consisted of but five small ships. His flag-ship, the *Pelican*,[2] one hundred tons, carried eighteen guns; besides this, there were the *Elizabeth*, eighty tons, sixteen guns; the *Marigold*, thirty tons, sixteen guns; the *Swan*, fifty tons, five guns; and

[1] CORBETT'S *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, I, 217.
[2] Renamed the *Golden Hind*, after passing the Straits of Magellan.

the *Benedict*,[1] fifteen tons, one gun. The combined crews numbered only about one hundred and fifty men, among whom were a few gentlemen volunteers. Besides these, were some skilled musicians; in fact, there was a certain splendor and luxury in the equipment of the ships, in keeping with the dignity of Elizabeth's Admirals-at-Sea.

Drake sailed proudly out of Plymouth Sound with his little fleet on November 15, 1577, but, two days later, stormy weather damaged one of his ships and forced him back home for repairs. A month later he started again, and sailing first to the Cape Verde Islands, he then shaped his course for Brazil. After a four months' voyage, the fleet reached Rio Grande in southern Brazil, and then made its way, buffeted by storms, down the coast of South America. After six weeks, the storm-beaten ships found refuge in Port Desire; but soon they were off again on the wintry seas, and, on June twentieth, they arrived in safety at Port St. Julian where, sixty years before, Magellan had made his last preparations before attempting the passage of the straits which now bear his name. Here Drake decided to abandon the *Christopher*[2] in order to make his fleet more compact and better able to keep together in the stormy seas which they were yet to traverse.

But it was not alone storm and fog that Drake had to battle with. Among his own men there was one who tried his hardest to undermine the morale of the expedition. This was Thomas Doughty, one of the gentlemen volunteers, who had once been among Drake's closest

[1] Renamed by Drake the *Christopher*.

[2] The *Swan* had already been broken up and deserted for the same reason.

and dearest friends. Whether he was in the pay of Philip II., the Spanish king, or was simply a tool of Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's treasurer, who was opposed to the expedition and desired peace with Spain, it seems now impossible to determine; but he had certainly done all that was humanly possible to make the expedition a failure, and Drake finally made up his mind to bring him to account for his mutinous and treasonable behavior. A court was formed from the members of the crews, and Doughty was tried as nearly as possible according to the forms of English legal usage. He was found guilty and sentenced to death, and the second day thereafter he met his death bravely. Before he laid his head on the block, he received the Holy Communion with Drake and then sat down with him to a farewell banquet. There "they dined also at the same table together as cheerfully in sobriety as ever in their lives they had done aforetime, each cheering up the other and taking their leave by drinking to each other, as if some journey only had been in hand."[1] When the axe had fallen, Drake ordered Doughty's head to be held up, and then cried, "Lo! this is the end of traitors."

On the 17th of August, Drake set sail from this dreary Patagonian port with his three remaining ships, and, three days later, he entered the Straits of Magellan. It took three weeks to make the passage, as the channel was so tortuous and the winds so changeable that the ships were constantly in danger of being wrecked. If such had happened, there would have been no escape, as icy mountains overhung them on every side. Drake had supposed that, on reaching the Pacific, his worst

[1] From Cook's Narrative, quoted in CORBETT'S *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, I, 259.

troubles would be over; but he was sadly disillusioned, for he had hardly passed the Straits safely when a storm struck his ships and drove them far to the south. The *Marigold* went down with all hands; the *Elizabeth* became separated from the others, at last made her way back into the Straits, and retracing her course, sailed away for England with her chicken-hearted captain. Thus Drake was left alone in the broad Pacific in his *Golden Hind.*

Then fortune began to smile on the enterprise, for the sea at last became smoother and Drake turned his little ship toward Valparaiso. Here he found a Spanish galleon, the *Grand Captain of the South,* waiting for a favorable wind to carry her to Panama, with a cargo of wine and gold. The Spaniards were taken completely by surprise, and before they fully realized what had happened, old Tom Moone with a boat's crew was on board, shouting in broken Spanish, "Down, dog, down!" For three days Drake remained in this port, collecting provisions from the astonished inhabitants, and then he sailed northward with his prize, which carried gold alone worth about eighty thousand pounds.

Drake, of course, did not know that the *Elizabeth* had returned to England and fully expected to find her farther up the coast. But, before venturing on, he put into a small harbor north of Coquimbo, where the *Golden Hind* was refitted from stem to stern. Then he set out again, plundering the towns along the coast, until he came to Arica in southern Peru, whence the fabulous wealth of the Potosi mines was shipped to Panama. But here rumors of Drake's exploits had preceded him. The town was armed for protection, and only a few hours before his arrival, a galleon containing

eight hundred bars of silver had sailed northward. This rich prize Drake determined to make his own, and immediately gave chase. He succeeded in overtaking the ship in the port of Arequipa, and her capture was easy, for not a man was found aboard her—nor a single bar of silver either. It had been carried ashore and buried, just two hours before, to keep it from falling into the hands of the English. Enraged at this, Drake set out at once for Callao de Lima, in order to surprise the place before the news of his presence in the Pacific should become known there also.

Drake arrived at Callao in the night, and found many ships in the harbor; but he was again disappointed, for they contained no treasure. Just two weeks before, however, a great quantity of wealth had been carried away toward Panama in a large ship called *Our Lady of the Conception;* and when Drake heard this, he was off again, determined to have this vessel if he had to take her in the very harbor of Panama. This time he was to succeed, for he overtook the ship, which had stopped here and there on the way to load more treasure. Off the coast of Ecuador, she was first sighted from the masthead by John Drake, the captain's page, who thus won the golden chain which had been offered as a prize to the one who first saw the treasure ship. The English came alongside at nightfall, and a single broadside brought all resistance to an end. For three days, Drake then sailed westward with his prize and, when safely out of the trade routes, he leisurely gutted the Spanish ship. When he had finished, the *Golden Hind* had added, to her already rich cargo, thirteen chests of pieces of eight, eighty pounds of gold, and in addition to the jewels and plate, twenty-six tons of silver. So rich was

the treasure that Drake's only thought then became its safe transport home to England.

He resolved not to return by the way he had come, but to sail boldly across the Pacific. In this plan he was greatly aided, when he ran into Coronada Bay, Costa Rica, to refit, by the capture of two Chinese pilots with all their charts and sailing directions. Drake seems, however, to have wished first to try to find the Northwest Passage, and for this reason he continued northward until he reached the approximate latitude of Vancouver. But it became so cold and stormy that the attempt was given up, and the ship, turning southward, at last entered a small bay a little above San Francisco Harbor, which is now called Drake's Bay.

After remaining here for a month or more, the *Golden Hind* once again spread her sails and Drake was off on a direct course for the Molucca Islands. For sixty-eight days there was no sight of land; then the ship reached the Carolines and, thence coasting along the Philippines, finally made her way through the reef-endangered channels of the Malay Archipelago to the Island of Java. From here, Drake sailed in comparative safety across the Indian Ocean and then homeward round the Cape of Good Hope. At home, no word had been heard of him for more than a year, and there were rumors that he had been taken by the Spaniards and hanged, or that he had gone to the bottom of the sea. Great was the surprise, therefore, at Plymouth, late in September, 1580, when the *Golden Hind* sailed into the Sound, the first English ship to circle the globe.

Drake had returned to England again at a time of great political uncertainty, and he thought it prudent to announce his arrival only by a messenger to the

Queen, who immediately invited him to appear at court. He readily obeyed, taking with him a train of pack horses loaded with presents for her Majesty. She had made up her mind to protect him in spite of the muttering demands of the Spanish ambassador, and orders were given for the removal of the treasure to the Tower for safe-keeping. To Drake, however, was given ten thousand pounds sterling as his commission. He then brought the *Golden Hind* up the Thames to London, and there, on board the ship, April 4, 1581, the Queen was entertained at a magnificent banquet, after which she knighted Drake, "the master thief of the unknown world."[1]

During the next four years Drake remained in England, anxiously seeking another opportunity for singeing King Philip's beard. Denied this, he found other work that kept him busy. As Mayor of Plymouth, he improved the city and strengthened its defenses; as a member of the Navy Commission, he made arrangements for the rapid mobilization of the fleet from a peace footing; and as a Member of Parliament, he assisted in preparing the nation for the final struggle with Spain.

Events had moved steadily toward war. In 1581, the Dutch had renounced their allegiance to the Spanish king, and Elizabeth had begun to think of active cooperation and alliance with them. This had angered Philip, and he longed to be rid of both William the Silent and Queen Elizabeth. An assassin removed William in 1584, but the attempt against the life of Elizabeth failed. She, however, had meanwhile realized fully her danger, and again unloosed Drake upon her enemy.

On Christmas Eve, 1584, Elizabeth signed a commis-

[1] CORBETT'S *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, I, 336.

sion authorizing Drake to organize and command a fleet. But it was not until August of the following year that he was ready with twenty-one ships and eight pinnaces. Of these, the flag-ship *Elizabeth Bonaventure,* six hundred tons, as well as one other ship, belonged to the Queen; while the rest were privately furnished. The whole force, including both sailors and soldiers, numbered twenty-three hundred men. Martin Frobisher was the vice admiral, and among the other officers were some of the proudest names and most daring spirits of the time.

But there were many vexatious delays, and as the time dragged on, Drake became fearful that the Queen might change her mind and not permit the expedition to sail; so he set out suddenly on September fourteenth, with his ships only partially victualed. Then, with characteristic impudence, he sailed boldly into Vigo Bay, Spain, and there completed his preparations, thereby forcing the King of Spain to assist in fitting out the fleet that was to raid his own colonial empire in the west. After visiting Santiago, the principal town of the Cape Verde Islands, which was looted and left a heap of ashes because of an act of treachery which had been inflicted there on William Hawkins some years before, the fleet spread its sails and shaped its course for the Spanish Main.

Excellent time was made on the voyage, and this was well, for sickness broke out among the crews and so severe did it become that, in a few days, three hundred men were dead. But the inroads of the disease were stopped temporarily when the fleet arrived at the island of Dominica where fresh supplies were furnished by the natives. From here, Drake sailed to the island of St.

Christopher, where Christmas was celebrated and the plans were matured for an attack on Santo Domingo, the chief city of Hispaniola.[1] This was a stone-built city with strong walls and powerful batteries, and, as the oldest town in the West Indies, was looked upon as the queen-city of the Spanish colonial dominions.

In this enterprise, Drake showed his usual genius for strategy. By a skilful disposition of his soldiers and a pretended attack with the fleet, the Spanish defenders were first drawn out of the city and then overpowered by a surprise attack of the English soldiers who had been secretly landed the previous night. The city was thus easily won as a New Year's gift, but the plunder was disappointingly small, as Spain had drained the island of its wealth. After holding the place for a month, while Drake exhausted his ingenuity in bringing pressure to bear on the governor in order to extract a large ransom, he finally decided to accept a sum equal to about fifty thousand pounds sterling. Besides this, the sailors stripped the place of all that could be carried away; two hundred and forty guns were taken on board the fleet, hundreds of galley slaves were set free, and all the shipping in the harbor was destroyed, except four of the finest galleons, which were added to the English fleet.

About the middle of February, Drake appeared unexpectedly before Cartagena, on the mainland of what is now Colombia. Here, he again easily picked out a weak place in what the Spaniards thought to be impregnable defenses. His troops were landed under the screen of a woodland, and then marched along the seashore through the shallow surf until they came within strik-

[1] Now called Haiti.

ing distance of the Spaniards, when the town was carried by the first assault. This was the real capital of the Spanish Main, and, though not so old as Santo Domingo, it was much the wealthier. It should, therefore, have yielded much more plunder and a higher ransom. But Drake had lost many men in the fighting, and the sickness, which had never entirely left his ships, began to increase. So, after negotiating with the governor for a month, he agreed to take a ransom of a little more than thirty thousand pounds sterling. He consoled himself, however, with the fact that he had destroyed the shipping in the harbor, liberated more galley slaves, and blown up the harbor fort, and that his ships were laden with over sixty captured guns, all the bells and metal in the city, and merchandise from the Spanish warehouses and furniture from the rich merchants' houses.

Drake had planned to call at other places such as Panama and Nombre de Dios, but his crippled condition caused him to turn homeward. He, however, found that he had strength enough to plunder and destroy the Spanish settlement at St. Augustine, Florida, and to relieve the remnants of Raleigh's colony in Virginia. These survivors of the first English colony in North America he took on board his ships, and sailed for England. Here on July 28, 1586, at Plymouth, he wrote to Lord Burghley, apologizing for missing the Plate Fleet by only twelve hours' sail. "My very good lord," he further declared, "there is now a very great gap opened, very little to the liking of the King of Spain. God work it all to His glory."[1]

This "very great gap" was soon to be enlarged by an-

[1] CORBETT'S *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, II, 60.

other thrust made by Drake,—and, this time, at the very vitals of Spain. War had now really commenced between England and Spain, though it had not been declared by either side and it would be difficult to say just when it began. Drake's last expedition was, in fact, an act of war; but King Philip had been making preparations for striking at England, and Elizabeth merely forestalled him in delivering the first blow in the struggle. Events then began to move with greater rapidity. In the midst of the rejoicing over Drake's achievement, a dangerous plot was discovered, the object of which was the assassination of Elizabeth, a Spanish invasion, and the liberation of Mary Queen of Scots from prison and her coronation as Queen of England. Mary was implicated in the plot, and was beheaded February 8, 1587, bequeathing with her dying breath all her claims to the throne of England to the King of Spain. Philip, thereupon, cast aside all former secrecy and subterfuge, and set all the dockyards in Spain feverishly to work to complete the building of an armada with which to conquer England.

It was time for Elizabeth to act; and she at once raised Drake to the rank of "Admiral-at-the-Seas" and sent him down to Plymouth, in March, 1587, to get ready another fleet. This consisted of twenty-three sail, large and small, of which four large ships and two pinnaces were furnished by the Queen. With this force, the English admiral was ordered to proceed to Cape St. Vincent and there prevent the concentration of King Philip's armada from Mediterranean ports, destroy ships in their harbors where possible, and capture freely both East and West India convoys. On April second the fleet sailed, then battled its way through a storm which

lasted five days, and on the afternoon of the 19th entered the bay of Cadiz, whose harbor the English had learned was full of transports and store-ships.

Counting fully on the advantage of surprise, Drake decided to attack immediately and gave his captains but one order, to follow him in and destroy the Spanish shipping as soon as possible. The entrance to the harbor was strongly fortified, and there were, besides, some dozen galleys. But Drake was undaunted, and at four o'clock began his attack. The Spanish ships cut their cables and made a wild scramble to escape, under the protection of the galleys; these, however, were cut to pieces by the excellent English gunnery, and only the coming of night put an end to the burning and plundering of the Spanish ships. But the work was resumed the next morning and, by noon, Drake had destroyed about twenty-four ships with their cargoes valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and had captured four large ships loaded with provisions. For a day he had to wait for a favorable wind, meanwhile being menaced by Spanish batteries, fire-ships, and those of the galleys which had retired to shallow waters. Finally making his way safely out of the harbor, he anchored in full view of the city, and spent another day in a vain attempt to exchange his prisoners for English galley slaves.

Drake then sailed to Cape St. Vincent road, carried by storm a castle on a cliff which commanded the watering-place, and in that vicinity destroyed about sixty fishing boats and some fifty store-ships intended for the armada. From here he sailed north, and, for three days, lay off Lisbon, in sight of the city where the armada was to assemble, and taunted the Spaniards to

come out and fight. Returning to Cape St. Vincent, he found another fleet of prizes waiting, as it seemed, to be destroyed,—forty large vessels and a hundred small craft. Then, on May twenty-second, he put to sea, with the hope of intercepting a rich convoy from the Indies; but a three days' storm so scattered his fleet that this plan had to be given up. As some compensation, however, he captured off the Azores the famous *San Filippe,* King Philip's own East-Indiaman, which was the largest merchantman then afloat. Her captured cargo was valued at one hundred and fourteen thousand pounds sterling, and her papers disclosed to the English the mysteries of the East India trade and led to the formation of the English East India Company. On June twenty-sixth, Drake entered Plymouth with his rich prize, reasonably satisfied with the expedition which, as he jestingly said, had singed the beard of the King of Spain.

Drake's daring enterprise had made the Spanish Armada's departure that year impossible, and it was not until the middle of May, 1588, that it was at last ready to sail from Lisbon. Philip's most experienced admiral, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a veteran of the Battle of Lepanto, had organized and equipped the great fleet. But he died before it was completely prepared, and the Duke of Medina-Sidonia was placed in command. The Duke frankly acknowledged to the King his lack of sea experience and knowledge of war, but Philip concluded that his high rank fitted him for the command and that his lack of professional experience would be supplied by the veteran officers on his staff.

The armada was composed of twenty galleons, forty-four great-ships, and eight vessels of the galley class,

all of which constituted the capital ships; while, besides, there were about sixty pinnaces and other small craft. The fleet carried twenty-five hundred guns of all kinds, and over nineteen thousand soldiers and eight thousand seamen.[1] Only two of the galleons were over a thousand tons; but there were thirteen over five hundred tons, and twenty-seven great-ships over five hundred tons. The galleons had high bulwarks and lofty fore and stern castles, and carried large masts and sails. These sails were brilliantly embroidered with great coats-of-arms, crosses, and even pictures of the saints; while from the mastheads floated the banners of nobles and knights, and the royal standard of Spain. Both beautiful and formidable in appearance was a fleet of galleons under full sail.

Now, the English were by no means unprepared to receive this great fleet. Though the Queen had shown herself vacillating during the previous year and had not permitted Drake to seek the enemy again in Spanish waters and destroy him in his own ports, yet a mobilization of English naval forces had been eventually completed at Plymouth, in time to meet the great emergency.[2] Lord Howard of Effingham was the commander-in-chief; while Drake was Vice Admiral and, being also Chief of Staff and President of the Council of War, he prac-

[1] CORBETT'S *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, II, 163. When the armada finally appeared in the Channel, its fighting ships were reduced to sixty-four vessels; its soldiers to seventeen thousand; and its sailors to seven thousand. The Spanish fleet, according to Drake, was "somewhat above a hundred" sail. (*Ibid.*, II, 188, 189.)

[2] CORBETT'S *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, II, 159. When the armada was first encountered, the English fleet numbered about fifty ships and from thirty-five to forty pinnaces. Reënforcements, as it continued up the Channel, raised the number to not more than one hundred, when Seymour joined and brought it up to one hundred and forty sail, all told. (*Ibid.*, II, 190, 266.)

tically commanded the fleet. This fleet numbered about one hundred sail, of which sixty-nine were galleons or great-ships, sixteen only belonging to the Royal Navy. The crews numbered about ten thousand men. The *Ark* was Howard's flag-ship; while Drake's ship was the renowned *Revenge*. Only two ships were of one thousand tons, and only nine others were as large as five hundred tons. Though the English ships were not so large as the Spanish galleons, they were much more easily handled for this very reason, and, besides, they carried much heavier guns than those of their antagonists.

On May eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth, the armada sailed from Lisbon, with the Scilly Islands as a rendezvous from which Medina-Sidonia hoped to launch a successful campaign. But poor victualing and a gale forced the fleet into La Coruña, and so discouraged the Spanish leaders that there was strong talk of abandoning the expedition. Meanwhile, contrary winds, lack of provisions, and timid and obstructive orders from Queen Elizabeth, held the English at Plymouth. Drake, however, was anxious to attack the Spaniards in their own waters; finally his advice was heeded, and on July seventh the English fleet sailed for Spain. When it was almost in sight of the Spanish coast, it was first becalmed and then driven back to England by a strong wind from the southwest. There, while Drake and Howard were preparing for a second attempt, the English were surprised on Friday, July twenty-ninth, when a pinnace came racing into Plymouth with the news that the Spanish Armada was off the Lizard. The news found Howard and his officers playing bowls on the Hoe; in consternation all eyes were turned toward Drake, whereupon, according to the old

story, he made it known that he intended to finish the game, saying, "There's time for that and to beat the Spaniards after."

The following day, the armada came within sight of the English shore where the Spaniards saw dense clouds of smoke rising from the warning beacons which had been lighted. As Macaulay relates in his stirring ballad:

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghostly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniards saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

During that night the English, with the greatest difficulty, had succeeded in warping their fleet out of Plymouth harbor in the teeth of a wind, and on Saturday, under cover of the mist and haze, they maneuvered out of a hazardous situation, and by daylight on Sunday they had gained the advantage of the wind and were bearing down in line ahead to attack the astonished Spaniards. The ships of the armada were sailing in a sort of half moon, or crescent formation, devised to protect the transports and resist attack from any quarter. They expected to fight only on the defensive, as the main purpose was the safe convoy of the unwieldy transports and store-ships through the Channel to the Duke of Parma off Dunkirk. Under the protection of the

armada, the Duke's large army in the Netherlands was to be ferried across the Channel in small flat-bottomed boats, and England was thus to be invaded. In attacking, the English fired at long range as they sailed past, with the object of throwing the Spanish into confusion and of crippling some who could then be surrounded and captured. Though there was not much heavy fighting the first day, yet the Spaniards lost two ships; namely, Captain Pedro de Valdes's *Rosario,* which was taken with all her crew, and the *San Salvador,* which had been injured by the explosion of a powder magazine and had to be abandoned.

The two fleets moved slowly on up the Channel during the next day, keeping in touch, but not coming into action. On Tuesday, however, the Battle of Portland was fought; this lasted about twelve hours and resulted in a draw, though the Spanish forces suffered greatly from the English artillery. That the battle turned out as well as it did for the English was largely due to the initiative and tactical skill displayed by Drake in stealing to windward of the Spanish and attacking when the armada had practically cut Howard's fleet in two. From the experience of the battle, Howard then divided his fleet into four squadrons, commanded by himself, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher respectively. This was the most important result, to the English, of the long day's battle.

During the remainder of the week there was very little fighting, mainly because the English were short of ammunition. Howard and Drake, however, stuck doggedly to the armada, and, on Thursday, there was a sharp battle off the Isle of Wight, which forced the Spaniards on up the Channel to the unprotected harbor of Calais,

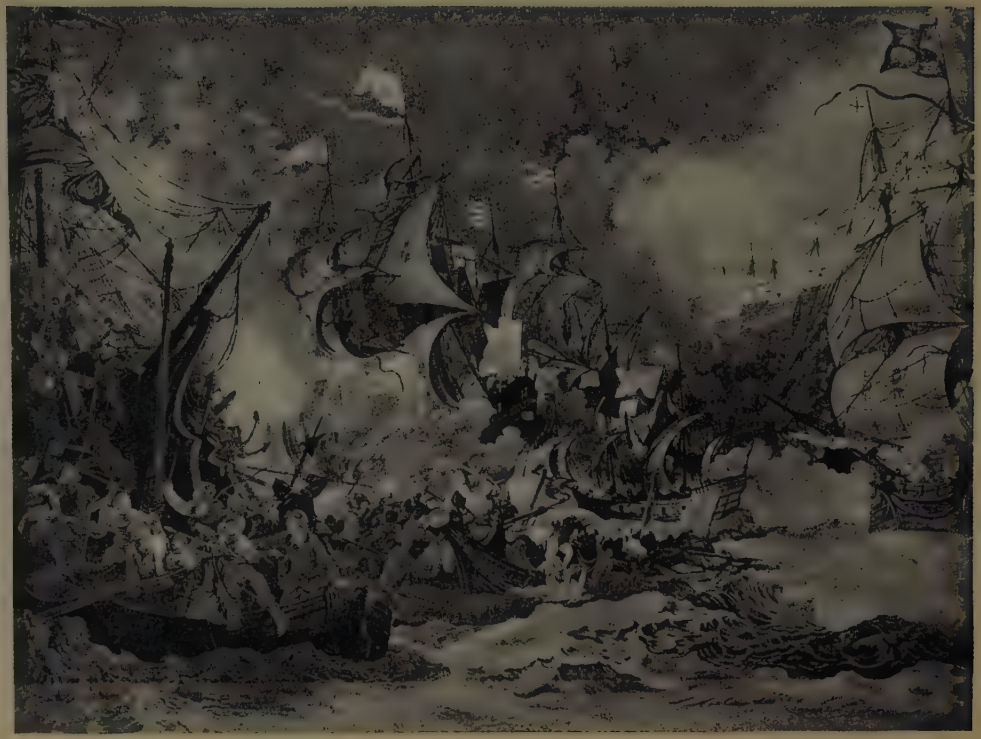
where they arrived on Saturday, August sixth. The English fleet came to anchor, only a cannon-shot distant to windward; and to add to the uneasiness of the Spaniards, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, Admiral Seymour's squadron, which had been watching Parma from Dover, also joined Howard.

Some days previously, fire-ships had been prepared at Dover for use against the enemy in just such a situation; but, on Sunday, a council of war decided to make an attack that very night and so fire-ships had to be improvised, Drake setting an example by donating a ship of his own of two hundred tons. Eight such vessels were provided,—with so great haste that neither their guns nor stores were removed. Just after midnight, when wind and tide were favorable, the eight ships were fired and, with sails set, came down swiftly on the armada, spurting flames of fire and discharging their guns, —a horror to see at night. The Spaniards cut their cables and, in the midst of a terrible confusion, ships fouled one another; they managed, however, to escape the fire-ships, but when morning broke they were scattered over the sea along the coast off Dunkirk and Gravelines without formation and unable, because of the wind, to make their way back to Calais Road.

Howard, with some of his ships, turned aside to capture a great galleass which had gone ashore; but Drake rose to the demands of the occasion and led the attack against the disorganized Spanish Armada. Some fifty of Medina-Sidonia's ships had finally gotten into a kind of battle formation about his *San Martin,* and against these, the English ships concentrated their fire, charging up one after the other to deliver one broadside at close range and then going about to deliver the other. In this

severest battle of the whole campaign, it looked for a time as though the English were going to win a complete and decisive victory, for, after the fight had lasted for some five hours, about sixteen of the Spanish galleons had been cut off from the rest of the fleet and were so battered and mangled as to seem on the point of falling into Drake's hands. But a terrific rain storm then came up which put an end to the firing for the time being, and demanded all the attention of the English to keep their own ships from foundering. One of the Spanish galleons went down with all hands, and the others seemed to have escaped the English only to be driven ashore on the treacherous Zealand banks. Only three ships, however, suffered this fate and were captured, for early the next morning, when the Spaniards were just on the point of going aground, the wind suddenly changed and the armada made its way safely to the northward into the deep waters of the North Sea.

Then began that disastrous flight of the Spanish ships with the English at their heels, for the Spaniards preferred to brave the wintry seas and return home round the Orkneys rather than risk another battle with Drake and the other English leaders. Lack of supplies made it necessary for the pursuers to give up the chase off the Firth of Forth, but a more powerful ally was to complete the defeat of the Grand Armada. According to the motto on the English medal of Victory, "*Flavit Deus, et dissipati sunt*" (The Lord sent His wind, and scattered them). The rough coasts of Scotland and Ireland took their toll of ships, and many of the Spaniards who escaped the tempestuous waves were slain by the rude fishermen of the west coasts. Only fifty Spanish ships, with some ten thousand half-starved and



DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA: ATTACK OF THE FIRE-SHIPS AT CALAIS.

From an engraving by Joseph C. Stadler and Robert Pollard after Philippe J. De Loutherbourg, in McPherson Collection.

fever-stricken men, finally staggered back to Spanish ports; all the best leaders were dead, and not more than a third of the soldiers and sailors had survived. Medina-Sidonia brought his flag-ship, the *San Martin*, back in safety, but the unfortunate white-haired old man retired to his orange groves to be tormented by the small boys who shouted under his windows, "Drake is coming, Drake is coming!"

This great naval disaster did not bring the Anglo-Spanish War to an end, for it dragged on until the death of Elizabeth, in 1603. However, from the defeat of the Spanish Armada dates the decline of Spanish sea power, for, though King Philip sent forth other fleets, Spanish morale was never so high again. The following year, Drake led an expedition of one hundred and thirty ships and fifteen thousand men, the object of which was to turn the Spaniards out of Portugal, take Lisbon by storm, and dictate terms to King Philip. Though this was not achieved and Queen Elizabeth felt disappointed in the results, still Drake accomplished a very great deal, as thus summarized by Corbett[1]: "In the ten weeks of their adventure they had not only destroyed the nucleus of a new armada, but they had taken and burnt two Spanish ports (La Coruña and Vigo); they had beaten one army of the King of Spain in the field and had made another run; they had marched a week through the heart of his territory; for three days they had insulted the gates of his second capital; they had captured nearly a hundred sail in his waters; and all this in spite of weather, sickness, and politics enough to ruin three such expeditions."

The Queen's dissatisfaction condemned Drake to five

[1] JULIAN CORBETT'S *Sir Francis Drake*, p. 189.

years of inactivity, during which he tried in vain to secure the command of another expedition against the Spaniards. At last, in 1595, he was given command of a fleet of twenty-seven sail and twenty-five hundred men with which he was to raid the West Indies and Panama. He was accompanied by old Sir John Hawkins, with whom his career had begun. From first to last, the expedition was unfortunate. Drake's former exploits had changed the Spanish colonies; they were no longer unprepared for English attacks. Cities and towns were captured, only to be found stripped bare of all their treasures. Hawkins died of disease. In desperation, Drake put forth every effort, performing exploits as daring as those of his youth; but sickness finally seized upon him also, and on January 28, 1596, while his fleet was anchored off Porto Bello, Panama, the sea king died.

"Inclosed in a leaden coffin, the body was carried a league to sea, and there in sight of the spot where his first victory had been celebrated, amidst a lament of trumpets and the thunder of cannon, the sea received her own again. At his side were sunk two of his ships for which there was no longer need and all his last-taken prizes, and for a pall he had the smoke of the latest fort which his lifelong enemy had raised against him. So the fleet went its way, and left him lying like a Viking dead and alone amidst his trophies on the scene of his earliest triumphs and his last defeat."[1]

[1] JULIAN CORBETT'S *Sir Francis Drake*, p. 209.

CHAPTER VI

ROBERT BLAKE (1599–1657), CROMWELL'S ADMIRAL

Van Tromp was an admiral brave and bold;
  The Dutchman's pride was he,
And he cried—"I'll reign on the rolling main,
  As I do on the Zuyder Zee."
And as he paced his quarter-deck,
  And looked o'er the misty tide,
He saw Old England like a speck,
  And he shook his fist and cried:
"I've a broom at the mast," said he,
  "For a broom is the sign for me,
That the world may know, wherever I go,
  I sweep the mighty sea."

Now Blake was an admiral true as gold,
  And he walked by the English sea;
And when he was told of that Dutchman bold,
  A merry laugh laughed he.
And he cried—"Ho! Ho! and away we'll go!
  Come aboard, merry men, with me!
And we'll drive this Dutchman down below—
  To the bottom of his Zuyder Zee.
His broom may be trim and gay,
  But we'll haul it down to-day;
When he says he'll sweep the mighty deep,
  'Tis a game that two can play."

Then he cried—"Come here, you Dutchman queer!
  To-day you must fight with me;
For while I ride the rolling tide,
  I'll be second to none," said he.
So he blazed away at the Dutchman gay,
  Till he made Mynheer to fall;

Then he hoisted a whip to the mast of his ship,
And he cried to his merry men all:
"I've a whip at the fore," said he,
"For a whip is the sign for me,
That the world may know, wherever we go,
We ride and rule the sea."

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

As long as Spain was powerful, England and Holland made common cause against her. But with the decline of this great empire, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, England began to look askance at the phenomenal growth in sea commerce and colonial expansion of her former Dutch ally. Even while these hardy people were winning their independence from Spain in a long bloody struggle, 1566–1609, they managed to increase their commerce, entering the Mediterranean in 1590, reaching the Gold Coast in 1594, and the following year visiting Madagascar, the coast of India, Java, and the Spice Islands. By the time they had won their independence, the Dutch owned about four-fifths of the ships engaged in the European carrying trade.

Jakob van Heemskerk went to the Arctic in search of a northwest passage, and Henry Hudson, sent by the Dutch East India Company to look for this same passage to the riches of the East, discovered the river and the bay which bear his name. Dutch colonists established themselves at New Amsterdam and Capetown, and on the Moluccas, Java, and Sumatra. From Java, Van Diemen sent Tasman forth to look for a new continent, and he discovered Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Tonga and the Fiji Islands, and first circumnavigated Australia. So far had the Dutch outstripped England in the Orient that, in 1600, when the British

East India Company was founded with a capital of eighty thousand pounds sterling, the Dutch Company was operating with three hundred and sixteen thousand pounds sterling.

Taking advantage of the confusion in Europe caused by the Thirty Years' War, 1618–1648, and the political paralysis that seized upon England with the accession of the Stuarts, in 1603, the energetic Dutchmen became the greatest seafaring people in Europe. In 1623, they went so far as to resort to force and bloodshed in driving some Englishmen out of Amboina, one of the Molucca Islands, because they interfered with their monopoly of the clove supply. They also refused to pay an annual tax of thirty thousand pounds sterling for the herring which they caught in English waters. The Stuart kings vented their anger, and threatened; but obtained no satisfaction. However, when Cromwell took the reins of government into his strong hands, a different spirit entered into the English nation, and it became necessary to determine by war whether England or Holland was to rule the sea.

Fortunately for the English Commonwealth, there was a man of the hour at hand who was singularly competent to lead her fleets to victory. This was Robert Blake, one worthy to carry on the traditions of Drake and his doughty Elizabethan seamen. He was born in 1599, only three years after the death of Drake, and was the eldest son of a large family of fifteen children. His father, Humphrey Blake, a wealthy merchant of Bridgewater, Somersetshire, sent him, at the age of sixteen, to Oxford where he gained no particular distinction as a scholar, but took the education which at that time was thought suited to a gentleman who had no intention of

entering one of the learned professions. Very little is on record concerning his life during those early years; but it is stated that while at the university "he did take his pleasure fishing, fowling, and sometimes in stealing of swans,"[1] that he was an early riser, and that he was of a melancholy and sullen nature and spent his time with good fellows who enjoyed his moroseness and his puritanical criticisms of the license of the times and the weakness of the court.

Upon the death of his father, in 1625, Blake took up the responsibilities of the head of the family, and for the next fifteen years he devoted himself to the conduct of his father's business and to the education of his numerous brothers and sisters. This was probably the reason he remained unmarried, though it has been insinuated that he was of a monkish nature and even a woman-hater. In 1640, he was elected to Parliament to represent his borough; but as this was the "Short" Parliament which was dissolved by the king after three weeks, Blake's political service, for the time being, came to an end very soon.

When, however, two years later, the Civil War broke out, Blake offered his services to the Parliamentary army. During the next six years he fought courageously in the western countries against the king's forces, getting much experience from defeats as well as victories, and rising gradually to the rank of colonel. His most notable achievement was the successful defense of Taunton, of which he had been made governor, in 1644. During the first of the two sieges which the place resisted, the food supply was so reduced that, according to tradi-

[1] From ANTHONY WOOD'S *Fasti*, quoted in DAVID HANNAY'S *Admiral Blake*, p. 3.

tion, only one pig was left. This poor animal was carried to different places in the town and there whipped so that its squealing might mislead the besiegers into thinking that the supply of meat was plentiful. The spirit which animated Blake during this first phase of the Civil War is shown in the following reply to one of the summonses to surrender: "These are to let you know that, as we neither fear your menaces nor accept your proffer, so we wish you, for the time to come, to desist from all overtures of the like nature unto us, who are resolved, to the last drop of our blood, to maintain the quarrel we have undertaken, and doubt not but the same God who hath hitherto protected us will, e'er long, bless us with an issue answerable to the justness of our cause; however, to Him alone shall we stand or fall." It was this spirit which enabled him to render a service that has been considered second only to that of the Battle of Naseby in ruining the Royalist hopes. In 1646, Blake entered the Long Parliament as a member from Taunton, and with the resignation of his military command, this phase of his career came to an end.

When the Civil War broke out again in 1648, after many months of futile efforts on the part of Parliament to come to terms with King Charles, Blake was afforded an opportunity to further distinguish himself in an entirely different field of activity. After the execution of the king, in 1649, the adherents to the Stuart cause in both Ireland and Scotland stirred up serious opposition on land; while, at sea, Prince Rupert with the Royalist fleet became a source of annoyance and danger. It became necessary, therefore, to pay closer attention to the naval service, which had been hitherto neglected by the Parliamentary side. Accordingly, early in 1648, a com-

mission was issued "to Colonel Popham, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane, or any two of them, to be Admirals and Generals of the fleet now at sea."[1]

This made Blake second in command of the national fleet, though he had previously had no experience on the sea, with the possible exception of having crossed the Channel on matters of business. The choice of a landsman will not seem so strange, however, when it is recalled that there was no regular body of naval officers in the English navy until the close of the seventeenth century, and that it was not thought necessary for an admiral or captain to be a seaman, since they were merely in command of soldiers placed on board to fight, and the sailing masters and crews would handle the ships and take them where they were ordered. Besides, Prince Rupert had previously had no military experience other than that of a cavalry officer, and Blake may possibly have been chosen to meet him on the sea because he had, in the first years of the Civil War, fought against him on land.

After spending some two months in fitting their ships for sea, Blake and Deane set out from Plymouth to blockade Rupert's squadron which had entered the harbor of Kinsale, Ireland. For six months this blockade was rigidly maintained, but, when Rupert's situation was becoming almost untenable, the autumn storms made it necessary for the Parliamentary fleet to withdraw from the dangerous coast, and Rupert slipped out and sailed away for Lisbon, plundering all he met on the way.

When this news reached the Council of State, it decided to fit out a fleet to follow him there, and chose

[1] HANNAY'S *Admiral Blake*, p. 35.

Blake to command it, Deane being ill and Popham needed in the Channel. After a period of careful preparations, Blake set out with sixteen ships, near the middle of February, 1650. Among his instructions, it was stated that "this present fleet is sent forth for the intents following—viz., the suppressing of pirates, advantage of trade, encouraging of merchants, and securing their shipping at sea; also to pursue, seize, scatter, fight with, or destroy all the ships of the revolted fleet."[1] He was ordered also to insist that a foreign State which showed friendship to Rupert did so at its peril, and that all foreign ships should lower their topsails to the flag of England, as the sovereign of the seas.

In the first days of March, Blake arrived off Lisbon, where he remained for eight months, waiting in vain for Rupert to come out with his thirteen ships and fight, because he considered it would be rashness to attempt to force the heavily fortified entrance to so swift a river as the Tagus. Meanwhile, Rupert made some half-hearted attempts with the aid of Portuguese and French ships to drive Blake away and endeavored to blow up one of his largest ships, the *Leopard,* with a primitive torpedo, made of "a bomb ball in a double-headed barrel with a lock in the bowels to give fire to a quick match"[2]; while Blake attempted to convince the King of Portugal of the error of his way in harboring "pirates and traitors," by seizing his merchant ships bound to and from the Brazilian colonies with rich cargoes. After the loss of some sixteen vessels the Portuguese King began to realize which was the stronger side and, Blake having retired to a Spanish port to scrape the

[1] HANNAY'S *Admiral Blake,* p. 54.
[2] *Ibid.,* p. 58.

barnacles from his ships and also to make it less embarrassing to the king to dismiss Rupert from his waters without handing him over bodily to his enemies, he rid himself of this menace to his throne, which was then by no means stable. Rupert escaped through the Straits with six ships,—all he could man—and cruised along the Spanish coast, taking, as he declared, "the confines of the Mediterranean for our harbor, poverty and despair being companions, and revenge our guide."

In November, Blake, now having only seven vessels as the rest had returned to England, came up with the Royalist fleet in Cartagena Bay, which, after a half-hearted fight, had every vessel either captured or driven ashore. Rupert, however, was not with his fleet at the time, and consequently escaped capture, much to the disappointment of Blake. But he had been effectually disposed of, for he could expect but little foreign aid, as Blake had given both Portugal and Spain an impression of the power of the Commonwealth, and, by the sinking of a French merchant vessel and the capture of a French man-of-war, had punished that nation for her plundering of English traders in the Mediterranean during the latter part of the Civil War. Returning to England after a year of continuous cruising, a very considerable achievement in the seventeenth century, Blake was voted the thanks of Parliament and a substantial testimony of gratitude in the form of a grant of one thousand pounds sterling.

Almost immediately, Blake was placed in command of another fleet which was ordered to capture the Scilly Isles, which were still held by the Royalists. They had been preying upon the commerce of the Commonwealth and also on that of the Dutch who, it was thought, were

on the point of seizing this strategic position at the mouth of the Channel. Hence it was urgent that these islands be under the protection of the Commonwealth, and Blake lost no time in beginning operations. On the 2nd of June, 1651, the Royalist commanding officer surrendered the islands and the danger was averted.

A few months afterwards, while Prince Charles Stuart was making his second attempt to secure the throne in Scotland and the North of England, Blake was ordered to take command of all troops in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and Dorset; but before the commission could be executed, Popham died, and Blake was appointed to his position in command of the fleet which was to watch the Downs, to see that no help came to the Royalists from abroad, and to keep the fleet clear of disaffection and mutiny caused by foreign agents.

Blake raised his flag on the *Victory* and kept his station in the Downs until the Royalist cause received its mortal wound on September third, at the Battle of Worcester. The same month he commanded a squadron which assisted in conquering Jersey, the last foothold of the Stuarts in the British Isles. This brought to a close the second stage in his career, a period during which he had met with considerable success in strengthening the power and prestige of the Commonwealth on the sea, and had gained valuable experience in naval warfare, which fitted him to cope successfully, soon afterwards, with one of the most famous admirals and most efficient fleets in Europe—Martin Tromp and the Dutch navy.

During the few months intervening between the final downfall of the Royalist cause and the outbreak of the First Dutch War, Blake sat in Parliament, serving on

the Ordnance and Admiralty Committees and the General Committee of Foreign Affairs. But on February 25, 1652, his command of the fleet was renewed for nine months, and the next month he was visiting the Thames dockyards, hastening the preparations for the war which was then known to be imminent.

The underlying cause of this war was the phenomenal growth of the Dutch maritime commerce during the preceding seventy-five years, which brought the country into immediate rivalry with England, just across the Channel. Mention has already been made of the clashes between the two nations in the East Indies, and the trouble over Dutch fishing in English waters. Furthermore, when the House of the Stuarts fell, its survivors had found a temporary refuge with the Stadtholder, William II., who had married the daughter of Charles I.; and throughout the latter phase of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, looking upon the Dutch as hostile to the English government, had feared they would seize the Channel Islands, and the English were particularly enraged when their special ambassador to Holland was murdered by Royalists at the Hague. In 1651, Parliament passed the famous Navigation Act which forbade the importation of goods into England except in English vessels, or the vessels of the country producing the goods. This was a serious blow to the Dutch carrying trade, and a conflict with England was inevitable.

The war was precipitated by the refusal of the Dutch to lower their topsails as a salute to English vessels, in recognition of a species of sovereignty over the narrow seas about England, which that country had claimed from the earliest times. This had caused an exchange of broadsides several times in the Channel, in the be-

ginning of 1652, and finally, on May nineteenth of that year, Martin Tromp attacked Blake's squadron off Dover. The battle began about four o'clock in the afternoon and lasted for five hours. Blake's flag-ship, the *James*, which had outsailed the rest of his fleet, received for a considerable time the combined fire of several Dutch ships, and was dismasted with the loss of her master and some forty men, killed or wounded. Blake had only twelve ships to Tromp's forty-two; but a small squadron of nine vessels came to his assistance some time before nine o'clock, and the Dutch retired with the loss of two ships. Such was the beginning of one of the most obstinate struggles in the whole history of naval warfare.

The fleets of England and Holland were evenly matched, for though the Dutch had more ships than the English, their vessels were neither so large nor so strongly built as those of England.[1] Strategically, Holland was at a disadvantage, for her commerce had to pass through the English Channel or take the longer route round Scotland, and, in either case, she was subject to attack from England. She also had land frontiers to protect from enemies in the Spanish Netherlands, and this necessitated a standing army of fifty-seven thousand men. Her government, moreover, was a federation of seven sovereign States and was weakened by the contests of rival factions; while England was strongly united under the iron hand of Cromwell.

After the affair off Dover, the two countries attempted

[1] But few of the English ships were over a thousand tons, though they were imposing in appearance, with towering sterns, which together with bows and sides, were elaborately ornamented. They were variously armed with from thirty-six to seventy guns, ranging from six to forty-eight pounders.

to come to terms; but, negotiations failing, war was formally declared. Blake was placed at the head of a fleet of thirty-nine men-of-war, two fire-ships, two shallops, and eighteen merchantmen, and, on June 27th, he set sail, under instructions to destroy the Dutch herring fisheries in the North Sea. This he did thoroughly, sinking or capturing twelve of the thirteen frigates on guard, capturing some hundred of the fishing craft and scattering the rest, and then unloading the herring from the captured vessels and sending the ships with their crews home empty-handed. Tromp, though at sea with ninety-two ships, did not come up with Blake until after he had finished the business with the fishermen. He was then prevented from engaging him off the Orkneys by a gale which scattered his fleet and forced his return to Holland, where dissatisfaction with his conduct of the war led to his resignation.

He was succeeded by Cornelis de With, who was ably seconded by Michel de Ruyter; while Blake remained at the head of the reorganized English fleet, with William Penn[1] as his vice admiral and John Bourne as his rear admiral. The Dutch fleet in four divisions consisted of sixty-four sail, and the English had between fifty and sixty ships in three divisions: van, center, and rear. After some preliminary operations in the Channel, the first regular battle of the war was fought off Kentish Knock shoal, near the mouth of the Thames, on September 28, 1652.

In order to retain the advantage of the wind, Blake found it necessary to attack the Dutch inshore and run the risk of grounding. Some of his ships did run

[1] His son William was the famous Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania.

aground, but these served to guide the course of the others and afterwards floated without difficulty. The battle continued about three hours, the English aiming at the hulls of the enemy vessels, and the Dutch firing at the masts and rigging of the English. Night brought the engagement to an end, and the following day the Dutch, though they had lost only two ships, retired under a favorable wind which had come up, closely followed by Blake, until he came dangerously near the shallows of the Dutch coast. De With had wished to renew the battle the second day, but some twenty of his captains, through political prejudice and personal dislike of their commander, withheld their support and forced his withdrawal. The battle might, otherwise, have been a more decisive one.

For a time, all went well for the English in the Narrow Seas, as the Dutch were afraid to show themselves outside their own ports. But there was no thought of peace in Holland, and the English made the mistake of dispersing their fleet under the impression that the States must soon submit. Suddenly, in November, Tromp, who had been restored to his command, appeared in the Channel with a huge fleet of ninety-five sail, in order to protect the sailing of a large convoy of three hundred merchantmen. Blake had then, in the Downs, only thirty-seven men-of-war and two or three smaller vessels, but he boldly hoisted his anchors and stood out to sea to attack the Dutch.

The two fleets joined battle off Dungeness, November 30, 1652, and, as might have been expected, Blake was defeated, with the loss of three ships sunk and two captured. The latter vessels were taken while they were making a desperate effort to board Tromp's flag-ship, the

Brederode. Blake's flag-ship, the *Triumph,* as were the *James* and the *Resolution* in the two previous battles, was in the hottest part of the fight, which lasted from near noon until five o'clock, when darkness came on and saved the English from greater losses. After this battle, according to legend, Tromp hoisted a broom to his main-mast head, and, in triumph, swept all English commerce from the Channel.

Blake, on the contrary, was greatly dispirited over his defeat and requested the Council of State to relieve him of his command. "I hope it will not be unreasonable for me," he wrote, "in behalf of myself, to desire your Honours that you would be pleased to think of giving me, your unworthy servant, a discharge from this employment, so far too great for me; especially since your Honours have added two such able gentlemen for the undertaking of that charge; that so I may spend the remainder of my days in private retirement and in prayers to the Lord for a blessing upon you and the nation . . . that so I may be freed from that trouble of spirit which lies upon me, arising from the sense of my own insufficiency and the usual effects thereof, reproach and contempt of men, and disservice of the Commonwealth, which may be the consequence of both."[1] But the Council, realizing that it was not Blake's fault that he had been forced to meet the Dutch with such an inadequate fleet, refused to receive his resignation. Instead, he was thanked for his services, and preparations were at once begun to equip a force that would be strong enough to meet Tromp with reasonable hopes of success.

[1] *Letters of the English Seamen,* edited by E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE, p. 66.

THE BATTLE OFF DUNGENESS.

From an engraving of the painting by K. Vettewinkel.

By the first of February, 1853, a new fleet of some eighty sail was ready. Blake was in command, though Richard Deane and George Monk were associated with him as generals-at-sea. Blake and Deane commanded the "Red," or first division; Monk the "White," or second; and Penn the "Blue," or third division. On February eighteenth, the English, off Portland, sighted Tromp coming up the Channel with his fleet of eighty ships and a convoy of some two hundred merchantmen. The English squadrons had been sailing back and forth across the entrance to the Channel in order to be sure of intercepting the Dutch, and, on Tromp's appearance, they were considerably scattered, the "White" squadron being four or five miles to the leeward. The Dutch also had the advantage of the wind, and immediately threw their whole force upon the exposed portion of the English "Red" squadron, consisting of only a dozen ships, among which was the *Triumph,* bearing Blake and Deane.

The battle began about eight o'clock, and it was nearly noon before any assistance came to Blake. Meanwhile, his ships received a terrible hammering from both Tromp and De Ruyter. The flag-ship had her captain and many men killed, and Blake himself was wounded in the thigh by a splinter. His ship was so injured that, although it remained with the fleet, it took no further part in the battle. Before night put an end to the first day's fighting, the English had had one ship sunk and four captured, though the latter were recaptured and sent into port, but so badly damaged they were of no further service. The Dutch loss, on the other hand, amounted to five ships: one captured, three sunk, and one blown up.

On the following day, the English were united, and gained the advantage over Tromp who had moved up the Channel to the south of the Isle of Wight and taken up a crescent formation to protect his convoy. The wind being very light, it was two o'clock before the English could get near enough to engage; then there was "warm work" until night again intervened. During this day, the English Vice Admiral of the "Red," John Lawson, particularly distinguished himself by breaking through the Dutch half-moon phalanx and capturing two men-of-war and ten or twelve merchantmen. Among the Dutch, De Ruyter fought like a lion, but toward evening, his ship was so damaged that it had to be taken in tow. The stupendous contest seemed to be inclining in favor of the English, and some of the Dutch ships began to throw cargo overboard to lighten themselves for flight.

On the third day, the wind freshened and the fighting became still more furious. Admiral Penn broke through and captured some two score more merchantmen. Also, several Dutch men-of-war were put out of action. Tromp seemed completely defeated, but he took advantage of the flatness of his ships' bottoms to approach nearer the shallows of the French coast than the English dared to follow. The latter, however, had hopes of heading the Dutch off from home the following morning, but, during the night, Tromp skilfully weathered Cape Gris Nez and carried the bulk of his fleet and convoy safely into the Texel. Yet, in the three days of fighting, he had lost, in addition to many merchantmen, seventeen or eighteen men-of-war, either captured or destroyed, according to the official report of the generals-at-sea.[1]

[1] The Dutch claimed that they lost only twenty-four merchantmen, and nine men-of-war, of which four were captured. (BRANT'S *Life of De Ruyter.*)

Blake caught cold in his wound, and lay seriously ill at Portsmouth until the end of May when he returned to active service, taking command of the ships fitting out in the Thames, while the fleet at sea was led by Deane and Monk. He was able, therefore, to take but little part in what might be called the decisive battle of the war, the two days' engagement off the mouth of the Thames, sometimes called the "Battle of the Gabbard," in which ninety-eight Dutch men-of-war and six fire-ships fought one hundred men-of-war and five fire-ships of the English. When Blake heard that a battle was pending he hurried out with eighteen ships, but arrived only in time to join in the pursuit of the Dutch the second day. The battle, however, was the last he took part in, even in any capacity, during the remainder of the war, as his wound was then far from being completely healed, and after the battle he was landed at Solebay more dead than alive, and carried to his home at Bridgewater. Here the quiet home life had the desired effect and, by the close of the war, he was on the road to recovery.

Monk, meanwhile, was left in sole command, as Deane had been killed in the last battle, and he led the English fleet to victory in the bloody and decisive engagement of Scheveningen, on July thirtieth, in which the great seaman Tromp was killed, a musket ball piercing his heart and preventing the great commander from witnessing the final disaster to the Dutch navy. On August sixth, Parliament voted to Blake and Monk chains of gold, each valued at three hundred pounds sterling.

The war dragged on with but little fighting for a few months more; but, in December, Cromwell became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth and terms of peace were

offered to the Dutch. On April 5, 1654, the peace was concluded on terms dictated by the English, which included the Navigation Act, acknowledgment of England's right to the sovereignty of the surrounding seas, a war indemnity of nearly a million pounds and damages of a quarter of a million for the massacre at Amboina, equal trade privileges in the East Indies, and exclusion from Holland of all members of the royal families of Stuart and Nassau. One claim only was dropped, —that demanding the union of Holland with England.

The First Dutch War was of very great importance in the history of the English navy. "Though short," writes the English historian Hannay,[1] "for it lasted barely twenty-two months, it was singularly fierce and full of battles. Yet its interest is not derived mainly from the mere amount of fighting, but from the character of it. This was the first of our naval wars conducted by steady, continuous, coherent campaigns. Hitherto, our operations on the sea had been of the nature of adventures by single ships and small squadrons, with here and there a great expedition sent out to capture some particular port or island."

This war is also noteworthy in its revelation of the development of tactics. Tromp is very generally awarded the title, "Father of Naval Tactics," but in the rough schooling of this war, he found Blake and Monk apt pupils. The battles were not fought in helter-skelter fashion. Though the line ahead was the normal battle line, yet fleets repeatedly broke through each other's lines, and also maneuvered to concentrate a strong force in order to destroy a weaker squadron of the enemy. These principles of naval warfare were disregarded in

[1] *A Short History of the Royal Navy*, I, 217.

the eighteenth century, and it was left to Nelson to rediscover them and fight his battles in the spirit of Tromp and Blake.[1]

Having brought the Dutch to terms, Cromwell decided to chastise those who had preyed upon English commerce during the years when his naval forces had been occupied largely in home waters. During the summer of 1654, two fleets were in preparation, one for Blake who had been restored to health, and the other for Admiral Penn. Both France and Spain were kept in suspense as to where the blow would fall, for the privateers of both nations had annoyed English shipping, though they now wished for peace. France escaped Cromwell's wrath by requesting Charles Stuart to leave the country and by offering to England Dunkirk, when it should be taken from Spain. The latter country, accordingly, was chosen as an adversary against whom a war would be popular in England because of Spain's religious intolerance and restrictions to freedom of trade, as well as on account of the wealth to be secured from her commerce and colonies.

On Christmas Day, 1654, Admiral Penn's fleet of seventeen ships, twenty transports, and five small craft with three thousand soldiers sailed for the West Indies. The expedition was a comparative failure, except for the capture of Jamaica; but not so that of Blake, who had sailed for the Mediterranean, September twenty-ninth, with twenty men-of-war. He was instructed to be friendly with Spain until Penn's expedition should

[1] By 1652, the opening year of the war, the ship of the line had taken its place as the fighting unit of the fleet. These "two-deckers," however, were not as large as the ships of Nelson's time, and the first "three-decker" was not launched for the English navy until the year 1657.

be well under way, but to curb the African pirates and, in general, to look carefully after English interests in that quarter where they had been sadly neglected for so long a time.

After touching at Cadiz, Blake sailed for Leghorn, whence he cruised up and down the Italian coast impressing the Princes, under Spanish protection, with the power of the new English government and raising English prestige throughout the Mediterranean. Then he sailed for the Barbary Coast and, finding the Bey of Tunis not disposed to treat him with respect, he made up his mind to teach him a lesson. Though these pirates were by no means as strong as they had been during the days of the great Barbarossa, still they were a source of annoyance and great danger to Christian merchants and seafarers.

Retiring to Trapani, Sicily, to secure water and provisions and also to gain the effect of surprise, Blake suddenly reappeared, April 3, 1655, before the heavily fortified harbor of Porto Farina, near Tunis, into which the Tunisian navy had retired. "The next morning," as Blake writes in his official report, "very early, we entered with the fleet into the harbor, and anchored before their castles, the Lord being pleased to favor us with a gentle gale off the sea, which cast all the smoke upon them, and made our work the more easy. After some hours' dispute, we set on fire all their ships, which were in number nine; and, the same favorable gale continuing, we retreated out again into the road. We had twenty-five men slain, and about forty besides hurt, with very little other loss. It was also remarkable to us that, shortly after our getting forth, the wind and weather changed, and continued very stormy for many days, so

that we could not have effected the business, had not the Lord afforded that nick of time in which it was done." [1]

This very modest account somewhat belittles the difficulties of the enterprise, since the ships had to enter the harbor under a heavy fire from a fort and numerous shore batteries, the land defenses had to be destroyed, and finally boats had to be manned with boarding parties for the capture and destruction of the Tunisian war vessels. It was a gallant action, crowned with complete success, and the Mediterranean pirates learned to fear the name of Blake, Algiers hastening to accede to his demands for the release of captives at a moderate ransom, with promises of good behavior in the future. Blake's cruise, in fact, did so much for the prestige of England in the Mediterranean that it is not too much to say that he was the creator of English influence within the Straits.

The time being ripe for the beginning of operations against Spain in her own waters, Blake was instructed to cruise off Cadiz to prevent the sending of reënforcements to the West Indies and to intercept the incoming Plate Fleet, laden with the wealth of the Spanish colonies. This was in May, and, for five months, he kept his ships on this trying blockade duty, the difficulties of which are suggested in the following letter from the great admiral to Cromwell: "Our condition is dark and sad, and (without especial mercy) like to be very miserable. Our ships are extreme foul, winter drawing on, our victuals expiring, all stores failing, and our men falling sick through badness of drink and through eating their victuals boiled in salt water for two months'

[1] *Letters of the English Seamen*, edited by E. Hallam Moorhouse, p. 83.

space. Even now the coming of the supply is uncertain (we received not one word from the Commissioners of the Admiralty and Navy by the last); and, though it come timely, yet if beer come not with it, we shall be undone that way. . . . Our only comfort is that we have a God to lean upon, although we walk in darkness and see no light. I shall not trouble your Highness with any complaints of myself, of the indisposition of my body, or the troubles of my mind: my many infirmities will one day, I doubt not, sufficiently plead for me or against me, so that I may be free of so great a burden. I consolate myself in the meantime in the Lord, and in the firm purpose of my heart with all faithfulness and sincerity to discharge the trust, while it is reposed in me."[1]

This letter was written in August, but Blake stuck to his post for several weeks longer, arriving in England on the 9th of October. He spent the winter in England, while another fleet was being put into condition for further service in the waters of Spain. A commercial treaty had been arranged with France, but Spain, thoroughly aroused at the English attack on Santo Domingo and the capture of Jamaica, declared war on England in February, 1656. Monk was needed in Scotland, other leaders in the Dutch War were suspected of Royalist sympathies, and Blake, though his infirmities made him wholly unfit for sea duty, had to set out in March in command of forty ships. At his request, Edward Montagu, afterwards the famous Earl of Sandwich, was appointed as his colleague by Cromwell.

The fleet took up its station off Cadiz and renewed the

[1] *Letters of the English Seamen*, edited by E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE, pp. 88, 89.

ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE.

From an engraving of the painting by Briggs.

blockade. On June fifth, the King of Portugal, under threat from Blake of capturing the Brazil merchant fleet, paid over an indemnity of fifty thousand pounds sterling for English merchant ships taken by the Royalists under Rupert five years before and sold at Lisbon.

On the 8th of September, while the bulk of the fleet had gone for water to the coast of Portugal, the Plate Fleet of seven galleons stumbled into the hands of Captain Stayner who with his ship, the *Speaker,* and six frigates had been left on guard. After an engagement of six hours, two ships fell into the hands of the English, four having been burned or sunk and only one, together with a Portuguese prize in tow, having escaped. The captured vessels contained booty amounting to about three million pounds sterling, of which one-fifth was silver bullion from the Peruvian mines. Montagu was given the pleasing task of taking the treasure home to Portsmouth, whence it was carried in thirty-eight wagons through the southern counties to London, and then through the streets to the Tower. With good reason could Parliament then vote a resolution "that the war with Spain was taken on just and necessary grounds, and the Parliament doth approve thereof."[1]

Though Montagu had carried away to England half of the fleet, Blake continued to blockade the Spanish coast throughout the winter. In the spring, news was brought that other homeward-bound galleons, loaded with the spoils of Mexico, had put into Santa Cruz, the port of Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands.

The harbor, shaped like a horseshoe, was approached through a narrow funnel-like entrance. The wind was nearly always unfavorable for an attack, for when it

[1] *The Royal Navy,* by William Laird Clowes, II, 214.

blew offshore it was, in Nelson's words, "squally with calms" and ships were like to be becalmed in range, and when the wind blew off the sea, it came so steadily that, though it was easy to get in, it was impossible to get out until a complete victory had been gained by the attacking force. Besides, there was a great castle-fort at the harbor mouth and seven smaller forts encircling the anchorage, all mounting the heaviest artillery of that day. There were breastworks linking the various forts together and affording cover for musketeers. The six great galleons of sixteen hundred tons each, after the silver had been taken ashore, were drawn up in line near the entrance and were capable of giving a good account of themselves; while ten smaller ships were moored in a semicircle nearer the shore. Good reason had the Spaniards for feeling secure.

This was the situation which confronted Blake when he arrived with his fleet of twenty-five ships on the 20th of April, 1657, determined to attack the stronghold. Few men would have been willing to take the risk, but Blake, though old and infirm, displayed an audacity which led to the most remarkable achievement of his career. His plan was to destroy the forts and ships before the tide turned, and then to trust to the ebb tide to carry him out again. With a good sea breeze and a flowing tide, his ships rushed into the harbor in column, keeping close under the walls of the castle-fort to confuse the aim of the Spanish great guns. Inside the harbor, the galleons blanketed the fire of the smaller ships, but the forts poured a galling fire into the English until they were finally silenced by Blake's superior gunnery. Meanwhile, his vice admiral, Stayner, was busy with the galleons, all of which were eventually taken

and set on fire. The wind continued to blow from the sea, and the clouds of smoke acted as a screen for the English, under cover of which they set fire to the remaining ships and suffered but little from the Spanish forts, though they, for a time, resumed their fire. The tide then began to turn, and Blake gave orders to drift out on the ebb. Then a strange thing happened! The wind changed, and a steady land breeze set up,—a thing of the utmost rarity in those islands. Blake's fleet, accordingly, ran out before the wind, with his men laughing at the castle's defenders as they passed. "We had only fifty slain and one hundred twenty wounded," he wrote, "and our ships were so soon repaired that, in two days, we sailed to our former station near St. Mary's, where we arrived on the 2nd May. To God be all the glory."[1]

Of this achievement, Clarendon wrote, "The whole action was so miraculous that all men who knew the place concluded that no sober man, with what courage soever endued, would ever undertake it; and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men, which had destroyed them in such manner. So much a strong resolution of bold and courageous men can bring to pass, that no resistance and advantage of ground can disappoint them."[2] Unmeasured praise of Blake came from all quarters. A Day of Thanksgiving was voted by Parliament, and Cromwell wrote his admiral a letter expressing his highest approbation and sent a portrait of himself framed in gold, inset with diamonds.

[1] *Letters of the English Seamen*, edited by E. Hallam Moorhouse, p. 94.

[2] Quoted in *Sea Kings of Britain*, by G. A. R. Callender, I, 189.

From Santa Cruz, Blake returned to the blockade of Cadiz where he remained four months longer. Meanwhile, his health grew so much worse that he was incapable of commanding the fleet. The long period of confinement, want of exercise, and unwholesome food, acting on a constitution which had already been weakened by his wound and disease, had done their work. In July, he, at last, received orders to return to England; but, to him, as to Collingwood, this permission came too late. On his last voyage, Blake repeatedly expressed the desire to live long enough to reach the shore and see English land again. But, on August 17, 1657, just two hours before his battered flag-ship, the *George*, with her consorts came to anchor at Plymouth, his gallant spirit passed.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves beside
the water,
The town, the Hoe, the masts, with sunset fired—
Dreams! ay dreams of the dead! for the great heart faltered
on the threshold,
And darkness took the land his soul desired.[1]

A stately funeral in Westminster Abbey was the last tribute of his countrymen. The body which had literally been worn out in the service of his country was borne from Greenwich, where it had lain in state, up the Thames in a carved barge draped in black velvet, followed silently by boats bearing the greatest men of England; while the bells of London, which had often rung joyfully announcing his victories, tolled with slow and mournful strokes.

He was interred in Henry the Seventh's Chapel,

[1] From *The Death of Admiral Blake*, by Sir Henry Newbolt.

among the monuments to the kings. This was a fitting place for a sea king to rest, and it is sad to recall that, at the time of the Restoration, Charles II. had Blake's tomb disturbed, together with that of Cromwell and other leaders in the Commonwealth, and had his remains reburied in St. Margaret's Church. "But that regard," wrote Doctor Samuel Johnson, "which was denied his body has been paid to his better remains, his name and his memory. Nor has any writer dared to deny him the praise of intrepidity, honesty, contempt of wealth, and love of country."[1]

As to Blake's personal characteristics and appearance, but little appears to have been recorded. He was short and thickset—the build of a born sailor—and was of a fair complexion and a broad face. His look was rather stern than soft, and he never resorted to drollery; but he often expressed some pleasantry in a Latin verse or saying, for he was an excellent scholar, though he had failed to be awarded a fellowship at Oxford. He was, in general, a man of few words and solitary habits, not given to cursing and swearing and the bullying of his men; a sober, laborious Englishman of the provincial middle class, practical in business, patriotic, and pious.

Clarendon's masterly portrait of Blake has not been surpassed as a summing up of his peculiar contribution to the development of the English navy. "He was the first man," wrote this Royalist historian, "that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined; and despised those rules which had been long in practise, to keep his ship and his men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circum-

[1] JOHNSON'S *Life of Blake* (a biographical sketch).

spection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water, and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage and bold and resolute achievements."[1]

[1] Quoted from DAVID HANNAY'S *Admiral Blake*, pp. 188, 189.

CHAPTER VII

MICHEL DE RUYTER (1607–1676), HOLLAND'S GREATEST ADMIRAL

Hence through the Thames bursts Holland's sail;
Proudly there the Briton's land
By the strong iron chain is spanned.
But what can iron chain avail,
When the Batavian lion's roar
Spreads fear of death from shore to shore?
His wrath the steel to rags doth rive,
Towers o'erthrows along each strand,
Ships his glance like fiery brand
Consumes! what hope with him to strive?

From the *Dutch Descent on the Thames,*
by JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

THE rivalry between England and Holland did not cease with the close of the First Dutch War. Indeed, it was only the death of Cromwell and the confusion attending the restoration of Charles II. to the English throne that gave the Netherlands a breathing spell in the preparation for the renewal of the struggle, which commenced again in the year 1665. In the two wars which followed, the Dutch were fortunate in having, as a leader, one who had already distinguished himself in naval warfare and one who was to become the greatest admiral of the age,—Michel de Ruyter.

Flushing was the birthplace, and March 24, 1607, the date of the birth, of Michel Adriaanszoon de Ruyter. The latter part of his name came from his mother, whose father was a trooper and, therefore, called *de Ruyter,*

the rider. Michel was the fourth of a large family of eleven children. His father was a poor beer-carrier, and the son was, at the age of ten, set to work in a rope-walk; but, the following year, his craving for adventure led him to go to sea as boatswain's mate's boy, and the restless, ne'er-do-well became a hard-working, intelligent sailor. After some experience in fighting the Spanish on both land and sea, during which he received a wound in the head, he was captured by pirates. Making his escape eventually, he tramped home from Spain across Europe, begging his bread as he went.

De Ruyter, during several ensuing years, sailed in vessels owned by merchants of Flushing. He learned navigation thoroughly, and made voyages through the Straits of Magellan, and to Greenland, Brazil, and other countries. In 1641, he was placed at the head of a fleet of fifteen ships, which was sent to the assistance of the Portuguese in their struggle against Spain. After one successful engagement, he returned early the following year to Holland, and reëntered the merchant service, making numerous voyages to the Mediterranean and the West Indies.

During this period the Mediterranean was infested with Algerian pirates, and the Channel swarmed with Dunkirk privateers. Sometimes, De Ruyter fought them; at other times, he resorted to trickery, as related in the story of how he escaped capture by smearing his deck with butter and ordering all his men below. The French privateersmen, finding the decks of the mysterious craft as slippery as ice, in superstitious fear allowed the ship to sail away unmolested.

In 1651, De Ruyter determined to give up the sea. He married again, having lost his first two wives by

death, and settled down in his home in Flushing to enjoy the wealth which he had amassed. For only one year, however, was he permitted to enjoy this domestic tranquillity, for, on the outbreak of war with England, he was ordered to the Hague and placed in command of the second fleet as rear admiral to the great Tromp.

The causes of this war and the chief battles in it have been treated in the preceding chapter on Robert Blake. But it should be added here that, though De Ruyter played only a subordinate rôle in the First Dutch War, yet he succeeded in distinguishing himself. On August 16, 1652, with a squadron of some thirty-six vessels, he attacked Sir George Ayscue's fleet of forty sail, and, after a fierce fight, sank two of the English vessels, disabled a third, and caused Ayscue to retreat into Plymouth Sound. He then joined the main fleet under Vice Admiral de With, recently appointed to replace Tromp, and, with him, fought Blake in the battle of Kentish Knock, September twenty-eighth. De Ruyter commanded the van and bore the brunt of the fighting; but his courageous behavior could not counterbalance the retirement from action of twenty ships commanded by captains who hated De With, and, consequently, the victory went to the English.

De Ruyter then assisted Tromp in defeating Blake off Dungeness, November thirtieth; and, under the same admiral, he particularly distinguished himself in the hard-fought battle of Portland, February 18–20, 1653, which caused heavier losses to the Dutch than to the English, though Tromp succeeded in getting the bulk of his convoy safely home. On June second, he was Tromp's right-hand man in the "Battle of the Gabbard," in which he saved his admiral's flag-ship, the *Brederode*,

from capture, though the victory went to the English. Finally, on July thirtieth, he fought as bravely as ever in the last great battle of the war, off Scheveningen, in which Tromp was killed and the Dutch were disastrously defeated. In fact, during this war, De Ruyter took part in almost every engagement that was fought in the Channel.

After the peace, De Ruyter, who was then forty-seven years old, wished to retire and live quietly with his family; but he was prevailed upon to accept the post of vice admiral. Removing his family to Amsterdam, which henceforth became his home, he set sail, in June, 1654, in command of five men-of-war to escort a large fleet of merchantmen to the Mediterranean. On his return home, he was made a burgess of Amsterdam.

The following year, De Ruyter sailed to the Mediterranean again with ten men-of-war as an escort for fifty merchant vessels. There he met Admiral Blake, and the two greatest naval commanders of their respective nations saluted each other very cordially and exchanged presents, De Ruyter sending Blake a tun of beer and some rum and receiving from Blake some fine jams in return. They were in those waters for a similar purpose, the restoration of their commerce, which had been ravaged by the pirates during the late war.

De Ruyter chased corsairs whenever they were sighted, and captured several of their vessels. He treated in the same way the French privateers who crossed his path, one of whom happened to be the pirate, Captain la Lande, who had captured De Ruyter years before.

These operations in the south were interrupted by his recall to command a fleet of twenty-five sail which went

to the Baltic to keep the Sound open during the war between Sweden and Poland, in the summer of 1656. De Ruyter then went, in the spring of the next year, to Salee, Morocco, and arranged a treaty with the Moors; and the winter following, he united his squadron with that of Lieutenant-Admiral Obdam, the commander-in-chief of the Dutch navy, in the blockade of Portugal, with whom Holland was then at war. As a result, fifteen ships of the Portuguese sugar fleet were captured, which De Ruyter escorted home. He then returned to his post with twenty-two ships, where he endured the same hard conditions that Blake and his sailors had suffered off the coast of Spain the previous winter.

Meanwhile, war had broken out between Denmark and Sweden, and Holland supported the Danish side. Before the war was over, Admiral Obdam had retired and De Ruyter was in chief command. With a fleet of seventy-five ships, he made possible the capture of Nybourg by the Danes, which practically ended the war. In gratitude for his services, the King of Denmark presented him with a magnificent gold chain and a medal with the likeness of the king set in diamonds, and also raised him to the peerage.

De Ruyter spent the winter in Copenhagen, as his fleet was frozen in the Sound. In fact, the signing of peace was delayed until June of the following year, and the Dutch admiral was not ordered home until August. On the way home, in the Zuyder Zee, another ship collided with his, and he was saved from drowning only by clinging to the rigging. When he reached his family in Amsterdam, he gave thanks to God publicly for his preservation from so many dangers.

In the spring of the same year, 1660, an event of great importance to Holland had taken place,—the restoration of Charles II. to the English throne. Before leaving for his kingdom, he went to Amsterdam, where he expressed the greatest affection for the country and its people, but, in less than four years, he was the most active enemy to Holland in all Europe. Meanwhile, De Ruyter was sent again to the Mediterranean with a squadron of some twenty sail, with the powers of both an ambassador and commander, to bring the corsairs of North Africa to terms. For three years, he spent most of his time cruising in southern waters and negotiating with the wily Tunisians, Algerians, and Tripolitans who, under show of force, made promises which they soon broke, for they were well aware of the rivalry among the nations of England, France, and Holland.

Finally, in July, 1664, De Ruyter declared war on the Algerians, but, before it could be fairly begun, he was informed of impending war between Holland and England. Rivalry in trade was once again to bring on more bloodshed. For several years, reprisals had been carried on through the English and Dutch East and West India Companies. The English claimed that the Dutch had not faithfully carried out the stipulations of the treaty of 1654, and, early in 1664, Captain Robert Holmes, with eight English ships, led a privateering expedition which captured the unprotected settlements of the Dutch West India Company on the west coast of Africa, in the neighborhood of Cape Verde, and on the Guinea coast. He then crossed the Atlantic and assisted, in August, in the capture of New Amsterdam, afterwards to be known as New York. Pepys records in his diary that King Charles "do joy mightily" at the

ADMIRAL MICHEL ADRIAANSZOON DE RUYTER.
From an engraving after Bol.

success of the expedition. To keep up an appearance of friendship with the Dutch, Holmes was sent to the Tower, but says Pepys, "I perceive it is made matter of jest only."

When news of these operations reached Holland, De Ruyter was secretly ordered to leave his station and proceed to the west coast of Africa and retake the Dutch possessions there. This, he did, with dispatch and completeness. Early the next year, he left the African coast and proceeded across the Atlantic, threatened Barbados, and made many prizes between the West Indies and Newfoundland, before returning to Holland in August, 1665. By good fortune, he escaped being captured by the English, for war had already been declared in March, and, on the 3rd of June, the Dutch, under Admiral Obdam, had been defeated by the English, under the Duke of York, at the Battle of Lowestoft, with the loss of the commanding officer, six ships sunk and nine captured, and four thousand killed and two thousand made prisoners.

It was with feelings of mingled rejoicing and thanksgiving throughout Holland that the news of De Ruyter's return was received, for it was felt that he would retrieve the disaster that had befallen the navy. He was, therefore, made Lieutenant-Admiral of Holland and West Friesland and commander-in-chief of all the naval forces.

Toward the middle of August, De Ruyter raised his flag on the *Delfland* and took command of a resuscitated fleet numbering ninety-three men-of-war, which the Dutch in desperation had fitted out with great dispatch. His first duty was to afford escort to a large merchant fleet from the East Indies and Smyrna, Turkey, which

lay waiting at Bergen. Though a severe storm caused the loss of several of these on the way home, the larger portion returned in safety. Winter then brought naval operations to a close for the time being.

In May, 1666, De Ruyter went to sea with a fleet of eighty-five men-of-war and frigates, though he hardly dreamed that he was about to engage in the most prolonged and furious battle in the annals of naval history. On the day before contact was made with the enemy, he summoned his captains on board his famous flag-ship, the *Seven Provinces,* and thus addressed them: "The time has nearly arrived when we shall meet the enemy. The well-being of the State depends upon the result of the coming battle. We have to deal with proud enemies, who, against all reason, seek our destruction. Let us fight, then, piously for our fatherland, for our liberty, for our dearest treasures, our wives and children. The eyes of all the world are now upon us; we have here the chance to wipe out the dishonor of last year by our bravery. Behave then as honest and brave men, bearing yourselves as you ought. We have no need to fear our enemies, nor to despise them, because they are sailors and soldiers. Be resolved, then, to conquer or to die. Trust that God will bless our just cause, as we fight only from necessity and to gain peace. Besides, be assured that courage will be rewarded—but the cowardly perjurer shall be punished by death. Not only is honor to be gained here, but booty. Let each one then remember his honor and his oath, and follow my example. Each one knows what instructions I have given him, let each do his duty."[1]

The English fleet, numbering eighty men-of-war, under

[1] *Life of De Ruyter,* by G. Grinnell-Milne, pp. 121, 122.

Prince Rupert and Admiral Monk, then known as the Duke of Albemarle, was at a strategical disadvantage. Rupert with twenty ships, about one-third of the fleet, was sent by King Charles to lie off the Isle of Wight and watch for a French fleet which was thought to be on its way to join De Ruyter, as that country had thrown in her fortunes with the Dutch. When, therefore, the fleets met on June eleventh in the Channel between Dunkirk and the Downs, the English found themselves likely to be overwhelmed by numbers. But the advantage of the wind enabled Monk to concentrate on De Ruyter's rear, commanded by Cornelis van Tromp, and to greatly damage his ships before the other Dutch divisions could render effective assistance.

A running fight ensued, with both fleets in line of battle on parallel courses, after the "Fighting Instructions" recently introduced by the Duke of York, though the Dutch were more closely massed together, as in the older style of fighting. On approaching the shallows of the French coast, the English went about and proceeded to the northwestward. De Ruyter was then enabled to make his numbers count more effectively, and before darkness brought the day's fighting to a close, about ten o'clock, three English ships, fighting desperately, had been captured. The English claim that the Dutch lost two ships, and, indeed, many of their vessels had to retire for repairs to the Dutch coast during the night.

The battle was resumed with equal fierceness at six o'clock the next day, forty-four English ships against eighty of the Dutch. The fleets passed and repassed each other, the English somewhat overcoming the disparity of numbers by keeping a better line than the Dutch,

whose fire was often blanketed by ships huddling together. Cornelis van Tromp, attempting on his own initiative to gain the weather gage for his division, became separated from the main fleet. De Ruyter went to his rescue, but much confusion was thus occasioned. When the bloody fighting of the second day came to an end, neither side had gained any advantage. The losses were nearly the same, about three ships sunk, burnt, or blown up on each side. The English, however, retired toward the northwest, in the hope of support from Rupert; the Dutch slowly followed.

On the third day, the English continued to retreat toward the westward in an orderly manner, and nothing of importance occurred except the loss of one of the largest and finest of their ships, the *Royal Prince,* which ran aground and was burned by the Dutch. Toward evening Rupert's squadron was sighted, and during the night, the English fleet became united and was thus better prepared for the fourth day of fighting, which was to end the battle.

On that day the engagement began between eight and nine o'clock, with the Dutch having the advantage of the wind. A running fight lasted for two hours; then the English passed through the Dutch line and, after that, all regularity of order was lost. De Ruyter, at the decisive moment, hoisted his blood-red flag as a signal for a general attack. The main body of the English found themselves between two fires, and, by seven o'clock, they were thoroughly beaten. At this time, a thick mist fell upon the two fleets; otherwise, the English might very well have been annihilated. As it was, they lost, in the four days' fighting, eleven ships taken and eleven sunk, blown up, and burned; five

thousand killed and wounded, and twenty-three hundred prisoners. The Dutch losses were not nearly so heavy,—not more than six vessels sunk or burned, and two thousand killed and wounded.

The next morning, no English ships were to be seen, and the Dutch fleet, decked with flags and streamers, sailed home in triumph. Of the brave stolid De Ruyter, one on his flag-ship wrote, "I have never seen him otherwise than even tempered, and when victory was certain, he always said it is God who gives it us. In any disorder, and when loss seemed certain, he appeared to me to be thinking only of the misfortune of his country, but always submissive to the will of God. It might be said that he has something of the freedom and the absence of courtliness of the patriarchs; and finally, the day after victory, I found him sweeping out his room and feeding his chickens."[1]

Of the sad condition of the English fleet, Pepys recorded in his diary, June 17, 1666: "I went on shore at Sheerness. . . . Here I beheld the sad spectacle, more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered, hardly a vessel entire, but appear rather so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us."

After nineteen days, De Ruyter was at sea again. His plan was to land troops near the mouth of the Thames; but the want of pilots and the reports that the English fleet had recovered from the recent disaster caused the attempt to be abandoned. The Dutch, however, cruised along the coast for a month until, finally, the English came out under Albemarle with eighty-one men-of-war and frigates and about eighteen fire-ships.

[1] De Guiche's *Memoires*, p. 268.

The Dutch fleet, on the contrary, was then composed of eighty-eight men-of-war and frigates, nineteen fire-ships, and ten dispatch yachts. On July twenty-fifth (St. James's Day), 1666, the two fleets engaged in another bloody encounter off North Foreland.

The English, with the advantage of the wind, concentrated the fire of their van and center on the Dutch van and crushed it. The Dutch rear, under Cornelis van Tromp, who was jealous of De Ruyter for taking the chief command out of his hands, remained stationary at first and then went off on a vain chase of the English rear, and was seen no more during the battle. This left De Ruyter with the Dutch center of only eight ships to fight two English divisions of twenty-two vessels. Though he kept the English at bay throughout the remainder of the day, his ships were terribly damaged by nightfall, and he hoped that the next morning would bring Tromp back to his support.

When morning came, not a friendly sail had appeared, and, reduced to only seven ships, De Ruyter was forced to receive the concentrated murderous fire from the many English men-of-war ranged in a great half-moon about him. It looked as though he would certainly be captured. A fire-ship was first sent against his flagship, the *Seven Provinces,* but this was skilfully avoided. Then three ships concentrated their broadsides against the famous vessel, which trembled and reeled under the terrible fire. For a moment, De Ruyter lost his usual calm composure and exclaimed to his son-in-law, "Oh, my God! how wretched am I, that among so many thousand balls not one will bring me death!"[1]

[1] *Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut,* by JESSIE PEABODY FROTHINGHAM, p. 101.

This feeling of desperation soon passed, however, and De Ruyter continued his steady retreat in good order to the shallow water of Zealand, where the English dared not pursue. Impressed with the great skill and endurance displayed by the Dutch admiral in this retreat, the King of France sent him a gold medal and the military order of Saint Michel in diamonds. Tromp was reproached by De Ruyter for his conduct, on his own ship, and soon afterwards he was retired from the navy by the States General. The Dutch loss was heavy, being twenty ships, four thousand killed, and three thousand wounded; while the English lost only one man-of-war and some fire-ships.

The English, accordingly, regained command of the sea and made destructive raids on the Dutch coast, burning fishing villages and destroying shipping and goods, estimated to be worth one million one hundred thousand pounds sterling. This caused the Dutch to strain every nerve to restore their fleet, and, on August twenty-sixth, De Ruyter sailed with eighty-one men-of-war and thirteen fire-ships to attempt a junction with the long-promised French fleet. Rough weather prevented an engagement with the English, the French never came out, and De Ruyter, with a fever induced by disappointment, returned with his fleet to Holland. Winter then brought operations to a close.

In England, King Charles and his court spent the winter months in pleasures and festivities, wasting money that was to be greatly needed the following year. But peace negotiations were anticipated, and with the advice of Lord Clarendon, the Duke of Albemarle, and others, the king ordered the first and the second class men-of-war to be dismantled and a return to a peace

footing to be made. The whole of England, particularly London, had passed through a terrible plague, which, together with the great Fire of London, had occasioned considerable confusion and disorganization.

This was the situation of affairs which De Ruyter and the Dutch took advantage of early in June, 1667, in order to revenge themselves on the English for their recent losses. De Ruyter arrived off the mouth of the Thames with sixty-four men-of-war and frigates, seven armed dispatch yachts, fifteen fire-ships, and thirteen galiots, bearing, in all, seventeen thousand four hundred and sixteen officers and men. A division of seventeen of the lightest men-of-war and frigates, with some of the smaller craft, sailed up the Thames, on June ninth, as far as Gravesend, with the hope of destroying English frigates and West Indian merchant vessels, which, however, escaped by retiring upstream. Finding the navigation of the upper Thames too intricate, this Dutch squadron dropped downstream and joined De Ruyter, who then decided to concentrate his attack upon Chatham, England's great arsenal.

This was situated a short distance up the Medway River, whose waters enter the sea close to the mouth of the Thames. The fort of Sheerness, intended to protect the entrance into the Medway, was bombarded and stormed, and the Dutch tri-color triumphantly raised in place of the English flag, on June eleventh. Cannon, masts, yards, and munitions of war in great quantities were destroyed. On June twelfth, De Ruyter moved on up the river, burst through the chain which had been stretched across it and the hulks that had been sunk as obstacles by the English, and captured and burned English ships of war, right and left. Among those cap-

THE DUTCH IN THE MEDWAY.

From an engraving by Mathias de Sallieth after Dirk Langendyk.

tured was the renowned *Royal Charles,* once Blake's flag-ship, then the vessel which brought King Charles to England at the restoration, and afterwards the English flag-ship at the Battle of Lowestoft and the Four Days' Battle. Three other first-raters, the pick of the English navy, were burned; and, with the ships scuttled by the English and those captured or burned by the Dutch, nearly half of the English navy was destroyed.

Never had Englishmen witnessed such a catastrophe. "The river was full of moving craft and burning wreckage; the roar of guns was almost continuous; the shrieks of the wounded could be heard even above the noise of battle, the clangor of trumpets, the roll of drums, and the cheers of the Dutch as success after success was won; and above all hung a pall of smoke, illumined only, as night closed in, by the gleam of flames on all sides and the flashes of guns and muskets."[1]

De Ruyter retired, June fourteenth, with his booty, but continued to blockade the English coast as far to the west as Plymouth. That he conducted the campaign with humanity is attested by Pepys, who entered in his diary, June thirtieth: "Notwithstanding their provocation at Schelling (Terschelling, where the Dutch had suffered unmercifully at the hands of the English), yet killed they none of our people nor plundered their houses, but did take some things of easy carriage and left the rest, and not a house burned; and which is to our eternal disgrace, that what my Lord Douglas's men, who came after them, found there, they plundered and took all away; and the watermen that carried us did further tell us that our own soldiers are far more ter-

[1] *The Royal Navy,* by WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES, II, 293.

rible to those people of the country towns than the Dutch themselves."

After this disaster, the English delayed no longer to make peace. According to its terms, the preponderating influence of the Dutch in the East Indies was acknowledged, and the Navigation Act was amended to permit goods from Germany and the Southern Netherlands to be transported in Dutch vessels. De Ruyter then returned once again, simple and unassuming, to his home in Amsterdam, where he would sit for hours reading the Bible. He enjoyed there an unpretentious mode of living, and wore clothes, it is said, no better than those of an ordinary sea captain. But his countrymen recognized his true worth; medals were struck in his honor, gifts were heaped upon him, and the poets of Holland sang his praises.

De Ruyter enjoyed the peace and quiet of his home only four years, when he was called upon to defend his country again against the greatest odds she had yet had to contend with. Louis XIV., long covetous of the rich lands of the Netherlands, at last persuaded the weak and vacillating Charles II. to join with him in the conquest of Holland. Against this little nation, war was declared in April, 1672, by the two formidable allies, England and France. The agreement was that England should attack Holland by sea, while France invaded her by land.

De Ruyter, again appointed commander-in-chief of the Dutch naval forces, went to sea in May with instructions to search for the English fleet in the Thames or elsewhere, and to destroy it. Within a month after the beginning of the war, the French army of a hundred thousand men had advanced into the heart of the coun-

try, and, in De Ruyter's hands, rested nothing less than the responsibility of keeping Holland from becoming a vassal state.

On the 28th of May, De Ruyter's great fleet of seventy-five men-of-war and frigates and thirty-six fire-ships met, off Solebay on the Suffolk coast, the allied French and English fleet of ninety-eight men-of-war and frigates and thirty fire-ships, under the command of the Duke of York. After praying in his cabin for Divine guidance, De Ruyter went on deck and, seeing in the distance the red flag of the Duke of York, directed that his *Seven Provinces* be steered straight for the English flag-ship. His whole fleet then bore down in line abreast upon the allies. The French squadron on the right wing took no very active part in the engagement; but, from seven in the morning until nightfall, the English and Dutch ships fought fiercely.

De Ruyter's flag-ship so damaged that of the Duke of York that he had to shift his flag to the *St. Michael,* and, later in the day, to the *London.* The Earl of Sandwich, second in command, had his flag-ship, the *Royal James,* set on fire, and he himself was drowned. Van Ghent, in command of the Dutch right division, was killed. But De Ruyter kept his place in the center; and ship after ship attacked him without silencing his guns, from which were fired, during the battle, twenty-five thousand pounds of powder and thirty-five hundred balls.

One of the English officers, taken prisoner, said of De Ruyter, "Yes, he is an admiral—an admiral, a captain, a pilot, a soldier, a sailor. This man, this hero, is all of them in one!"[1] De Ruyter himself declared that

[1] *Life of De Ruyter,* by G. GRINNELL-MILNE, p. 175.

the battle was the most desperate and prolonged he had ever fought. The Dutch lost but two ships; the English, four. Though the battle was indecisive, its results were in favor of the Dutch, for the allies were, by it, prevented from making a descent on the Dutch coast to assist the French army of invasion, and all the energies of the Dutch could then be concentrated on resisting the enemy on land.

So serious had this invasion become that it was necessary to open the dykes and let the sea rush in to protect Amsterdam and other large cities. About this time a rebellion broke out in Holland against the rulers, the brothers De Witt, who were wrongfully murdered by the mobs, and the Prince of Orange was elected as Stadtholder William III., July 3, 1672. Though De Ruyter was a friend to the De Witts and, during the rebellion, had had his house in Amsterdam surrounded by a mob who endangered the lives of his wife and children, yet he was retained by William at the head of the navy. His second in command was Cornelis van Tromp, who, after having been so insubordinate in the Battle of St. James's Day, had then become disposed to be friendly and respectful to De Ruyter, and had been restored to high command in the service.

The winter passed with preparations for the next spring. On the 28th of May, 1673, just a year after the great battle of Solebay, De Ruyter and Tromp, with only sixty-four men-of-war and twenty-five fire-ships, fought the English and French with ninety-one men-of-war and forty-two fire-ships under the command of Prince Rupert. The allies had troops on board, and six thousand more lay at Yarmouth ready to be embarked for transport to Holland in case of a decisive

defeat of the Dutch fleet. The action took place off Schooneveldt, at the mouth of the Scheldt.

The fight lasted all day and was a stubborn engagement, De Ruyter fighting with his usual impetuosity and, four times, being forced to change his flag. No ships on either side were lost except some fire-ships. In a sense, it was a drawn battle; as Mahan writes, "The affair was indecisive, if a battle can be called so in which an inferior force attacks a superior, inflicts an equal loss, and frustrates the main object of the enemy."[1] Just a week afterwards, the Dutch came out and fought the allies on the same waters, after which the English and French retired to their respective ports. Thus ended De Ruyter's famous defense of Holland in the Schooneveldt shallows, with complete success against superior numbers.

On August eleventh, the last battle of the long Dutch Wars between England and Holland was fought off the Texel. The allies had ninety men-of-war; the Dutch only seventy. Rupert and D'Estrées faced De Ruyter and Tromp. The French van kept out of the fight; this enabled the Dutch to concentrate on the English center and rear. "In spite of the confusion of the battle," writes Clowes, "the great Dutch admiral still had his squadron well under control, and was able to utilize it to the best tactical advantage, for he cleverly cut off the rear subdivision of the allied center, by detaching eight or ten ships; and then, with his remaining two-and-thirty or thereabouts, surrounded the remaining two-and-twenty of the English. Never, perhaps, did a commander of inferior forces handle them with greater tactical ability, or more skilfully create for himself a

[1] *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, p. 152.

temporary local superiority."[1] This is high praise from an Englishman. It may, accordingly, be said that De Ruyter had gained another victory, though no men-of-war were lost on either side; for Holland was saved from the intended landing and the allied fleet was so damaged that it was unable to keep the sea. De Ruyter was greeted with the acclamations of a nation that looked upon him as its savior from vassalage.

In February of 1674, King Charles signed a favorable treaty with the Dutch, thus breaking faith with the ally who had proved untrustworthy and leaving King Louis to continue the war alone. During the summer and autumn, De Ruyter led an ambitious expedition against the French Antilles; but it was unsuccessful because of want of secrecy, and procrastination and carelessness in making preparations, on the part of the Dutch admiralty. During the winter, De Ruyter was invited by Charles II. to pay a visit to the English court, but he politely declined the intended honor, preferring to remain at home where he was destined to spend only a few more quiet months before further active service which was to end only with his death.

Spain had been drawn into the struggle against France, and she asked that De Ruyter be sent with a squadron to coöperate with her naval forces against the French fleet in the Mediterranean under Duquesne, founder of the French navy. A Dutch squadron of only eighteen ships was sent, but three of them carried from seventy to seventy-six guns each. De Ruyter objected to the small size of the force, and to one who suggested that advancing age had made him less courageous, he replied, "No, I have not begun to lose courage, I risk

[1] *The Royal Navy*, by William Laird Clowes, II, 320.

my life freely for the State; but I am surprised, and regret, that their High Mightinesses should so expose the flag of the State."[1]

Being urgently asked to go, De Ruyter said, "The ministers of the State must not beseech me, but bid me. If I am ordered to go with a single ship, and to carry the flag, I should not refuse. Wherever the State wishes to risk its banner, I am ready to risk my life."[1] About that time he became ill and was confined to his bed, and his friends begged him not to go; but he exclaimed, "I shall make this campaign even if I have to be carried on board the ship."[1] He was then sixty-eight years old, and he felt that he was leaving Holland for the last time. To a friend, he said, in parting, "My friend, I say adieu to you, and not only adieu, but adieu forever, for I don't expect to come back. From this expedition I shall not return—I feel it."[1]

On August 11, 1675, De Ruyter set sail from Holland and reached Cadiz on the 26th of September. After being delayed by the dilatoriness of the Spaniards, he at last reached the north coast of Sicily, toward the close of December. This island had revolted against the Spanish, and the French had taken it under their protection. On January seventh of the next year, De Ruyter fell in with a French squadron of twenty men-of-war and six fire-ships under Admiral Duquesne, in the vicinity of Stromboli. De Ruyter had only four fire-ships and nineteen men-of-war, one of which was Spanish.

On the following day, the battle was fought, beginning about ten o'clock and lasting until sundown. De Ruyter, with an inferior force, fought on the defensive, but

[1] *Life of De Ruyter*, by G. GRINNELL-MILNE, p. 215.

he so damaged the French that they avoided renewing the battle the next day, nor would they be drawn into action, two days later, after they had received material assistance.

During the following weeks, De Ruyter called at Naples where he was instrumental in securing the release of twenty-six Hungarian pastors whom the Emperor of Austria had inhumanly incarcerated in that city. Having secured reënforcements, which raised the number of Dutch and Spanish to twenty-seven ships, he then met Duquesne, on the 22nd of April, with twenty-nine men-of-war, off Agosta, under the smoking crater of Mt. Etna.

The Spanish Vice Admiral, Pereira, was in command, and, with his squadron, constituted the center, which kept at long range. The brunt of the attack fell upon De Ruyter, commanding the van. About half an hour after the battle began, he was standing on the poop, giving his orders with his usual calmness, when a cannon ball carried away a part of his left foot and shattered his right leg, at the same time hurling him to the lower deck. When lifted up, he was heard to express his thankfulness in being spared to complete the battle, and then he prayed, "Lord, take care of our country's fleet. Spare mercifully our officers, sailors, and soldiers, who for a little money have to bear so much discomfort and danger. Give them courage and strength that they may gain the victory under Thy blessing."[1] The battle went on as before. Between the broadsides, De Ruyter called to his men, "Courage, my children, courage; that's the way to gain the victory!"[1] Night put an end to the carnage, and the French fled from the scene of the battle

[1] *Life of De Ruyter*, by G. Grinnell-Milne, p. 241.

to Messina. Next morning, the Dutch fleet, bearing the wounded commander, shaped a course for Syracuse. In spite of the disadvantage of small ships and useless allies, De Ruyter's last battle had been crowned with success.

At first, the physicians did not fear for De Ruyter's recovery, but on the fourth or fifth day a fever set in, and on the 29th of April, 1676, his life slowly ebbed away. His body was embalmed, and carried home and buried in the Nieuwe Kerk in Amsterdam, with all the honors his grateful country could afford him.

During his life, he had given to Holland a short but glorious mastery of naval warfare, and written her name, as well as his own, in imperishable characters on the pages of naval history. "There is a general agreement," says Mahan, "that De Ruyter is the foremost figure, not only in the Dutch service, but among all the naval officers of that age."[1]

[1] *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, p. 117.

CHAPTER VIII

COMTE DE TOURVILLE (1642–1701) AND THE RISE OF FRENCH SEA POWER

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

From BROWNING'S *Hervé Riel.*

ENGLAND had hardly begun to feel that the sea power of Holland was crushed when France loomed up as a rival, and that long struggle began between the two nations, which was to last more than one hundred years, with the final emergence of Britannia as the unquestioned ruler of the waves.

The honor for creating the French navy belongs to Louis XIV.'s great minister, Colbert, who, in the decade 1660-1670, built up a navy of fifty ships of the line; but Admirals D'Estrées and Duquesne were the first to lead

large French fleets into battle. Though these fleets fought half-heartedly, as has been seen, as allies to the English in the last Dutch War, yet there was a reason perhaps for so doing, as indicated in the denial of a Dutch seaman that the French were acting either in bad faith or through cowardice. "You fools!" said he, "they have hired the English to fight for them, and all their business here is to see that they earn their wages."[1]

When France was left to finish the war, and found herself pitted against both Holland and Spain, her fleets under Duquesne fought with courage and skill against De Ruyter, the greatest seaman of the age. Duquesne was looked upon as the founder of the French school of naval tactics. As the Grand Monarque said, when he made him a marquis, "Your example will continue to guide your successors." There was one serving under him, however, who was more fully to exemplify this prediction, and was to rank higher in popular estimation among French naval leaders. This was Anne Hilarion de Cotentin, Comte de Tourville.

He was born, the youngest of three brothers, at the castle of Tourville in Normandy, in November, 1642, both parents being of noble blood. As a child he was pale and sickly, and gave little promise of growing up to be a man who, for forty-five years, was to endure the hardships of active sea service and become the greatest naval commander of his time.

His noble birth gained entrance for the lad, at the age of fourteen, as a Knight of Justice in the Order of the Knights of Malta, and he became one of the sixteen pages who daily attended the Grandmaster, this being a position of distinction which was greatly coveted.

[1] *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, by MAHAN, p. 155.

At the age of eighteen, he became a regular knight of the Order, and his career as a seaman began.

For the next seven years, he fought in the galleys of the Order against the Barbary Corsairs in the narrow seas of the Mediterranean. The facts of his life during these years of apprenticeship to the sea are not accurately known; but that he distinguished himself is shown by the fact that the Republic of Venice bestowed upon him the titles of "Protector of Maritime Commerce" and "Invincible Seaman." By 1667, his fame had reached the ears of the French king who called him to court, where he was received with distinction, and given a commission as captain in the Royal Navy and the command of a ship. He remained also a Knight of Malta for many years, until his marriage, in 1689, to a rich widow, the Marquise de Popelinière. At about the same time, he became Comte de Tourville.

Meanwhile, he had served in expeditions against the Turks in the Mediterranean, the most ambitious one being directed against Crete. This attempt, however, was a failure, owing to the death of the commanding officer, the Duc de Beaufort. In the war which broke out against Holland the next year, he commanded a ship in the squadron of Comte D'Estrées, sent to coöperate with the Duke of York. Captain Tourville was, accordingly, present at the great Battle of Solebay, and also at the engagements the following year off Schoonevelt, in which the French assisted Prince Rupert against De Ruyter and Tromp.

After England withdrew from the alliance and the war was transferred to the Mediterranean, Tourville took an active part in the naval operations, when France came to the aid of Sicily upon her revolt against Spain.

COMTE DE TOURVILLE.
From an engraving by Dujardin.

After the French had established themselves in Messina, Tourville distinguished himself by destroying three Spanish troop-ships in the Gulf of Manfredonia, which were protected by the guns of a fort, and afterwards by setting fire to a French frigate which had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards and lay under the ramparts of Fort Reggio. The flames spread until fifteen Spanish ships were destroyed and the explosion of a powder magazine left a part of the city in ruins.

In the capture of Agosta in August, 1675, Tourville led a small division of six ships which captured the key to the harbor and caused the surrender of the town. For his gallantry, he was looked upon as the hero of the day.

When the Dutch arrived in the Mediterranean under De Ruyter to assist the Spaniards, three naval battles of importance were fought; namely, Stromboli, Agosta, and Palermo. In the first of these, Tourville's ship, the *Sceptre,* was next in line to that of Duquesne's flag-ship, which it gallantly supported in the hottest part of the fight; meanwhile, Tourville was saved from destruction at the hands of an enemy three-decker only by the timely arrival of a French fire-ship. He fought with equal intrepidity in the battle off Agosta, three months later, his ship being one of those whose concentrated fire shattered De Ruyter's flag-ship and gave the fatal wound to the great admiral.

In the battle off Palermo, Tourville's *Sceptre* carried the flag of Vivonne, Viceroy of Sicily and nominal head of the Mediterranean fleet, and she, accordingly, took her place in the center, with Duquesne, as vice admiral, leading the van. The French had twenty-nine ships of the line, twenty-five galleys, and nine fire-ships; while

the Dutch and Spaniards had twenty-seven ships of the line, nineteen galleys, and four fire-ships. The allies rode at anchor in the harbor of Palermo. Tourville and three other officers made an examination of the enemy's position in a small sailboat in broad daylight. A plan of attack suggested by Tourville at a council of war was then adopted and, on the 2nd of June, the French fleet sailed into the harbor under a heavy fire from the enemy, swung their ships into position opposite those of the allies which were drawn up in line before the city, and then opened up a furious fire. In half an hour, the Spanish vice admiral had cut his cables and drifted ashore, others followed in rapid succession, and panic seized the entire fleet. The French then let loose their fire-ships which burned twelve enemy vessels, among them being the Dutch and Spanish flag-ships. The victory was complete; France was master of the Mediterranean.

Shortly after the battle, Tourville became seriously ill with a congestion of the lungs, and had to ask the minister of marine for leave of absence. He had, however, established the reputation of being one of the best officers in the French Royal Navy, a real seaman who knew his ship thoroughly and who had made a special study of naval warfare. He was then only thirty-four years old, and had already reached the rank of commodore (*chef d'escadre*). His illness prevented him from taking any further part in the war which was brought to an end by the Treaty of Nimeguen, August 10, 1678.

This treaty marked the beginning of that short period of about fifteen years during which France, under the Grand Monarque, was at the head of the maritime

nations. Improvements in dockyards, harbor defenses, and shipbuilding were made. The French navy was increased until it had two hundred and nineteen war vessels of all classes, of which one hundred and twenty were ships of the line. A new kind of frigate, light but heavily armed, was invented; also a small, flat-bottomed bomb galiot, carrying two mortars and four guns.

The Corsairs of Algiers were the first to feel the weight of this new power. They still continued to menace the commerce of the Mediterranean, and three thousand Christian captives were said to be held by them. In 1683, a French fleet, under Duquesne and Tourville, sailed into the harbor, bombarded the city until palaces and mosques were heaps of ruins, and released seven hundred French prisoners from bondage.

The next year, the city of Genoa broke her agreement of neutrality, as stipulated in the late peace treaty, and sent ships to the assistance of Spain who was on the verge of war with France. King Louis ordered a squadron to punish the city, and Duquesne and Tourville set out with fourteen ships of the line, nineteen galleys, and ten mortar boats, and laid the beautiful city in ruins, just as they had done to Algiers.

Then came the turn of Tripoli, which had failed to profit by the punishment handed out to Algiers. The two great seamen, therefore, took their fleet into the bay of Tripoli and, with a rain of fiery shells by night and bursting bombs by day, brought the city to feel the implacable anger of the Grand Monarque.

In 1688, Duquesne died, and, the following year, Tourville was greatly advanced in rank and influence, being promoted *lieutenant-général des armées navales*

and named *vice-amiral du Levant.* In the war that was soon to be fought with England, he became the commander-in-chief of all the French naval forces which were numerically equal to the combined fleets of both England and Holland.

The powers of Europe, led by William of Orange, in 1686, formed the League of Augsburg against further aggressions by Louis XIV. Late in the year 1688, William, invited by a powerful party in England to supersede James II., crossed the Channel and, with little opposition, established himself on the English throne. The King of France then took up the cause of James, and assisted him in his attempt to regain his scepter; Louis was already at war with Spain, Sweden, and Germany; and England and Holland were thus added to the list of his enemies.

The French king's first move was to escort James to Ireland with a fleet of thirty-seven sail and five thousand troops. James landed at Kinsale, March 12, 1689, and was received with joy by all of Ireland except Ulster. On May first, an English fleet attempted to interfere with these operations and was defeated by the French fleet under Châteaurenault. King William, however, with politic acumen, made Herbert, the defeated English admiral, Baron Herbert of Torbay and Earl of Torrington.

During the remainder of the year, the war was carried on in a dilatory fashion by both sides, and it was not until the summer of 1690 that a battle of large proportions was fought. The French had had time, meanwhile, to bring the squadron from the Mediterranean and make a concentration at Brest. On June twenty-third, this great fleet,—the greatest that France had ever

sent out—set sail. It was composed of seventy ships of the line, five frigates, eighteen fire-ships, and twenty-five galleys.[1] On July tenth, Torrington, with a fleet of fifty-six ships of the line and twenty fire-ships and one frigate,[2] English and Dutch combined, under special orders to attack the French because of the critical situation in Ireland, brought on an action off Beachy Head.

The allies, having the advantage of the wind, bore down on the French. The Dutch van first came into close action with the French van, which so maneuvered as to place it between two fires. Torrington failed to support with a vigorous attack in the center; and, as a consequence, the Dutch were cut to pieces, and when nightfall and a fortunate turn of the tide enabled the allies to draw out of the action, they retired completely defeated. If Tourville had followed up the victory without delay, the English might have been almost annihilated; but, instead of ordering a general chase, he followed in line of battle which had the speed only of the slowest vessel, and the English, after burning their most badly damaged ships, managed to reach the Thames in safety. They lost by capture or burning, according to French authorities, fifteen ships; while the English admit the loss of "more than ten." In any case, it was a sad day for the English, and terror spread to London where rumor spoke of treachery, and Torrington was cast into the Tower.

The peril to the newly established government was enough to shake the courage of the boldest supporter of it. Fortunately for King William, on the day follow-

[1] *Tourville et La Marine de son temps*, par J. DELARBRE, p. 167.
[2] French authorities claim there were fifty-nine ships and fifty-three smaller vessels.

ing the disaster at Beachy Head, he defeated James completely at the Battle of the Boyne in Ireland and caused him at once to flee for protection to France. Though Tourville had won a great naval victory, the campaign was a failure; he had been too cautious to assume responsibilities, and was called, even by the French Minister of Marine, "brave of heart, coward of head."

The year 1691 was marked in naval warfare only by Tourville's famous "deep-sea cruise." The allied fleet took to sea with one hundred ships of the line under Admiral Russell; while Tourville could gather only seventy-two. Still the French fleet took up a position in the entrance to the Channel and so skilfully maneuvered as to draw the English far out to sea, where they spent fifty days vainly attempting to bring on an action. Meanwhile, French privateers were preying on enemy commerce at will; while their own convoys sailed to Ireland unmolested.

The next year, another descent on England was planned by James and King Louis. A fleet of transports was gathered at La Hogue, and an army of French and Irish troops ready for the "second Norman conquest" was collected. Tourville, with reënforcements from Toulon, was to prevent the junction of the Dutch with the English fleet, two-thirds of which misrepresentions had led James to believe would desert to his cause. Contrary winds delayed the Toulon squadron, but Tourville, smarting under criticisms of his failure to annihilate the English off Beachy Head, went to sea with only forty-four ships, determined to vindicate his honor.

On the way to La Hogue where he was to escort the transports, Tourville, on the 29th of May, fell in with the

THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE.

From an engraving by William Woollett of the painting by Benjamin West.

allied fleet under Admiral Russell, off Cape Barfleur. The Dutch had already joined, and this brought the total number of the allies up to ninety-nine ships and thirty-eight frigates and fire-ships. Tourville, with only forty-four ships and thirteen frigates and fire-ships, would not refuse the gage of battle, determined not again to lay himself open to the charge of overcaution. Unfortunately, dispatch vessels with orders not to engage on account of the junction of the Dutch never reached the French admiral.

Tourville, having the wind in his favor, bore down on the enemy, with his flag proudly flying in the *Soleil Royal*. Because of inferiority in numbers, he increased the distance between his ships in the van to avoid being doubled by the Dutch. A break in his line just ahead of the center resulted, which was taken advantage of by the English, who doubled upon both the center and the rear and put them between two fires. Tourville, convinced that a prolongation of the struggle might lead to the complete destruction of his fleet, took advantage of the fog and the oncoming of night to retire. He was much delayed by his crippled flag-ship, which he could not make up his mind to destroy. As yet, no ships had been lost to the enemy in the five hours' struggle, with the odds more than two to one.

The main body of the fleet retreated toward the Channel Islands. Twenty of these ships, under D'Amfreville, passed through the dangerous Race of Alderney, between the island of that name and the mainland, and reached St. Malo in safety. The change in the tide prevented fifteen others from following. Three of these sought refuge at Cherbourg, the others fled to La Hogue; but all were burned, either by their crews or the Eng-

lish. France had thus lost fifteen of her best ships, but the loss was about the same as that of the allies at Beachy Head.

With this defeat, the French supremacy on the sea passed, though the navy of France was by no means destroyed nor did the war immediately come to an end. In the year following the La Hogue disaster, Tourville went to sea with a fleet of seventy-one ships and surprised a large convoy on the way to Smyrna, near the Straits of Gibraltar, and destroyed or captured one-fourth of the four hundred merchant vessels and scattered the rest.

Small squadrons of privateers, under seamen like Jean Bart and Duguay-Trouin, ravaged all the seas with such destructive results that an English chronicler wrote, "It must be confessed that our commerce suffered far less the year before, when the French were masters of the sea, than in this when their grand fleet was blocked up in port."[1] This distress to the commerce of the great maritime nations of England and Holland was a large factor in contributing to the signing of the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697. Louis XIV. had carried on a gigantic struggle, but he could not fight indefinitely against all the rest of Europe.

After the peace, Tourville, on account of ill health, was forced to retire to his estates for a time. When the War of the Spanish Succession became imminent, he, then a Marshal of France, was made commander-in-chief of the allied French and Spanish navies; but, not long after this appointment, his career was suddenly cut short by his death in Paris, in the year 1701.

"Tourville's is the only great historical name among

[1] MAHAN'S *Influence of Sea Power on History*, p. 195.

the seamen of this war," in the opinion of Mahan, "if we except the renowned privateersmen at whose head was Jean Bart. Among the English, extraordinary merit cannot be claimed for any one of the gallant and enterprising men who commanded squadrons. Tourville, who by this time (Beachy Head) had served afloat for nearly thirty years, was at once a seaman and a military man. With superb courage, of which he had given dazzling examples in his youth, he had seen service wherever the French fleets had fought,—in the Anglo-Dutch War, in the Mediterranean, and against the Barbary pirates. Reaching the rank of Admiral, he commanded in person all the largest fleets sent out during the earlier years of this war, and he brought to the command a scientific knowledge of tactics, based on both theory and experience, joined to that practical acquaintance with the seaman's business which is necessary in order to apply tactical principles upon the ocean to the best advantage. But with all these high qualities he seems to have failed, where so many warriors fail, in the ability to assume a great responsibility."[1]

[1] *Influence of Sea Power on History*, pp. 184, 185.

CHAPTER IX

EDWARD HAWKE (1705–1781) AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

'Twas long past noon of a wild November day
When Hawke came swooping from the West;
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay,
But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.
Down upon the quicksands, roaring out of sight,
Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night;
But they took the foe for pilot, and the cannon's glare for light,
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

From *Hawke,* by SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE War of the League of Augsburg, or the War of the English Succession, as it is sometimes called, which came to a close with the Peace of Ryswick, was the end of only the first round between France and England. The two antagonists scowled at each other for a while, and, in 1702, they took up the struggle anew, in what is known as the War of the Spanish Succession. The most important battles in this war were fought on land, and brought to light the genius of Marlborough and Prince Eugene; but there was one naval leader of considerable distinction, Admiral Rooke, who made a name for himself by his defeat of the French in Vigo Bay and, later, by his capture of Gibraltar from Spain and the establishment of England as a power in the Mediterranean. "Before that war," writes Mahan, "England was one of the sea powers; after it she was *the* sea power, without any second."[1] After the close of this war which

[1] *Influence of Sea Power on History,* p. 225.

lasted some dozen years, the continent of Europe had a period of comparative peace for a quarter of a century. Then came two general continental struggles, in which sea power played a considerable part and gave opportunity for the development of the genius of Hawke,—another representative sea fighter in the naval history of the world.

Edward Hawke, the son of a barrister, was born in London in 1705. On the death of his father, in 1718, Edward came under the guardianship of his uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Martin Bladen, who had served under Marlborough and was then a member of Parliament and a man of considerable influence. When fifteen years old, young Hawke entered the navy. It is related that, when he was leaving home, his mother said, "Adieu, Ned, I shortly expect to see you a captain." He replied, "A captain, Madam? I hope you will soon see me an admiral." He was indeed to reach that high rank, but not so soon as he had hoped in his youthful anticipations.

For five years he served on board the *Seahorse,* in North American and West Indian waters. Then, becoming a lieutenant, he saw service in various ships for the next ten years: on the coast of Africa, in the West Indies, in the Channel, in the Mediterranean, on the North American station, and at Jamaica. This was the kind of uneventful sea service to be expected in time of peace, but it served the very useful purpose of acquainting him thoroughly with all the details of his profession.

At the age of thirty, with the rank of post-captain, he retired on half pay and did not go to sea again until the outbreak of another war with Spain, in 1739. When rivalry over freedom of trade in the West Indies led to

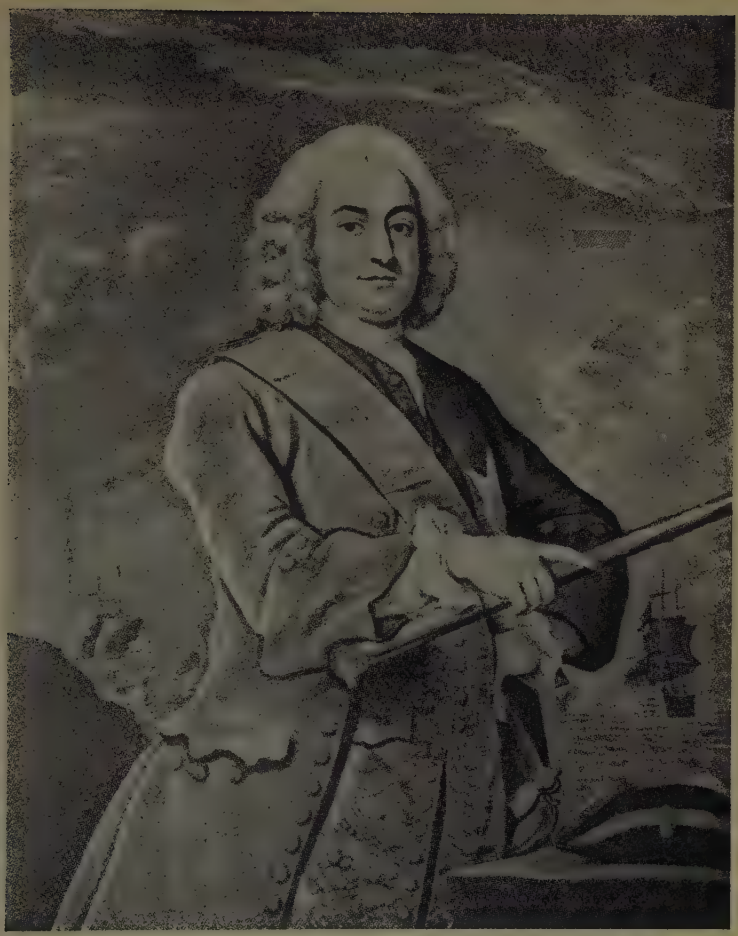
this war, sometimes called the War of Jenkins' Ear,[1] Hawke denied himself the pleasures of a quiet home life (for only the year previously he had married Catherine Brooke) and, reëntering active service, took command of the frigate *Portland.*

In this ship he proceeded to Barbados, whence he cruised among the Lesser Antilles and escorted fleets of merchant vessels. He was thus prevented from taking part with Admiral Vernon in the capture of Porto Bello in November of that year. His own cruising was uneventful, as no Spanish ships came his way. There was much sickness on board his ship, which was very old and unhealthy. In November, 1741, off Boston, she was badly damaged in a storm and lost all her masts, whose stumps Hawke declared were so rotten that they crumpled to powder in his hand. He took the crippled vessel back to Barbados, and then sailed her safely home to England; and, shortly afterwards, through his uncle's influence, he was given the command of the *Berwick,* a ship of the line of seventy guns.

By that time, the War of Jenkins' Ear had merged into the greater War of the Austrian Succession, with England, Holland, and Austria arrayed against Prussia, Spain, and France. The Mediterranean was an important theater of operations, and Hawke was ordered to take his ship and join Admiral Mathews's squadron, which was on guard off Toulon, to prevent the joining of the Brest and Toulon fleets.

On the 11th of February, 1744, the allied French and Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships of the line came out

[1] From Richard Jenkins, captain of a merchant ship from Glasgow, who had an ear cut off by the Spaniards when they boarded his vessel looking for contraband goods.



ADMIRAL EDWARD HAWKE.
From a mezzotint engraving.

under Admiral De Court. Mathews had twenty-eight ships, and, in the battle which ensued, he should have decisively beaten the enemy; but the custom of fighting in line according to the "Fighting Instructions," and the poor support which he had from his rear, in command of Lestock who was a bitter personal enemy, made the engagement an indecisive one. De Court was not prevented from proceeding on his way to a Spanish port and, for a time, the English blockade of the sea route from Spain to Italy was broken up.

The only praiseworthy achievement in the battle was accomplished by Hawke, whose ship, which was in the center of the line, poured such a well-directed fire into the Spanish squadron as to drive the *Neptuno* reeling out of the line and to cause another, the *Poder,* to haul down her colors, with her masts down, guns dismounted, and two hundred men killed or wounded. Though the retirement of the English caused the recapture of this ship after a prize crew had been placed on board, Hawke's conduct was in such contrast to the behavior of so many other captains in the battle that he became ever afterwards a marked man in the navy, and King George referred to him with pride as "My Captain." Three years later, when Hawke was on the point of being retired as a "yellow admiral,"[1] the king exclaimed, "I will not have Hawke 'yellowed,'" and thereupon made him a Rear Admiral of the White in active service on July 15, 1747.

Previous to that time, Hawke had remained in the Mediterranean, but had seen no further active service

[1] A rank of retirement, in current phrase, for captains passed over for active promotion when put on the retired list as "superannuated rear admirals."

there after the battle off Toulon. Then, becoming second in command to Sir Peter Warren in the "Western Squadron," he cruised in the Bay of Biscay, between Ushant and Finisterre, in order to intercept transport and merchant ships which France was continually sending out to her colonial possessions in North America and India. Warren being in bad health, the command was intrusted to Hawke, who was ordered to take the fleet to sea and intercept a French convoy from Rochelle which would be escorted by a strong force on its way to the West Indies.

In the early morning of the 14th of October, 1747, off Finisterre, Hawke's fleet of fourteen ships of the line sighted the French convoy consisting of two hundred and fifty merchantmen and an escort of nine ships of the line, under command of Commodore de L'Etenduère. The French decided to fight, in order to assist in the escape of the convoy which immediately made off. Hawke surmised that its destination would be Martinique, and sent a fast sloop to inform the commander-in-chief in the West Indies to make due preparations for its reception. He then took up the immediate business of dealing with the French men-of-war, and gave the order for a general chase.

Each English ship, passing in turn by the unengaged side of its leader and then taking up station next in line, engaged the enemy as it came within range. The French ships, though fighting gallantly, were overwhelmed, and six of them were captured, three of which fell into the hands of Hawke's flag-ship, the *Devonshire*. Some few of the convoy were taken, but most of them escaped, though a large number eventually were captured by the English on their arrival in the West Indies,

thanks to Hawke's timely warning. For this victory, Hawke was given the Order of the Bath and became henceforth Sir Edward Hawke.[1] Political preferment followed, for he was soon afterwards elected to Parliament from Portsmouth.

No further opportunity for engaging the enemy on the sea presented itself to Hawke before the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748. Another period of peace then intervened, which lasted for some seven years. Meanwhile, Hawke was employed on shore mainly in dockyard commands. Though such work is of no particular interest as compared with war-time enterprises, yet it was of great importance in preparation for the conflict which was to decide the fate of both India and America. Mahan considers the part played by Hawke in this struggle to have been preëminent. "In the great struggle for Anglo-Saxon predominance," he writes, "which had begun under William III., but was now approaching its crisis and final decision in the Seven Years' War, the determining factor was to be the maritime strength of Great Britain. It is, therefore, the distinctive and distinguished significance of Hawke's career that, during so critical a period, he not only was the most illustrious and able officer of her navy—the exponent of her sea power—but that, by the force of his personality, he chiefly shaped the naval outcome. He carried on the development of naval warfare, revolutionized ideas, raised professional standards, and thereby both affected the result in his own time, and perpetuated an influence, the effect of which was to be felt in

[1] One of Hawke's ships, the *Eagle*, was commanded by George Rodney, who was afterwards to make a great name for himself in British naval history.

the gigantic contests of later days. In this eminent particular, which involves real originality, no sea officer of the eighteenth century stands with him; in this respect only he and Nelson, who belongs rather to the nineteenth, are to be named together." [1]

When the Seven Years' War commenced, first in America about 1754, Hawke and Boscawen were the naval leaders of the hour. The latter was sent with a squadron to America, to destroy the French naval forces in those waters; while the former was placed in command of the Channel Fleet, with instructions to destroy French commerce nearer home. Though war had not yet been declared between the two countries, Hawke swept through the Bay of Biscay, and, in a short time, three hundred prizes had been sent home. Of these numerous captures, Horace Walpole wrote, "I know nothing of the war but that we catch little French ships like crawfish." [2]

In the summer of 1756, Hawke was sent to the Mediterranean to supersede Admiral John Byng who had failed to keep Minorca from falling into the hands of the French, and who had then suffered death at the hands of a firing squad because he had deserted the besieged garrison at Port Mahon and returned with his fleet to Gibraltar. Hawke remained in the Mediterranean for some six months, and did much to restore British morale with the "cargo of courage," as the wits put it, which he carried there.

Meanwhile, war had been formally declared, and England, with her single ally, Prussia, found herself faced

[1] MAHAN'S *Types of Naval Officers*, p. 100.
[2] *Sea Kings of Britain: Albemarle to Hawke*, by GEOFFREY CALLENDER, p. 215.

with a coalition composed of France, Austria, Sweden, Saxony, Poland, and Russia. The war was being waged in America and also in India, where the terrible incident of the Black Hole of Calcutta occurred in the autumn of 1756. It was a trying time. Many feared that the Young Pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie, might take advantage of the confusion to repeat the attempt of '45, with better hope of success. Fortunately for England, the great statesman, William Pitt, with the confidence that "I know that I can save the country and that no one else can," was at hand to direct the affairs of the government.

At Pitt's request, Hawke was recalled from the Mediterranean, early in 1757, and set to work preparing an expedition under a profound secrecy which mystified friends and enemies alike. This turned out to be an attack on Rochefort, in order to destroy shipping, docks, and naval stores, and, at the same time, serve as a diversion in favor of Frederick the Great of Prussia who was then struggling against the combined armies of France, Austria, and Russia. Hawke commanded the naval squadron of sixteen ships, and among his captains were men like Keppel, Rodney, and Howe, who were afterwards to become famous admirals. There was a convoy of fifty-five transports, bearing an army of about ten thousand men commanded by Sir John Mordaunt, under whom was serving, as chief of staff, James Wolfe, who was not long afterwards to gain immortality on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec.

The expedition arrived off the French coast on the 20th of September, but bad weather prevented the commencement of operations until three days later, when Hawke entered the Basque Roads and captured the Isle

of Aix, off Fort Fouras, which was one of the main defenses of the city. The shallows prevented him from further coöperation, other than the landing of the army to attack this fort, and after much delay in idle discussions at many councils of war, the commander-in-chief of the army, then an old man, decided to return to England. The feelings of the younger officers are reflected in Wolfe's statement that "the result of the debates was unanimously not to attack the place they were ordered to attack, and for reasons which no soldier will allow to be sufficient."[1]

The feeling of disappointment at home, and the general execration of all those concerned, deeply touched Hawke's sensitive heart; but, in time, full details of the expedition were made known, and he was exonerated. It is said that King George summoned "his Captain" to court and greeted him effusively, while he only scowled at Sir John Mordaunt.

To repay this confidence in him, Hawke set out in March of the following year with seven ships of the line and three frigates to pay another call at Rochefort and effectually destroy French war-ships and merchant vessels which were fitting out there, with the hope of being reënforced by the Toulon squadron and then proceeding to Louisburg to engage with Boscawen's forces. When Hawke appeared, the French ships, like a flock of frightened ducks, retired in haste from the Basque Roads up the River Charente to Rochefort. In doing so, many went aground and were exposed, for hours, to attack by fire-ships and bomb vessels, which Hawke had, in vain, requested for the expedition. As a consequence, he was

[1] *Sea Kings of Britain: Albemarle to Hawke*, by GEOFFREY CALLENDER, p. 242.

not able to destroy the ships which were at his mercy, and had to retire with the consolation only of disorganizing the plans of the French for many months, as they, in their mad flight, had thrown overboard both guns and provisions in order to lighten their vessels.

In May of the same year, Hawke was ordered to detach a small squadron under Howe for another descent on the French coast and, thinking that this was an unjust reflection on him for his lack of success in the former attempt on Rochefort, he wrote boldly to the Admiralty angry objections to such treatment. In closing, he declared, "I have therefore directed my flag immediately to be struck. . . . For no consequence that can attend my striking it without orders shall ever outbalance with me the wearing it one moment with discredit."[1] He was induced to resume his command by Anson, First Lord of the Admiralty, who explained that there was no intention of depriving him of active service and that Howe's operations were to have been only a part of a larger scheme, planned to tempt the French fleet out of Brest so that Hawke could destroy it at sea.

In a short time, however, the condition of Hawke's health caused him to ask for leave of absence, and, for the next eleven months, he remained on shore. Meanwhile, successful raids by Howe at St. Malo and Cherbourg continued to prevent the sailing of French reënforcements to America and, as a consequence, Louisburg was captured by Wolfe and Boscawen, and, furthermore, the French plan of campaign was also thrown into confusion, and the tide of success began to turn against the armies of that country and her allies.

In the year 1759, which the English refer to with pride

[1] MAHAN'S *Types of Naval Officers*, p. 119.

as "The Wonderful Year," King Louis XV. decided upon the bold plan of an invasion of England, in order to paralyze British efforts in America. Pitt countered by ordering the capture of Quebec and Fort Ticonderoga, recalled Boscawen to the Mediterranean, and placed Hawke, then restored to health, in command of the Channel Fleet.

The French scheme of invasion was original only in details. Fifty thousand men were to be concentrated, when the flat-bottomed boats, which were constructed at different ports in order to conceal the place of embarkation, were ready. The Mediterranean squadron was to join that at Brest, and the combined fleet was to form an escort for one-half of the military force which was to be landed in Scotland and marched on Edinburgh. The fleet was then to pass round the north of Scotland and make for the Flanders coast, where it would pick up the other half of the army and take it across the Channel to a point near London.

In August, the French squadron of twelve ships under De la Clue succeeded in escaping from Toulon and made its way through the Straits. Boscawen followed with fifteen ships and destroyed nearly half of the French force, though he had to violate Portuguese neutral waters in order to accomplish his purpose. When Pitt was told of this infraction of neutrality, he replied, "It is very true, but they are burned."

Meanwhile, Hawke had established a close blockade of Brest, which he maintained for six months, in all kinds of weather. He, however, kept his twenty-five ships in fighting trim, sending his vessels home, two at a time, to be revictualed, cleaned, and rewatered, and establishing a line of transports to keep the fleet well

provisioned with fresh beef and beer. If the latter was bad, he had it poured into the sea and then sent for more.

On November tenth, Hawke took his fleet into Torbay, England, after struggling for three days against a strong westerly storm. On the twelfth, he put to sea again, but was driven back the next day. On the fourteenth, he sailed again with twenty-three ships, having, meanwhile, shifted his flag to the *Royal George,* one hundred guns, from the *Ramillies,* which was leaking badly and had to be left at home.

Now, the same westerly gale brought Bompart with a squadron of seven ships from Martinique, who thus luckily made his way into Brest. Conflans then had twenty-one ships of the line, with a strong reënforcement of well-trained and experienced sailors, and, on the fourteenth, the same day Hawke sailed from Torbay, he put to sea, with his flag in the *Soleil Royal,* for Vannes, on the southern shore of Brittany, where an army of twenty thousand, and ships for transporting them, had been gathered together. Contrary winds delayed the French; and Hawke, learning of their escape from Brest and their probable destination, pursued with all possible speed, having no doubt that he would come up with them either at sea or in Quiberon Bay.

On the morning of the twentieth, the French fleet was sighted off Belle-Île, and as Conflans showed no disposition to fight, Hawke signaled his seven ships nearest the French "to chase and draw into a line of battle ahead of me, and endeavor to stop them till the rest of the squadron should come up, who also were to form as they chased that no time might be lost in the pursuit."[1]

[1] MAHAN'S *Types of Naval Officers,* p. 136.

The French were delayed somewhat by the speed of their slowest vessels, and, by two o'clock, firing began between their rear and the leading English ships. Soon the French van was threading its way through the dangerous shoals and rocks hemming Quiberon Bay in from the ocean, each ship having a Breton pilot to guide her. The wind was up, too, and increasing, and the rain was coming down in torrents; soon the short wintry afternoon would be over and night would multiply the perils to the English fleet. Conflans hoped that the English ships, which were without native pilots, could be lured into this death trap where a crushing victory might be gained for France.

The English kept right on in pursuit, for Hawke concluded that where a French ship could go an English vessel could follow, and he would thus make the enemy ships the involuntary guides to his own men-of-war. A desperate engagement at close range then took place between the French rear and the leading English ships as they came up, each fresh English vessel pouring its deadly broadsides into the French ships until they went down or surrendered, however bravely they might be fought. In this fashion, the *Formidable* and the *Héros* struck their colors, and the *Thésée* and the *Superbe* went to the bottom with all hands.

Hawke, in the *Royal George,* was soon in the thickest of the fighting. To his sailing master, who warned him of the perils of navigating those waters under such conditions, he said, "You have done your duty, sir, in showing the danger; you are now to comply with my order and lay me alongside the *Soleil Royal.*"[1] Before night put an end to the battle, Hawke came up with the

[1] *From Howard to Nelson,* by J. Knox Laughton, p. 231.

THE BATTLE OF QUIBERON BAY.

From an engraving by Peter Paul Benazech after Francis Swaine.

French flag-ship and engaged her at short range, but she quickly retired through the darkness, unwilling to fight. Soon thereafter, Hawke gave signal to anchor. "Had we but two hours more daylight," he wrote in his official report, "the whole had been totally destroyed or taken; for we were almost up with their van when night overtook us."[1]

The following morning, Conflans precipitately ran his great flag-ship aground to escape capture, and in the attempt to destroy this ship and the *Héros,* which had also grounded during the night, Hawke lost two of his own ships by grounding. Operations were then postponed until the weather changed for the better, but, on the twenty-second, the two French ships, as well as the two English, were burned. Five French ships in all were destroyed or taken in the battle; seven ships of the line with the frigates escaped up the River Vilaine at high tide and were run ashore; while nine others escaped to the southward and all reached Rochefort, except one vessel which went down off the mouth of the Loire. But for two ships which grounded the day after the battle, Hawke suffered but little, his casualties amounting to only about three hundred men. Though the entire French fleet was not destroyed, it was a decisive victory.

The historian and novelist, Smollett, writes of the victory as "one of the most perilous and important actions that ever happened in any war between two nations; for it not only defeated the projected invasion, which had hung menacing so long over the apprehensions of Great Britain, but it gave the finishing blow to the naval power of France."[2] Of the victor, Carlyle

[1] *Types of Naval Officers,* by MAHAN, p. 138.
[2] *From Howard to Nelson,* by LAUGHTON, p. 235.

characteristically wrote, "And truly he did then strike his claws into him in a thunderously fervid manner, he and all his hands, in spite of the roaring weather;—a man of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name."[1]

After two months, Hawke returned to England, having been on shipboard thirty-one weeks without setting foot on shore. The great seaman was enthusiastically received. Parliament voted its thanks and a yearly grant of two thousand pounds sterling. The king caused a medal to be struck. It was ornately decorated: on the reverse, England, armed with a thunderbolt, is routing Tempest, Night, and France; while on the obverse, Britannia, on a sea-horse, shoulders her trident like a victorious warrior.

Boscawen succeeded Hawke temporarily in his command, but, in 1760, he rehoisted his flag and, until the peace in 1763, he divided his time between the command of the fleet in the Bay of Biscay and the command of the naval station at Portsmouth. In October, 1762, he was promoted to be admiral of the "White" and, in December of the same year, rear admiral of Great Britain. In 1765, he became vice admiral, and, in 1768, admiral and commander-in-chief of the fleet. In 1766, he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; this position he held for five years, when he was forced to retire through ill health. When he left the office, the British navy had one hundred and thirty-nine ships of the line, eighty-one of which were ready for sea.

In 1776, he was made a peer with the title of Baron Hawke of Towton, an honor which even his most severe critics admitted was unsolicited and well deserved. He died in 1781, full of years and honors, the founder of a

[1] *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia*, V, 590.

school of naval officers among whom Rodney, Keppel, and Howe were worthy disciples. On his tomb appear these words: "Wherever he sailed, victory attended him."

The spirit of the man is manifested in this passage from one of his letters, written as late as 1780: "For God's sake, if you should be so lucky as to get sight of the enemy, get as close to them as possible. Do not let them shuffle with you by engaging at a distance, but get within musket shot if you can. This will be the means to make the action decisive." [1]

"Hawke's great and distinctive glory," writes Mahan, "is this,—that he, more than any one man, was the source and origin of the new life, the new spirit, of his service. There were many brave men before him, as there were after; but it fell to him, in a time of great professional prostration, not only to lift up and hand on a fallen torch, but in himself to embody an ideal and an inspiration from which others drew, thus rekindling a light which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say had been momentarily extinguished." [2]

[1] *Types of Naval Officers*, by MAHAN, p. 146.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 146.

CHAPTER X

COMTE DE GRASSE (1722–1788) AND FRENCH AID IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Come, all ye bold Americans, to you the truth I tell,
'Tis of a sad disaster which late on Britain fell;
'Twas near the height of Old Yorktown, where the cannons loud did roar
A summons to Cornwallis to fight or else give o'er.

A summons to surrender was sent unto the lord,
Which made him feel like poor Burgoyne and quickly draw his sword,
Saying, "Must I give o'er these glittering troops, these ships and armies too,
And yield to General Washington and his brave noble crew?"

A council to surrender this lord did then command:
"What say you, my brave heroes, to answer their demand;
Don't you hear the bomb-shells flying, boys, and the thundering cannon's roar?
De Grasse is in the harbor, and Washington's on shore."

From *An Old Song.*

THE terms of peace which were imposed on France at the close of the Seven Years' War were so humiliating that she welcomed the opportunity for revenge which presented itself in 1775, with the revolt of the American colonies against Great Britain. During the first two or three years of this struggle, France gave aid to the colonial government, but it was done under cover. However, in 1777, after the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, she openly entered the war on the American side,

and so manipulated affairs as to bring in both Spain and Holland as allies and, in this way, embroiled Europe in another general war which lasted for several years after the American Revolution had won independence for the colonies.

The part which the French navy played in the gaining of American independence has often been underestimated. Lafayette's services are generally known and greatly appreciated, but how few know that the victory at Yorktown was made possible by another Frenchman, the Comte de Grasse, who commanded the French fleet that kept the British naval forces from coming to the relief of Cornwallis!

François Joseph Paul de Grasse was born of one of the oldest families of the French nobility, on September 13, 1722, at Bar, in what is now known as the Department of the Alpes Maritimes. As a child, he liked violent outdoor sports, and had a propensity for rambling. His sudden outbursts of temper, his private tutor had difficulty in repressing. When barely eleven, he entered the School of the Gardes Maritimes at Toulon. His good behavior and painstaking efforts here gained for him a place among the aspirants of the Order of the Knights of Malta, with a pension of three hundred crowns. In this service, he was to have the same early training as Tourville, as well as Suffren who was born only six years after De Grasse.

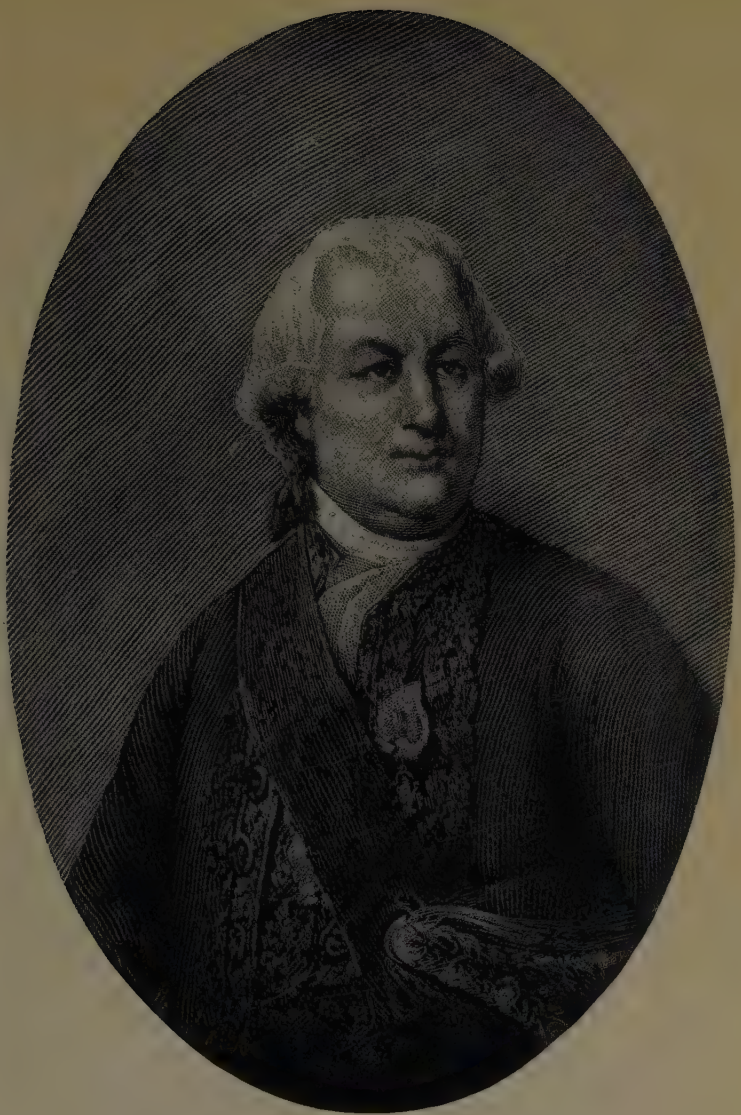
His first period of service was spent in the frigate *Eole,* one of the ships of the Order. He developed into a veritable giant in strength and stature, and after fighting in numerous campaigns against the Moorish pirates, he, at the age of twenty, entered the regular French navy.

Soon afterwards, his ship was captured by the British, in the War of the Austrian Succession, and he was forced to spend two years as a prisoner of war in London. Gaining his liberty, he again took to the sea and had experience throughout the Seven Seas, rising gradually in rank and fitting himself for high command in the next great war.

At the commencement of the war with England, after France had espoused the cause of the American colonies, De Grasse was captain of a ship of the line, the *Robuste*. In this vessel, he took part in the indecisive battle off Ushant, on July 27, 1778, between English and French fleets commanded by Admiral Keppel and Comte d'Orvilliers respectively.

The following year, in the same vessel, he sailed, as commodore of a small squadron of five ships of the line and some light craft, from Brest to join D'Estaing in the West Indies, at Fort Royal, Martinique. He anchored here on February twentieth, and shared with the French admiral shortly afterwards in his capture of the island of Grenada, which was some consolation to D'Estaing for his ineffective campaign off Philadelphia and New York and for his recent loss of St. Lucia to the British. On July 6, 1779, De Grasse fought in the naval engagement near Grenada, in which the British fleet under Admiral Byron was prevented from recapturing that island. And somewhat later, he took part in the abortive attempt of D'Estaing to retake Savannah from the British. After this, he and La Motte-Picquet returned to the West Indies, while D'Estaing sailed home with the ships of the line which he had brought out from Toulon the previous year.

In the spring of 1780, new commanders-in-chief were



COMTE DE GRASSE.
After Mauzaisse.

sent to the West Indies by both Great Britain and France. Admiral George Rodney, after a successful campaign against Spain, during which he had relieved the garrison at Gibraltar, arrived at St. Lucia only a few days after the Comte de Guichen had dropped anchor at Fort Royal, Martinique. Rodney, prematurely aged with the gout and financial worries, was anxious to restore the prestige of the English navy which had suffered from John Paul Jones's raids in British waters and from the loss of the islands of Dominica, St. Vincent, and Grenada. Very soon he was to be given an opportunity to show what he could do.

On the 15th of April, the French fleet of twenty-two ships came out in an attempt to capture Barbados. Rodney, with twenty ships, was informed by his scouting frigates, and, on the seventeenth, contact was made with the French and an engagement was fought. On account of a misunderstanding of Rodney's signal to concentrate on the French rear, the battle developed into an ordinary duel, according to the old "Fighting Instructions," and no ships were lost on either side. The French, however, might have suffered losses, if De Grasse, who was in command of the van, had not distinguished himself by rescuing the ships, *Sphynx* and *Artesien,* from superior numbers. But, as a result of the battle, the French expedition was ruined, and the fleet had to put in at Guadeloupe for repairs. During the next month, the fleets were in sight of each other for a period of eleven days, but both were so wary that nothing more than long range gun-firing was engaged in, and eventually the two fleets entered their respective bases, while the state of affairs in the islands remained unchanged by the campaign.

After successfully protecting the arrival at Havana of a Spanish squadron of twelve ships with a convoy of ten thousand troops, De Guichen set sail for Europe with the bulk of the Franco-Spanish fleet, among which was De Grasse's squadron. But in the spring of 1781, De Grasse, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, was given the command of a fleet of twenty ships of the line, which was dispatched as an escort to a large convoy to the West Indies, where he was to have the chief command. This was much against his will, inasmuch as ill health had forced him to refuse the command of the squadron remaining in the West Indies. But the king insisted on being obeyed, and De Grasse was forced to yield.

Upon De Grasse's sighting Martinique on April twenty-eighth, he learned that a British squadron of seventeen ships under Admiral Hood had been sent by Rodney to blockade Fort Royal, while he busied himself with the booty which had been seized recently at the capture of the island of St. Eustatius from the Dutch. De Grasse, being more intent on getting his convoy of about one hundred ships safely into port than on fighting a decisive action, was satisfied with keeping the British at a safe distance so that his merchant vessels could pass into Fort Royal. This was easily effected, with the assistance of the four ships of the line already in the harbor.

A three days' pursuit of the British fleet which had retired was begun on the thirtieth; but the coppered British vessels outdistanced the French ships, and De Grasse at last ordered his fleet to return to Martinique. Some of his captains, led by Commodore Bougainville, were of the opinion that at least four of the enemy

ships should have been captured, and this was the origin of an ill feeling that afterwards existed in the fleet.

Hood having sailed to the south to join Rodney in the neighborhood of St. Eustatius, De Grasse determined to lose no time in attacking the British base at St. Lucia, which had thus been left completely exposed. On May eighth, an expedition set out with the bulk of the fleet and twelve hundred troops, with the aim of establishing a foothold at Gros Islet, and of dividing with the British the control of the island. A landing was made and some hundred prisoners taken; but, after reconnoitering the ground, it was decided that the attempt was not advisable and the fleet returned to Martinique.[1]

A week later, De Grasse went to the support of the small expedition which had been sent to attack Tobago, and, on June second, this island passed into the hands of the French. Rodney had at first surmised that the French would attack Barbados, and shaped his course for that island. Here he learned of the expedition to Tobago, and then sailed for its relief, but he arrived after the capture of the island which had immediately been heavily garrisoned by the French. The British, accordingly, though sighting the French fleet on the ninth, were not desirous of engaging and returned to Barbados.

De Grasse set out, on July fifth, on what was to be his most successful campaign, the results of which were to have a profound influence in shaping the course of history. His fleet first proceeded to Cap Français (now Cap Haitien), Haiti, with a convoy of about two hun-

[1] Léon Guérin in his *Histoire Maritime de France*, II, 650, declares that the attempt was made merely to mask another expedition to the island of Tobago.

dred merchantmen which were to sail from this port to France. Here De Grasse received dispatches from Washington and Rochambeau, making known to him the situation in the colonies and requesting the fleet to come with reënforcements to coöperate in attacking the British either at New York or at Yorktown, near the mouth of the Chesapeake. Rochambeau privately notified De Grasse that his preference was for the Chesapeake, and the French admiral readily agreed, in view of the shorter distance to be traversed by his fleet, and the greater depth of water and easier pilotage of those waters. The same frigate which brought the dispatches returned with De Grasse's reply that he would soon set sail for the Chesapeake, and, by August fifteenth, the allied generals knew of the coming of the fleet.

With great energy, De Grasse secured from the Governor of Havana five hundred thousand dollars in money which was needed by Washington, embarked about thirty-three hundred French troops then in Haiti, and postponing the sailing of the convoys, decided to take every available ship in his fleet with him to the American coast. On August fifth, he sailed with twenty-eight ships of the line, passed through the less frequented route of the Bahama Channel in order to conceal his movements, and on August thirtieth cast anchor in Lynnhaven Bay, just within the capes of the Chesapeake.

Three days before, the French squadron at Newport, under De Barras, consisting of eight ships of the line, four frigates, and eighteen transports with troops and siege artillery set out, making a wide circuit in order to avoid the British off New York. On the 24th of August, the troops under Washington and Rochambeau crossed

the Hudson and began to move southward. Thus, by land and sea, the allied forces began to converge on Yorktown where Cornwallis, with seven thousand men, was being held in check by Lafayette.

Meanwhile Rodney, whose health made it imperative for him to return to England for an operation, dispatched Rear Admiral Samuel Hood with a squadron of fourteen ships, all that he thought could be spared from the West Indies, to the North American coast. Hood actually arrived at the mouth of the Chesapeake three days in advance of De Grasse, but not finding the French fleet there, he hastened on to New York under the mistaken impression that the operations were to be carried on against that city. Arriving here, his squadron joined the five ships under the command of Rear Admiral Thomas Graves, who, as senior officer, took command of the entire fleet. The same day of Hood's arrival, it was learned that the French squadron had left Newport for the Chesapeake, and, on the 31st of August, Graves set out with his nineteen ships for that destination, with the hope of preventing the union of the French squadrons.

At about the same time, General Clinton in New York came to the realization of how he had been deceived by Washington and Rochambeau, but he was persuaded that the allied armies had too great a start to be overtaken. These French and American troops numbered about six thousand men, while the reënforcements brought by De Grasse raised Lafayette's army at Yorktown to eight thousand soldiers.

When Graves reached the mouth of the Chesapeake in the early morning of September fifth and discovered many ships already there, he, at first, thought it was the

Newport squadron with its transports, and he continued to steer for the entrance with the intention of attacking. Soon he was undeceived, for De Grasse got under way with his twenty-four ships, four of his vessels having been detached to block up the York and James Rivers, and came out of the bay in a long straggling line.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the two fleets had gotten close enough to each other to begin the action. Neither fleet had seemed very anxious to engage. De Grasse wished merely to draw Graves away from the mouth of the bay so that the Newport squadron could safely enter; while Graves, though courageous enough eventually to attack, in spite of the French superiority of twenty-four ships to his nineteen, brought his fleet into action on a line so inclined to that of the French that his van alone came into close action, and seven of his rear ships did not enter into the battle at all. The leading British ships were thus exposed to a heavy diagonal fire from many of the French vessels and several of them were severely crippled, the *Terrible* being so riddled that she had to be burned by the British admiral. At sunset, the battle came to an end, after about two hours of fighting. The British had lost ninety killed and two hundred and forty-six wounded, while the French killed and wounded is stated to have been about two hundred.

For the next four days the fleets maneuvered off the Capes, in sight of each other, but without again engaging in battle. On the tenth, De Grasse turned toward the Chesapeake, and, on the following day, he there joined the Newport squadron which had safely made its way into the bay. The odds then were thirty-six ships

of the line to eighteen, in favor of the French. Graves, accordingly, returned to New York, and Cornwallis was left to his fate.

Washington arrived before Yorktown on the fourteenth and took over the chief command. Three days afterwards, he and Rochambeau came on board the *Ville de Paris* to meet De Grasse and arrange plans for quickly bringing the campaign to an end. A dinner was given on board the flag-ship to the generals and their staffs. At this dinner the health of the king, the Congress, and the commanders was drunk with salvos. Washington offered a toast for the Independence of America, which he declared was then too firm to be shaken.

"I am happy," wrote the American commander-in-chief, soon afterwards, "to inform Congress that I found the French admiral disposed in the best manner to give us all the assistance in his power, and perfectly to co-operate with me in our present attempt."[1]

With such hearty coöperation, Cornwallis's surrender could not be very long delayed, and on October nineteenth, his forces, consisting of seventy-two hundred and forty-seven soldiers and eight hundred and forty seamen, laid down their arms to the tune of "The World's Upside Down," this indeed appearing to be quite true in so far as the British Empire was concerned. On the day following the surrender of the British, Washington wrote to De Grasse, "The surrender of Yorktown, the honor of which belongs to your Excellency, has greatly anticipated our most sanguine anticipations."[2]

When the news reached London, the Prime Minister,

[1] *Letter to the President of Congress*, September 23, 1781.
[2] MAHAN'S *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, p. 399.

Lord North, threw up his arms as though a cannon ball had struck him, and cried, "It is all over!" This was true, for the victory practically ended the War of the Revolution. In commenting on the importance of this final campaign, the historian Reich has written, "The battle off Cape Henry had ultimate effects infinitely more important than those of Waterloo. Even the naval victories won by Le Bailli de Suffren in the seas between Madras and Ceylon over the British fleet in 1782 and 1783 cannot, in point of effect, compare with the decisive advantage obtained by De Grasse off Cape Henry. Suffren's victories remained barren; De Grasse's action entailed upon the British the final loss of the thirteen colonies in America."[1]

On November fourth, the French fleet weighed anchor for the West Indies, and arrived at Fort Royal on the twenty-sixth, the very day a French expedition from Martinique captured St. Eustatius from the British. Early in the year 1782, De Grasse took an expedition of six thousand men, and entered Frigate Bay, St. Kitts. The little garrison on the island, consisting of some six hundred, took refuge in a strong position on Brimstone Hill; but the inhabitants surrendered the government to the French. The neighboring island of Nevis also soon capitulated.

Hood did not come back to the West Indies until about a month after the return of De Grasse, and he did not learn of the investment of St. Kitts until January fourteenth. He had received reënforcements of three ships and he had picked up another at Antigua; so when, on the 24th of January, De Grasse sighted the English fleet, it numbered twenty-two sail. The French

[1] *Foundations of Modern Europe*, p. 24.

had twenty-six ships and, under the impression that the British were making off, they came out of their anchorage in pursuit, whereupon Hood, by a skilfully executed maneuver, slipped into the position which the French had occupied. Here he anchored his ships in such a way as to make it impossible for De Grasse to drive him out. The British, however, were not able to relieve Brimstone Hill, which surrendered, on February thirteenth, to the French.

De Grasse, whose fleet had been raised by successive arrivals to thirty-two ships of the line, expected to fall upon Hood when he should eventually be forced to leave the bay; but on the night after the surrender of the British garrison on Brimstone Hill, while De Grasse had retired to Nevis to provision his ships, Hood cut his cables and silently slipped round the north end of the island, and the next morning the British were no longer to be seen.

On the way to Barbados, Hood was joined, off Antigua, by Admiral Rodney who had returned to the West Indies with twelve ships of the line. Rodney then took command of the combined squadrons, numbering thirty-six ships, and endeavored to cut off De Grasse from Martinique; but, failing in this, he proceeded to St. Lucia to refit Hood's vessels.

Soon afterwards, on March twentieth, a large French convoy, escorted by two ships, arrived in safety in Martinique, and the French fleet then numbered thirty-five fighting ships. De Grasse received, by these vessels, orders to celebrate a double holiday, for the victory at Yorktown and the birth of the Dauphin. All the ships were dressed with flags; at nightfall, a Te Deum was chanted; the troops, artillery in the forts, and the ships

fired salutes; the city was illuminated; and a grand ball was held at the Government House. The next day, a frigate under a flag of truce came from St. Lucia, bringing fifty prisoners to be exchanged, and many delicacies from Rodney, Hood, and other English officers to De Grasse and his staff. In return, the French sent some of the liquors of Martinique which were highly prized, and an invitation to the British officers to come and participate in the round of festivities, with the assurance that passports would be sent them for that purpose. This was but a brief interlude in the grim drama of war, and the French soon began preparations for an expedition against Jamaica.

In addition to their thirty-five ships and six thousand soldiers at Martinique, the French had a second army of about the same strength at Cap Français, Haiti, where they were to be joined by a Spanish contingent of thirteen fighting ships and nine thousand soldiers. With nearly fifty ships and twenty thousand men, De Grasse expected to conquer Jamaica with ease.[1]

Rodney, however, was at St. Lucia, only forty miles to the south, and he kept in close touch with the French movements through a line of frigates, and when De Grasse came out on the morning of April 8, 1782, to escort his convoy of one hundred and fifty unarmed vessels to Cap Français, the British were soon apprized of the fact by the *Andromache,* a smart frigate commanded by Captain Byron (grandfather of the famous poet). De Grasse had planned to skirt the inner edge of the

[1] It is an interesting fact, to note in passing, that there was then a little schoolgirl named Josephine de la Pagerie, daughter of an artillery lieutenant in the garrison of Martinique, in a convent school overlooking the bay, who was to live to be the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon.

Caribbean Sea so that, in case of need, he could easily find refuge in a port of one of the islands, which were by that time largely under the control of either France or Spain. By noon, Rodney's fleet was out and in full pursuit of the French, and, by half-past two, his look-outs had sighted the enemy fleet. On the morning of the following day the French were in plain view from the decks of the British van. The fleets were then off Saints' Passage, a channel some twenty miles wide separating the island of Dominica from that of Guadeloupe, in the midst of which are a small cluster of islands which Columbus discovered on All Saints' Day.

De Grasse first thought of his convoy which he ordered to make for Guadeloupe under the escort of two of his ships, whence it sailed unmolested to Cap Français on April tenth. Free of his convoy, he then turned to fight the British whose van under Hood had become separated from the main body that was becalmed under the lee of Dominica. This was a splendid opportunity for De Grasse to defeat the enemy in detail, and he at once bore down to attack. Instead of surrounding and overpowering the enemy, however, he chose to engage according to the "Fighting Instructions," and ranged past Hood's ships to windward, crippling their rigging with the hope that the fleet might be so damaged as to give up the pursuit. This attack was made by fifteen ships under Marquis de Vaudreuil, second in command, whose division passed in a continuous elliptical curve, firing as they came near the British; then, tacking in succession, they reformed and repeated the same beautiful maneuver. They were thus able, by keeping at long range, to render almost useless the carronades with which the British ships were largely armed.

This action went on during the morning, but, toward midday, some of the becalmed British center and rear, among which was Rodney's flag-ship, the *Formidable,* by towing and taking advantage of every cat's-paw of wind, managed to approach within range, and the French then hauled off to windward, the battle coming to a close about two o'clock in the afternoon. Several of the British ships were injured, but not so seriously as to compel them to leave the fleet; while the French ship, *Caton,* was so damaged as to have to be detached and sent to Guadeloupe.

The British lay to during the night, making repairs, and then resumed the pursuit all the next day. During that night, the French lost another ship from their line, the *Jason,* which was injured when the *Zélé* collided with her and had to follow the *Caton* to Guadeloupe. Toward midday, on the following day, it looked as though De Grasse might be able to throw off his pursuers and make his escape through the Saints' Passage; but, unluckily, the *Magnanime* and the *Zélé,* the latter having lost her main topmast, had lagged so far behind that they were in danger of falling into the hands of the British. De Grasse, therefore, changed course to cover these two ships, and so lost the ground he had gained. During the early hours of the third day of the chase, at two o'clock in the morning, another misfortune befell the French, when the troublesome *Zélé* came into collision with the *Ville de Paris,* the flag-ship, lost both her bowsprit and foremast, and had to be taken in tow by a frigate from Guadeloupe. This reduced the French fleet to only thirty effective fighting ships, while the British had thirty-six.

At the break of day, on April 12, 1782, the *Zélé* was

only two leagues from the British rear, and Rodney signaled Hood to detach four ships to overhaul her. This threat caused De Grasse to bear down to frighten away the British, and Rodney, flying the signal "Engage to leeward," steered a course toward the French, led by the division in command of Admiral Drake, a descendant of Sir Francis Drake. Rodney, broken in health, sat in an armchair on his quarter-deck as the fleets were closing for action. The British fleet came on in good order; but the French straggled into line. "Our line of battle," wrote the Marquis de Vaudreuil, second in command, "was formed under the fire of musketry."[1]

The first shots were fired about 8 A. M., the two fleets then moving parallel to each other on opposite courses, the French, to windward, sailing south-southeast. It was not until 9:25 that Hood's flag-ship, the *Barfleur*, thirty-first in the column, had reached a position where she could open fire on the French. At about this time the wind suddenly changed to southeast; and the bows of each French vessel were forced toward the enemy and their order in column was destroyed. But the British were free either to keep to their course or bear down closer on the French. The two battle lines then extended over about six miles of the sea, and each ship was blazing with the fire flashes from her guns. The dead were being thrown overboard to clear the encumbered decks, and the sharks swarmed around the ships, lashing the water into foam as they fought for their human prey.

Then came a turn in the battle which brought a decisive victory to the British. Sir Charles Douglas, cap-

[1] *The Royal Navy*, by WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES, III, 528.

tain of the *Formidable,* Rodney's flag-ship, noting the confusion caused in the French line by the change of wind and the opening of a great gap in their line opposite the flag-ship, pointed out the situation to the British admiral and urged him to steer through the opening. Rodney hesitated, and then answered, "I will not break my line, Sir Charles."[1] But Douglas implored, and Rodney at last consented. Douglas at once swung the *Formidable* to starboard and passed through the French line, pouring broadsides into the *Glorieux* to the right and the *Diadème* to the left. Five other British ships followed him, thus cutting off the eleven ships of Vaudreuil's division from the remaining nineteen of the French fleet. The British ship *Bedford* broke through astern and cut off seven more French ships; and the French fleet was thus divided into three different parts, the *Ville de Paris* with five other ships being in the center, the van two miles to windward, and the rear four miles to leeward.

The *Glorieux,* losing all her masts, suffered terribly. Her captain, the Vicomte d'Escars, was killed and thrown over to the sharks, but his lieutenant had the white flag with its golden lilies nailed to the stump of a broken mast. Meanwhile, a seaman held the flag aloft on a pike; one of Rodney's musketeers pierced his arm with a bullet, but he quietly shifted the flag to his other hand. The unfortunate vessel was subjected to the broadsides of the most powerful ships in the British fleet, and her decks became a hideous shamble; finally a lieutenant staggered to the stump of a mast and tore off with his fingers the strips of cloth which had once been the flag of France, and the ship was surrendered.

[1] *Rodney,* by DAVID HANNAY, p. 204.

RODNEY'S *FORMIDABLE* BREAKING THE FRENCH LINE AT THE BATTLE OF SAINTS' PASSAGE.
After J. C. Schetky.

The *César,* falling to windward, was surrounded and, after a bloody fight, was forced to strike, with her captain mortally wounded. After her flag came down, she was set on fire by accident and destroyed, and many of those who had survived the battle were torn by the sharks from floating wreckage. The *Hector* was the next to strike; she lowered her flag between five and six o'clock as the sun was declining, after she had fought nobly, with her sides like a blazing furnace vomiting fire and iron. When she surrendered, her captain was dead, and there was six feet of water in her hold. The fourth ship to surrender was the *Ardent,* formerly a British ship captured by the French in the Channel in 1779, whose recapture seemed to typify the return of England's power on the sea.

But a greater prize was yet to fall into the hands of the British. This was the great *Ville de Paris,* a three-decker of one hundred and ten guns and the finest ship of war afloat. She was the flag-ship of De Grasse's fleet, and had been in the center of the fighting for hours. Finally, not one of her spars was left, her rudder was smashed, and her decks were covered with blood. Then Admiral Hood in the *Barfleur,* a comparatively fresh ship, ranged alongside, and with a terrible fire overpowered the French flag-ship, whose crew were fighting hopelessly with guns that they had to serve with powder ladled from powder barrels that had been hoisted out of the holds when their cartridges were all used up. There were but three unwounded men on the upper deck, of whom De Grasse, though he had sought every post of danger, was one; and more men had been killed on the ship than in all the British fleet.

So, just as the sun was sinking blood-red in the west,

De Grasse lowered the flag of France with his own hands, and the *Ville de Paris* surrendered, the first three-decker in any war to haul down her colors. The British lost only two hundred and forty-three killed and eight hundred and sixteen wounded. The French suffered three hundred casualties on their flag-ship alone; their complete losses, however, have been variously estimated, one authority[1] stating that thirty-five hundred were killed or captured, while another[2] claimed that three thousand were killed.

None of the prizes reached England; the *César* was burned, and the *Hector, Glorieux,* and *Ville de Paris* all foundered, and no British crowd was able to gloat over the ship on which Washington, Rochambeau, and De Grasse had met. Hood thought that the British should have captured more prizes than they did; he wrote: "Why he (Rodney) should have brought the fleet to because the *Ville de Paris* was taken, I cannot reconcile. He did not pursue under easy sail, so as never to have lost sight of the enemy in the night, which would clearly and most undoubtedly have enabled him to have taken almost every ship the next day. . . . Had I had the honor of commanding his Majesty's noble fleet on the 12th, I may, without much imputation of vanity, say the flag of England should now have graced the sterns of upwards of twenty sail of the enemy's ships of the line."[3] As it was, De Vaudreuil escaped during the night with ten ships, and with five more, which joined him on the way, he sailed for Cap Français, where he found four others which had preceded him. The six

[1] *Operations of the French Fleet under De Grasse,* edited by the Bradford Club, p. 124.
[2] *Histoire Maritime de France,* by Léon Guérin, II, 649.
[3] *The Royal Navy,* by William Laird Clowes, III, 535.

remaining survivors had made off southward to Curacao, and did not rejoin until May. The invasion of Jamaica was, however, broken up, and British prestige was restored on the sea. Besides, this victory gained for Great Britain better terms in the treaty of peace which was concluded on January 20, 1783. It was entirely fitting, therefore, for Rodney to receive a vote of thanks from Parliament, be advanced to the peerage, and be given a pension of two thousand pounds sterling a year.

De Grasse arrived a prisoner of war at Jamaica on April twenty-ninth, and on the twenty-fifth of May he sailed in the *Sandwich,* commanded by Admiral Parker who was to escort a fleet of merchantmen to Europe. On his arrival in London on August third, De Grasse was invited by the king to occupy apartments in the palace of St. James. The French admiral appreciated the honor, but declined to leave his comrades, whereupon the king ordered a whole house to be hired and placed at the disposal of De Grasse and his officers without expense. On the 9th of August the Frenchmen were presented to the king and other members of the royal family. These high marks of consideration, and the respect which was manifested for De Grasse on every side by the British are ample proof that they considered that he had conducted himself bravely and honorably in the war.

Such indeed was the opinion of Washington, who, in a letter to De Grasse not long after the Battle of Saints' Passage, declared, "The unhappy incident undergone by Your Excellency on April 12th has detracted nothing from your glory in this country, where your great character is appreciated, and where the circumstances of the contest are known. Be assured that your reverse

has not lessened the esteem I have for your bravery and your ability to lead the great army which the king had entrusted to you. It only proves that the greatest heroes are ever exposed to the blows of fortune who is a capricious mistress."[1]

In France, on the contrary, the tide of public opinion set in against him, and he was criticized and even ridiculed at the Court in Versailles. He arrived in Paris on August 16, 1782, after being conveyed across the Channel in a vessel chartered for the purpose by the British Admiralty; but from him were withheld the honors which were bestowed on Rochambeau, and it was ordered that his conduct be investigated before a council of war at Lorient. Though he was exonerated and several of his subordinate officers were censured, De Grasse was never again in active service, but lived in retirement in the Castle of Tilly near Mantes until his death on January 11, 1788.

But the United States honored the name of De Grasse. Even before his death, he was awarded a gold medal by the Order of the Cincinnati, and about the same time was presented four cannon, upon each of which were engraved these words: "Taken from the English army by the combined forces of France and America, at Yorktown, in Virginia, on the 19th of October, 1781, and presented by Congress to his Excellency the Count de Grasse, as a testimony of the priceless services rendered by him on that memorable day." In 1883, a monument was erected at Yorktown, on which De Grasse's name was inscribed along with those of Rochambeau and Washington.

In a reply to a letter from Rochambeau, announcing

[1] *Admiral De Grasse*, by CANON MAX. CARON, p. 110.

the death of De Grasse, Washington wrote, "I am sorry to learn that the Count de Grasse, our gallant coadjutor in the capture of Cornwallis, is no more. Yet his death is not perhaps so much to be deplored as his latter days were to be pitied. It seemed as if an unfortunate and unrelenting destiny pursued him to destroy the enjoyment of all earthly comfort. The disastrous battle of the 12th of April, the loss of the favor of his king, and the subsequent connexion in marriage with an unworthy woman, were sufficient to have made him weary of the burden of life. Your goodness in endeavoring to sweeten its passage was truly commendable, however it might have been marred by its own impetuosity. But his frailties should now be buried in the grave with him, while his name will be long deservedly dear to this country, on account of his successful coöperation in the former campaign of 1781."[1]

Death mercifully removed De Grasse before revolution swept over his native land, but his five surviving children escaped prison and the guillotine only by flight to the United States, where their descendants may today boast their descent from the distinguished French admiral whose prompt and generous assistance enabled Washington to bring to a glorious close the War of American Independence, and whose later defeat at the hands of the British, at Saints' Passage, left no stain of dishonor or cowardice on his name.

[1] *The Operations of the French Fleet under De Grasse,* edited by the Bradford Club, *Introduction,* p. 22.

CHAPTER XI

BAILLI DE SUFFREN (1729–1788) AND THE STRUGGLE FOR INDIA

Brave Suffren must return from Hyder Ally and the Indian waters; with small result; yet with great glory for "six" *non-defeats;*—which indeed, with such seconding as he had, some may reckon heroic. Let the old sea-hero rest now, honored of France, in his native Cevennes mountains.

From CARLYLE'S *French Revolution.*

IN the war which arose between France and Great Britain in connection with the American Revolution, the operations were by no means confined to West Indian waters,—not even to the Atlantic; but, on the coast of India, naval operations of great potential consequence were carried on, during which Great Britain was threatened with the loss of other colonial territories. The man who was responsible for this threat against British supremacy in India was Suffren, probably the most remarkable naval genius that France has produced.

Pierre André de Suffren Saint-Tropez, third son of the Marquis de Saint-Tropez, was born in the Château de Saint Cannat in Provence, on July 17, 1729. When fourteen years old, he entered the French navy as a "garde de la marine" (naval cadet or midshipman) on board the *Solide,* and in this ship, shortly afterwards, he had his first taste of naval warfare in the indecisive battle between Admirals De Court and Mathews off Toulon, in which Hawke commanded a ship. The year

following, he was present in the *Pauline,* off Martinique, when a French squadron, under Commodore Macnemara, was defeated and its convoy of supplies for the West Indian colonies largely destroyed. In 1746, in the *Trident,* he took part in the desperate attempt to recapture Cape Breton, which ended in failure, through inclement weather and the smallpox, and Suffren's ship was one of the few that escaped capture and reached Brest in safety.

But his cup of misfortunes was not yet full, for the next year, Ensign Suffren was on board the ship of the line *Monarque,* one of a squadron of nine ships under Commodore de L'Etenduère, which was escorting a large convoy of two hundred and fifty merchantmen to the West Indies. Before they were fairly started, Admiral Hawke, with fourteen ships, fell upon them in the Bay of Biscay, and the *Monarque* was one of the six ships to be captured by the British. During his captivity in England, Suffren was much displeased with British arrogance and, according to his biographer,[1] he "conceived the beginning of that deep hatred that he vowed against the English and that he proclaimed unceasingly."

At the close of the war, which soon came to an end, Suffren returned to France, and finding himself not at all suited to a life of inaction, he fulfilled the hopes of his family by going to Malta and becoming a Knight of St. John. For the next six years, he cruised about the Mediterranean in the galleys of the Order, in constant warfare with the corsairs of the Barbary States.

When the Seven Years' War broke out, Suffren, who had, meanwhile, returned to France, was appointed to

[1] *Histoire du Bailli de Suffren,* par CH. CUNAT, p. 18.

the *Dauphin-Royal,* a ship of the line of seventy guns, one of the squadron commanded by De La Motte, which was to escort reënforcements to Louisburg. Two of the French ships, becoming separated from the main fleet in a fog, were captured by Admiral Boscawen, and the *Dauphin-Royal* came very near to suffering the same fate. She escaped, however, into Louisburg, but, being unable to rejoin the fleet, she eventually returned to Brest alone.

Suffren then joined the *Orphée* of the Mediterranean fleet under the command of the Marquis de la Gallissonnière, and, in April and May, 1756, he took part in the naval operations which resulted in the capture of Minorca from the British. It was the half-hearted attempt of Admiral Byng of the British navy to relieve the garrison of this island that caused his trial by court-martial, and his execution soon thereafter.

The next year, Suffren was transferred to the *Océan,* which sailed from Toulon, in November, in a squadron of six ships of the line and two frigates, under Commodore De la Clue, to join another squadron at Brest, which was to take aid to the French possessions in Canada. The British being in force at the Straits, the French did not attempt to carry out their plans, but put in at Cartagena where they were soon very effectively blockaded by the enemy. Early the next year a small French squadron, in attempting to break this blockade and bring assistance to De la Clue, had two of its ships captured by the British. The battle was fought so near the port that the yards of the French ships inside were lined with spectators; and the indifference of his commander-in-chief, who made no attempt to coöperate, so exasperated Suffren that it ever re-

VICE-ADMIRAL PIERRE ANDRÉ DE SUFFREN.
From an engraving after Vigneron.

mained one of the most unpleasant memories of his life. The projected voyage to the West Indies and, thence, to Louisburg ended, therefore, in complete failure.

In the year 1759, the French prepared for an invasion of England, and, according to the plans, the squadron of twelve ships commanded by De la Clue was to leave Toulon and join Conflans at Brest. In attempting to do this, he was met in August, off Lagos, Portugal, by fifteen British ships under Boscawen, who destroyed about half of the French squadron and scattered the rest. Among those which, in spite of a brave resistance, ran aground and were burned was the *Océan,* and Suffren, accordingly, found himself, for the second time, a prisoner in the hands of the British.

Meanwhile, the fleet of Conflans was destroyed by Hawke in Quiberon Bay, and when, after a few months of captivity, Suffren was exchanged, he found on his return to Brest that the French navy was in such an exhausted state as to afford him no further opportunity for active service during the war. Indeed, the government had sold all its ships to privateers, and Suffren did not wish to engage in that kind of naval warfare. "From Brest to Toulon," it is said, "there was no longer a single ship at the disposal of the government. The navy yards were stripped, and the silence of emptiness reigned in all the ports of France." [1]

The year following the peace, which was signed in the beginning of 1763, Suffren was given his first independent command, the xebec *Caméléon,* carrying twenty eight-pounders. In this little vessel and another of the same type, the *Singe,* he cruised in the Mediterranean for four years, protecting French commerce in those

[1] *Histoire du Bailli de Suffren,* par CH. CUNAT, p. 32.

waters, particularly against the pirates of Morocco. After taking an active part in the expeditions against the Moroccan towns, Salee and Larrache, he was promoted to the rank of commander and ordered to Brest to take command of the frigate *Union,* the flag-ship of a squadron under De Breugnon about to be sent to Morocco to arrange terms of peace with that troublesome country.

After this service, Suffren went again to Malta to join the Knights of St. John, and, for four years, he was engaged in active cruising for the Order, distinguishing himself on several occasions and eventually being raised to the rank of knight commander. He then returned to Toulon, and, with the rank of captain, he commanded various ships in the practise cruises of the "squadron of evolution" which the French government had established in order to build up again her naval power.

When war was declared between France and Great Britain in March, 1778, Suffren was in command of the *Fantasque,* which became one of the twelve ships dispatched to America under the command of Count d'Estaing. His ship led the line in the partially successful battle of Grenada, on July 6, 1779, against the British under Admiral Byron, and his letters show that he heartily disapproved of the half-hearted policy of his commander-in-chief. Suffren's own ship was much damaged, and he lost sixty-two men. "Had the admiral's seamanship equaled his courage," wrote Suffren, "we would not have suffered four dismasted vessels to escape."[1] Lack of aggressiveness marked all the operations of D'Estaing during this campaign, and he

[1] *Influence of Sea Power on History,* by MAHAN, p. 371.

returned to France, late in the year 1779, with little accomplished.

Suffren, having been praised highly in D'Estaing's official report to the king, was given a pension of fifteen hundred livres, as a mark of his sovereign's satisfaction. The next year, in command of the *Zélé,* he was with the allied French and Spanish fleet which, on August ninth, captured all but two of a large British convoy of sixty-three sail, off Cape St. Vincent. Sixteen of the captured vessels were transporting troops and supplies to the West Indies, and it was, accordingly, the greatest blow to British sea power in the memory of men then living. The success of this enterprise must have rejoiced the heart of Suffren who had twice suffered capture, and often been defeated, by the British. His division of seven ships chased the British escort, a ship and two frigates, but they escaped because they were copper-bottomed and, consequently, better sailers.

When the fleet returned to Brest, the *Zélé* was put out of commission, and Suffren was placed in command of a squadron of five ships, of which the new ship of the line, *Héros,* seventy-four guns, was the flag-ship. He was to assume the rank of commodore after passing the Cape of Good Hope, and after rendering assistance at the Cape to the Dutch who joined the French and Spanish against Great Britain, he was to proceed to the East Indies.

This was a turning-point in Suffren's career. All his previous experience of thirty-eight years of active naval service had been but a preparation for this important command. At the age of fifty-two, his great opportunity found him, courageous and determined, intelligent and well-trained, with all the characteristics essential in the

successful exercise of the duties and responsibilities of an independent command.

Suffren's small squadron of five ships of the line, one corvette, and seven transports with troops and munitions sailed from Brest on March 22, 1781.[1] About one month later, he found it necessary to enter Porto Praya, Cape Verde Islands, in order to water one of his ships which had joined the squadron at the last moment. He found the bay already occupied by a British fleet of five ships of the line, three frigates, and some thirty transports, store-ships, etc., under Commodore George Johnstone, whom the British government had sent out to attack the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. Remembering how Boscawen had disregarded Portuguese neutrality at Lagos, Suffren, likewise, cast all scruples aside and determined to attack at once, counting on surprise to aid in throwing his opponents into confusion.

The *Héros* and the *Annibal* rushed into the midst of the British men-of-war and engaged at close range. The other ships, through lack of skill and seamanship, failed to support properly these two vessels, which were very badly damaged, with ninety killed and wounded on the flag-ship and two hundred casualties on the other ship. The *Annibal* was dismasted and lost her captain; and Suffren felt compelled to retire. The two ships, accordingly, cut their cables and drifted out to sea, where the squadron assembled to repair damages. One of the British ships was also dismasted, and it was three hours before the others made any attempt to pursue, and this

[1] Suffren's ships sailed in company with De Grasse's fleet, which was afterwards to fight the Battle of Yorktown, until about four hundred and fifty miles off Lisbon.

was soon given up by the British commodore who was referred to as a "man of talk, not of action."

Suffren thus sets forth the reasons for his attack: "The destruction of the English squadron would *cut off the root* of all the plans and projects of that expedition, gain us for a long time the superiority in India, a superiority whence might result a glorious peace, and hinder the English from reaching the Cape before me,—an object which has been fulfilled and was the principal aim of my mission."[1]

Though these results were not brought about entirely by the battle itself, yet the British fleet was so disorganized in the engagement that it did not sail from Porto Praya until two weeks had passed. Meanwhile, Suffren had been hurrying on to Cape Town, and, on June twenty-first, he arrived in Simon's Bay, a month ahead of the British. When Johnstone arrived, he learned that the French troops had been landed, and after capturing some five Dutch India merchantmen, he sailed back to England, though three of his ships of the line were sent on to join Sir Edward Hughes in the East Indies.

With the Cape thus made secure, Suffren sailed for the Isle of France (Mauritius) where he arrived October 25, 1781, at Port Louis. Here the Count d'Orves, being senior, took command of the united squadron of eleven ships of the line, three frigates, and three corvettes. Within a month, in spite of the meager resources of the colony, Suffren had refitted his ships and was ready for sea.

On December seventeenth, the French fleet sailed for India. On the way, the number of the ships of the line

[1] *Influence of Sea Power on History*, by MAHAN, p. 424.

was increased to an even dozen by the capture of a British ship of fifty-one guns. On the 9th of February, 1782, Count d'Orves died at sea, and Suffren became formally, as he had previously been in reality, the commander-in-chief. Then, with this last vestige of an obstruction removed, Suffren immediately made his way to Madras where Hughes, with a very inferior force, was thought to be lying.

Though Suffren had a superior force, he was considerably handicapped by not having a base on the coast of India, for, by that time, all the French posts in the country had been lost to the British. Even the important Dutch post at Trincomalee, Ceylon, had just been captured by the common enemy. Consequently, when Suffren arrived off Madras, February fifteenth, he found Hughes with his nine ships of the line anchored under the guns of the forts. After calling his captains on board the flag-ship, it was decided not to be advisable to attack, but rather to sail to the southward.

This was a double threat to Hughes, for Suffren might seize a port such as Pondicherry on the mainland and land the troops which were to coöperate with Hyder Ali, who was waging war against the British, or he might recapture Trincomalee and establish his base there. Hughes, therefore, immediately came out and followed leisurely. During the first night, he gained a position from which he was able early the next morning to attack the French convoy and capture six vessels, five being English prizes and the other a transport with three hundred soldiers and military stores on board. Suffren gave chase all that day, and, early in the morning of the seventeenth, the fleets were but six or eight miles apart. It was, however, four o'clock in the afternoon

before Suffren was able to force an engagement on his terms.

The French commodore thus summarized the action in his report to the Minister of Marine: "I should have destroyed the English squadron, less by superior numbers than by the advantageous disposition in which I attacked it. I attacked the rear ship and stood along the English line as far as the sixth. I thus made three of them useless, so that we were twelve against six. I began the fight at half-past three in the afternoon, taking the lead and making signal to form line as best could be done; without that I would not have engaged. At four I made signal to three ships to double on the enemy's rear, and to the squadron to approach within pistol-shot. This signal, though repeated, was not executed. I did not *myself* give the example, in order that I might hold in check the three van ships, which would by tacking have doubled on me. However, except the *Brilliant,* which doubled on the rear, no ship was so close as mine, nor received as many shots."[1] It is evident that it was the inaction of several of his captains which kept Suffren from destroying the British, who, during the night, drew away to Trincomalee to refit. They had lost thirty-two killed and eighty-three wounded; while two of their ships, one of which was the flag-ship, were seriously damaged. None of the French vessels were badly injured, but they suffered a loss of thirty killed and one hundred wounded.

Though the battle was thus more or less indecisive in itself, it gave the French an advantage in Indian affairs, for they were able to go unmolested to Pondicherry, which had recently been occupied by native troops. Ne-

[1] *Influence of Sea Power on History,* by MAHAN, p. 432.

gotiations were entered into with Hyder Ali and an agreement was made that a French agent should reside at his court and that the French troops, acting independently under their own officers, should be taken into Hyder's pay. Suffren then proceeded to Porto Novo and landed his soldiers, who soon afterwards, in coöperation with the natives, moved against Cuddalore which surrendered on April fourth.

Meanwhile, Suffren had refitted his ships and, on March twenty-third, had put to sea again. Learning that Hughes had returned to Madras and was then transporting soldiers to Trincomalee as a garrison for the forts, he turned to the southward with the hope of again engaging the British in battle. On the 12th of April, 1782, the same day on which was fought the famous Battle of Saints' Passage between Rodney and De Grasse, Suffren overhauled the British squadron a few leagues off Trincomalee, and forced Hughes either to fight or give up his rearmost ships. The British had recently received a reënforcement of two ships from home, and the ratio was then but twelve to eleven in favor of Suffren; so they were willing to risk a battle.

Suffren bore down on the British in a line of bearing, which, by the time close action was begun at one o'clock, had become crescent-shaped, with the center nearest to the British. Suffren, of course, was in this part of his line in the *Héros,* and, with the *L'Orient* and the *Brilliant,* he directed his fire against Hughes's flag-ship, the *Superb,* and the next ahead, the *Monmouth.* The conflict between these five ships developed into one of the bloodiest engagements in the annals of naval history. The *Monmouth,* reduced almost to a wreck, was forced out of the line with forty-five killed and one hundred and

two wounded; while the *Superb,* though not so badly injured, lost fifty-nine killed and ninety-six wounded. These losses were greater than those which the heavier ships, bearing the flags of Nelson and Collingwood, were afterwards to suffer at the Battle of Trafalgar.

As in the previous battle, the failure of Suffren's captains—this time, those commanding in the van and the rear—to fight their ships in the same aggressive manner as their commander-in-chief was doing, robbed the French fleet of another overwhelming victory. Suffren's ships, which had borne the brunt of the battle, were so injured as not to be able to capture the *Monmouth,* and his flag-ship was so damaged that, late the same day, he had to shift his flag to the *Ajax.* Toward nightfall, a violent squall with heavy rainfall came on, and the battle was discontinued. Both squadrons then anchored, and during the night, in the midst of the storm, one of the French ships fouled a Britisher. About the same time, Suffren's flag-lieutenant, bearing a message, boarded by mistake another British ship and was held a prisoner of war. The losses from the engagement were very nearly the same, the British being one hundred and thirty-seven killed and four hundred and thirty wounded, and the French losing one hundred and thirty-seven killed and three hundred and fifty-seven wounded, though the latter casualties were more evenly distributed throughout the squadron.

The two fleets remained for a week about two miles apart, refitting. Suffren then offered battle, but Hughes refused and remained anchored in his advantageous position, off the island of Providien. As a matter of fact, the British were so damaged that they had to remain inactive here for six weeks. But Suffren, though in need

of men, provisions, and spare spars and rigging, went south of Trincomalee and anchored at Batacalo, where he was on Hughes's line of communications with Great Britain and in a position to cover the arrival of a convoy of supply-ships which was soon expected.

One of Suffren's officers thus describes the condition of the French squadron at this time: "Scurvy was making frightful ravages in the fleet: fifteen hundred men suffering from it were landed; the medicines on board the ships had all been used; the capture of the hospital ship had deprived us of all further supply. The country (round Batacalo) was unhealthy; and though there was plenty of fish and game, though we obtained through the Dutch governor a few wretched bullocks, it was impossible to get either fruit or vegetables, things which are the most powerful, if not the only, remedy against disease. In addition to this, the damage sustained by many of our ships, rendering it necessary for them to be docked; our supply of rope exhausted; the provisions running short; the crews, sadly diminished in number, overworked; the certainty of more battles, in which we could not promise ourselves any advantage more decisive than in those in which we had fought;—all these were considerations that threw a dark cloud over our future prospects, and gave rise to the most embarrassing reflections."[1]

Having been joined by his convoys, Suffren finally moved north on June third, and got on Hughes's communications between Madras and Trincomalee, using Tranquebar, a Danish possession, as a base, and capturing several merchantmen laden with rice and military stores. Then he sailed up to Cuddalore to communicate

[1] *Studies in Naval History*, by JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, p. 122.

with the French commander of the land forces and, also, with Hyder Ali. A plan was there formulated for the capture of Negapatam, and, taking some fifteen hundred soldiers on board, he set sail for that place on July third.

Before setting out, he wrote, "Since my arrival in Ceylon, partly by the help of the Dutch, partly through the prizes we have taken, the squadron has been equipped for six months' service, and I have rations of wheat and rice assured for more than a year."[1] This was wholly unexpected at Paris, where it was thought he would have to return to the Isle of France to refit. Orders to do so were actually transmitted to him, but these he disregarded. It was this "fertility of resource" and "greatness of soul," manifested in the accomplishment of what, in his day, was looked upon as impossible, that causes Mahan to rank Suffren above the other French officers of that time.

On the afternoon of the 5th of July, when Suffren came in sight of Negapatam, he found the British already there. In the maneuvering which followed, the *Ajax* was struck by a sudden squall and partially dismasted, and this caused Suffren to avoid immediate action. The British, on the other hand, were afraid to move too far from the port and lose the weather gage, for fear the French would land their troops and overwhelm the settlements before they could regain their position. The battle was, therefore, delayed until the following day, when, at eleven o'clock, the action began in parallel lines, according to the "Fighting Instructions."

After an hour of fighting, loss of her mainmast by the *Brilliant* and poor seamanship on the part of the

[1] *Influence of Sea Power on History*, by MAHAN, p. 444.

Sévère placed these two ships in jeopardy. Suffren in person came to the assistance of the first, and drove off the British; but before other French vessels could aid the *Sévère,* her cowardly captain ordered his flag to be lowered. Though the colors were hauled down, the junior officers refused to cease firing and the ship was thus saved from falling into the hands of the British. The battle then came to an end, with the advantage in Hughes's favor, for Suffren had not succeeded in capturing Negapatam and he had, besides, suffered heavier losses than the British. His casualties were one hundred and seventy-eight killed and six hundred and one wounded; his antagonist, on the contrary, suffered losses amounting to only seventy-seven killed and two hundred and thirty-three wounded.

Suffren was so exasperated with the conduct of his captains that the commander of the *Sévère* was sent home, and two others, though of influential connections, were removed from their commands and ordered to return to France. On the arrival of the fleet at Cuddalore to refit, loud discontent developed in the fleet, and an immediate return to the Isle of France was urged. But Suffren declared that, rather than desert the coast of India, he would sink his ships in the roadstead of Madras. His resolution carried the day, and, by the use of various makeshifts, the fleet was eventually made ready again for the sea. "Notwithstanding his prodigious obesity," writes his biographer, "Suffren displayed the fiery ardor of youth; he was everywhere where work was going on. Under his powerful impulse, the most difficult tasks were done with incredible rapidity. Nevertheless, his officers represented to him the bad state of the fleet, and a need of a port for the ships of the line. 'Until we

THE BATTLE OF NEGAPATAM.

From the painting by D. Serres, R. A.

have taken Trincomalee,' he replied, 'the open roadsteads of the Coromandel coast will answer.'"[1]

On August first, the fleet sailed again for Batacalo where reënforcements with stores were expected soon to arrive from France. Just twenty days afterwards, two ships of the line, with a convoy of supplies and six hundred troops, joined Suffren's fleet.[2] With these reenforcements, Suffren soon set out on an expedition to capture Trincomalee as a base. On the twenty-fifth, he was off the place and, operations being pushed with the greatest energy, it was captured six days later. Meanwhile, Hughes had been slowly refitting at Madras, and he did not arrive off Trincomalee until two days after its capture, when he was greatly surprised to see the French flag hoisted over the forts. The British, accordingly, put out to sea and were followed by the French, though Suffren was opposed by many of his captains who wished to return to the Isle of France. So it was with his higher officers bordering on a state of mutiny that Suffren was forced to engage the enemy in the next battle, in which the ratio stood twelve to fourteen in favor of the French, one more ship of the line having joined the British squadron.

It was not until 2:30 on the afternoon of September third that Suffren got near enough to signal an attack. "(Hughes) kept avoiding me without taking flight," wrote Suffren; "or rather, he fled in good order, regulating his canvas by his worst sailers; and, keeping off by degrees, he steered from first to last ten or twelve

[1] *Histoire de Bailli de Suffren*, par CH. CUNAT, p. 181.

[2] One of the ships brought a letter to Suffren from the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Malta with the insignia of Bailli, or Grand Cross of the Order, which had been recently bestowed upon the great seaman.

different courses."[1] On the contrary, Hughes wrote, "Sometimes (the French) edged down; sometimes they brought-to; in no regular order, as if undetermined what to do." This state of affairs was the result of the ill will of some, and the inexperience of others, of Suffren's officers, newly raised to the command of ships.

Suffren, with impatience, signaled to attack and then, to spur on his laggard ships to obedience, he fired a gun. But this was misunderstood by some of the ships as a signal to begin action, and they began to fire broadsides before they were near enough for effectiveness. To make matters still worse, seven ships in the French van went too far ahead of the British van, where, in a confused group, they were unable to engage with any success.

Only Suffren's *Héros,* the *Illustre,* and later the *Ajax,* came at once into close action, and these three ships bore the brunt of the battle and suffered most of the injuries and casualties. "The enemy formed a semicircle around us," declared Suffren's chief of staff, "and raked us ahead and astern, as the ship came up and fell off with the helm to leeward."[2] It is reported that Suffren stamped the deck in a rage and angrily exclaimed, "Bring flags, bring all the flags on board! hang them all round the ship!"[3]

The *Héros* and the *Illustre* each lost her mainmast and mizzenmast; the *Ajax,* only her topmast. The entire French loss was eighty-two killed and two hundred and fifty-five wounded, of which sixty-four killed and one hundred and seventy-eight wounded fell to the three ships so closely engaged. The British losses, fifty-one

[1] *The Royal Navy,* by William Laird Clowes, III, 558.
[2] *Ibid.,* p. 560.
[3] *Studies in Naval History,* by J. K. Laughton, p. 141.

killed and two hundred and eighty-three wounded, were more evenly distributed among their ships. A change of wind and the coming of night had brought the battle to a close. And, in getting back into Trincomalee, the *L'Orient* ran on a reef and became a total loss. The British, though unsuccessful in recapturing Trincomalee, retired to Madras well-satisfied with the outcome of the battle.

Suffren, through no fault of his own, had once again missed a chance of overwhelming the British, in what might very well have become the crowning glory of the campaign, for a complete victory might have broken the hold of Great Britain on India. Enraged at the inefficiency of his officers, he sent four captains away to the Isle of France and filled their places from the frigates and the corvettes.

After spending the month of September in repairing damages, Suffren set sail to seek winter quarters in Sumatra. In visiting the French stations on the Coromandel coast on the way, one of his captains ran his ship ashore near Cuddalore and she, too, became a complete wreck. The remainder of the fleet reached Achen, Sumatra, in safety, on the 1st of November.

Shortly afterwards, the British fleet was forced to sea by a hurricane which dismasted two of the ships, and it was the middle of December before all the squadron reached Bombay. Here they were reënforced again by five ships of the line, and this gave the British the advantage of seventeen ships to Suffren's twelve. But after the French returned to Trincomalee on the 23rd of February, 1783, they were joined by three ships of the line and twenty-five hundred troops on March tenth; and so the two forces were again nearly evenly matched.

Late the previous year Hyder Ali had died, but his son, Tippoo Sahib, continued the policy of his father with the same martial spirit. Suffren, therefore, escorted the troops, which had but recently arrived, to Cuddalore where they were landed at Porto Novo, March twentieth. The British then attempted to take the place, and by June seventh had invested it by sea and land. Suffren, realizing the state of affairs, determined to relieve the situation in spite of the odds which Hughes held against him.

On the 14th of June, the French fleet arrived in the offing. On the seventeenth, by skilful maneuvering, Suffren succeeded in drawing the British out to sea and in getting near enough to receive twelve hundred soldiers from the garrison to fill up his ships' companies. Three days afterwards, the engagement was fought, beginning about four o'clock in the afternoon. Suffren, realizing his inferiority and not wishing to jeopardize the army in Cuddalore, contemplated an action which would be decisive enough only to force Hughes to withdraw to repair damages. He did not, therefore, fight with his accustomed spirit, but he gained his end, for after a general engagement of three hours, the British retired and, two days later, returned to Madras.

Affairs were now reversed at Cuddalore, and the commanding officer, General Stuart, wrote, "My mind is on the rack without a moment's rest since the departure of the fleet, considering the character of M. de Suffren, and the infinite superiority on the part of the French now that we are left to ourselves."[1] Fortunately for the British, before the French could take advantage of the turn of the tide, news arrived on the 29th of June

[1] *The Royal Navy*, by William Laird Clowes, III, 563.

of the cessation of hostilities, and the war thus came to an end without either side having gained a decisive advantage over the other in India. The battle of Cuddalore had been fought exactly five months after the preliminaries of peace had been signed.

What Suffren accomplished during this campaign is summed up as follows by an English naval critic, who is not likely to exaggerate in praising a Frenchman: "When we reflect that men of all creeds, and of all nationalities, freemen or slaves, often in want of provisions, of medicines, and of military stores, formed the crews of ships, many of which were so rotten that they could only be kept afloat by continual pumping; that such crews were commanded by cowardly and mutinous captains, and officered by inexperienced or ignorant lieutenants, we cease to wonder how it was that, with a force numerically so imposing, so little was accomplished; we begin rather to admire the genius of the man who, under such difficulties, could accomplish so much. What he did accomplish was this: by his bold and daring behavior he won on the natives to continue against us the war which they had been on the point of abandoning; he conciliated Hyder Ali in a personal interview to such an extent that that wily old barbarian lent himself heart and soul to the furtherance of the admiral's plans and of the French interest, as indissolubly wrapped up with his own; he captured Trincomalee by a skilful combination of craft, strategy, and force; and he fought an action in defense of his capture, which under all disadvantages, put it out of the enemy's power to undertake any operations against his new possessions. He relieved Cuddalore from a blockade which must, if continued, have caused the ruin of the army; and in doing so placed

the French general in a position to carry on an offensive war." [1]

On October 6, 1783, Suffren sailed for home by way of the Isle of France and the Cape of Good Hope. At the latter place, he received the most flattering attentions from the Dutch and from the captains of a division of nine of Hughes's ships which were also returning home from the war. "The good Dutchmen," Suffren wrote, "have received us as their savior; but among the tributes which have most flattered me, none has given me more pleasure than the esteem and consideration testified by the English who are here." [2]

After the news of his first three battles had reached Paris, Suffren had been given the rank of *lieutenant général;* and on his arrival in France, honors were heaped upon him. He was received with great consideration by King Louis XVI., and the Queen herself presented him to the Dauphin, as one of the best servants of the King, and said, "Learn, my son, to pronounce properly the names of the heroes, the defenders of their country." Soon afterwards an additional office as Vice Admiral of France was created especially for Suffren. In short, he became the hero of the day, and wherever he appeared in public, he was cheered by the populace.

But he was destined not to live many years to enjoy his well-earned honors. In 1788, when trouble seemed imminent with Great Britain, he was appointed to command a fleet which was being fitted out at Brest; but when he was on the point of leaving Paris, he died suddenly on December eighth. At the time it was generally thought that the cause of his death was apoplexy; but

[1] *Studies in Naval History,* by JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, p. 143.
[2] *Influence of Sea Power on History,* by MAHAN, p. 465.

years afterwards it leaked out, on good evidence, that he was killed in a duel with the Prince de Mirepoix. The duel was caused by Suffren's placing two of the prince's nephews under arrest and then turning them out of the service, during the campaign in Indian waters.

Both English and American naval historians and critics agree in according Suffren a high place among naval officers. Among the former, Laughton writes, "I yield a ready assent to the opinion that—cool and daring in action, crafty in policy, of ready wit, and of singular genius as a tactician, with much practical skill, added to a vast fund of theoretical knowledge—the Bailli de Suffren was one of the most dangerous enemies that the English fleets have ever met, and, without exception, the most illustrious officer that has ever held command in the French navy." [1]

After judiciously weighing the accomplishments of Suffren, Mahan declares, "Still he was a very great man. When every deduction has been made, there must still remain his heroic constancy, his fearlessness of responsibility as of danger, the rapidity of his action, and the genius whose unerring intuition led him to break through the traditions of his service and assert for the navy that principal part which befits it, that offensive action which secures the control of the sea by the destruction of the enemy's fleet." [2]

[1] *Studies in Naval History*, p. 147.
[2] *Influence of Sea Power on History*, p. 466.

CHAPTER XII

HORATIO NELSON (1758–1805) AND THE DEFEAT OF NAPOLEON

He leads: we hear our Seaman's call
  In the roll of battles won;
For he is Britain's Admiral
  Till setting of her sun.

When Britain's life was in her ships,
  He kept the sea as his own right;
And saved us from more fell eclipse
  Than drops on day from blackest night.
Again his battle spat the flame!
  Again his victory flag men saw!
At sound of Nelson's chieftain name,
  A deeper breath did Freedom draw.

From *Trafalgar Day,* by GEORGE MEREDITH.

Splinters were flying above, below,
  When Nelson sailed the Sound;
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
  Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
  But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
  And "I'm damned if I see it," he said.

From *Admirals All,* by HENRY NEWBOLT.

THOUGH Rodney restored the trident of Neptune to the hands of Britannia by his great victory at the Saints' Passage, yet this battle was by no means the last to be fought between France and Great Britain for the mas-

tery at sea. It was, indeed, but little more than ten years after the close of the war incident to the struggle of the American Colonies for their independence, when the rival nations began to fight again over issues raised by the French Revolution.

This period in the history of Great Britain marked a sort of climax in the development of her sea power; and there were many great naval leaders who won immortal fame for themselves during the brief span of eleven years, 1794–1805,—like Howe who fought the French victoriously in the Battle of the Glorious First of June, and Duncan who whipped the Dutch at Camperdown, and Jervis who trampled upon the Spanish off Cape St. Vincent, and all that noble "band of brothers" who helped the greatest of all English sea fighters win his amazing victories. What the Elizabethan Age was to English literature, this period of some dozen years was to English naval history; and Nelson was its Shakespeare.

Nelson's life was so filled with romance and deeds of prowess, and so many books have been written about him, both song and story having vied with each other in his praise, that one hardly dares to attempt to compress the recital of his achievements within the narrow limits of a few pages. But the greatest of sea fighters certainly cannot be omitted, and some compromise with necessity must be made. To meet the limitations set by lack of space, it will be necessary to pass over, briefly, achievements which deserve a more detailed treatment; but even a bare list of Nelson's battles and his victories would perhaps be sufficient to indicate the superior position he occupies among the great leaders in the annals of naval history.

Horatio Nelson was born September 29, 1758, the fifth son and sixth child in a large family of eleven children. His father, Edmund Nelson, was the rector of the parish of Burnham-Thorpe in Norfolk. His mother was Catharine Suckling, a grandniece to Sir Robert Walpole, and it was through the interest and influence of her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, that young Nelson, when a lad only twelve years old, was taken on board his ship, the *Raisonnable,* as a ship's boy. He had promised to provide for one of his sister's children, as the family was poor; but he was surprised at the choice of Horatio, inasmuch as the child was of a very delicate constitution. "What has poor little Horatio done," his uncle is reported to have said, "that he, being so weak, should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come, and if a cannon ball takes off his head, he will at least be provided for."[1]

Many stories have been handed down relating to Nelson's childhood days, illustrating the traits of character which were afterwards to dominate him as a man. These were, particularly, his fearlessness and his love of honor. As to the latter, he once remarked to Captain Hardy, "I ever saw a radiant orb suspended which beckoned me onward to renown."[2]

Nelson's uncle soon placed his protégé in a merchantman in the West Indies trade, in order that he might learn navigation. He then secured for him, at his particular request, a berth in the *Carcass,* a bomb-vessel, which, in company with the *Racehorse,* made a voyage of discovery in North Polar waters. It was while his ship was frozen in the ice on this voyage that Nelson

[1] *Life of Nelson,* by A. T. Mahan, I, 6.
[2] *Ibid.,* I, 9.

slipped away with a companion at night and endangered his life in an attempt to kill a bear. His old musket failed to discharge, and his mate begged Nelson to take advantage of the chasm of ice which separated them from the bear and escape; but said Nelson, "Never mind; do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him."[1] Meanwhile, the captain of the ship, apprised of Nelson's danger, fired a gun which frightened the bear away. Upon Nelson's return on board, he was asked why he had embarked on such an expedition. "I wished to kill the bear," replied the lad, "that I might carry the skin to my father."[2]

Almost immediately after his return from this Arctic expedition, Nelson was transferred to the *Seahorse,* twenty guns, one of a squadron which was fitting out for the East Indies under Sir Edward Hughes, who was afterwards to be the antagonist of Suffren in Indian waters. After about eighteen months of cruising, during the latter part of which, from Bengal to Bussorah, he was rated a midshipman, Nelson became so ill through the effects of the climate that his life was despaired of and he had to be invalided home, broken in body and dejected in spirit because he thought he would never be able to make a name for himself like Thomas Troubridge and the other midshipmen he had met on the cruise.

The voyage home, however, improved Nelson's health to such an extent that, upon his arrival, he was able to serve as acting-lieutenant on the *Worcester,* sixty-four guns, and a few months afterwards he passed with credit

[1] *Life of Nelson,* by ROBERT SOUTHEY, p. 34.
[2] *Ibid.,* p. 35.

his examination for a lieutenancy, when he was but eighteen years old. His uncle, Maurice Suckling, who was then Comptroller of the Navy, sat at the head of the board of examination, but he did not inform the other members as to his relationship to the lad until after he had passed his examination, for he did not wish him to be favored simply because he was his nephew. This was on the 8th of April, 1777. The next day, Nelson was appointed to the *Lowestoft,* a frigate, fitting out for Jamaica, and commanded by Captain Locker, a favorite disciple of Admiral Hawke.

The war with the American Colonies was then in progress, and both France and Spain were soon to join against Great Britain. The West Indies had become one of the chief centers of naval operations, and the casualties from sickness there made promotion rapid. Locker became ill and was forced to return home, but he recommended Nelson to Sir Peter Parker, commander-in-chief of the Jamaica station, who made the young officer a lieutenant on his flag-ship, the *Bristol.* The following year, he was given the command of a brig, the *Badger,* and on June 11, 1779, when he lacked three months of being twenty-one, he became a captain and was given command of the *Hinchinbrook,* a frigate of twenty-four guns.

During this time, not many opportunities for distinguished service offered themselves; but Nelson was particularly forward in offering himself on every occasion. When Jamaica was thought to be endangered by D'Estaing, he was placed in command of the batteries at Port Royal, and when an expedition was sent up the San Juan River to capture the fort commanding the entrance to Lake Nicaragua, he was appointed to escort the troops

to the Mosquito Coast. Arriving here in the spring of 1780, Nelson decided to take some bluejackets from the *Hinchinbrook* and accompany the troops. Though the British met with success in overcoming the Spanish and eventually captured the fort, yet they were in turn overcome by the climate, for, of the eighteen hundred men who ascended the river, only three hundred returned.

Only the day before the capture of the fort, Nelson left for Jamaica under orders from Parker to command the *Janus,* forty-four guns. But his health had been so shattered during the recent campaign that it was only through the nursing of Lady Parker that his life was saved. He then had to be sent home again to England where he arrived a physical wreck, in the autumn of 1780. Through ill health, he was thus deprived of sharing in the exploits of Rodney and Hood, which soon followed in the West Indies.

After three months of suffering at Bath, Nelson recovered sufficiently to apply for active duty, but it was not until August, 1781, that he was placed in command of the frigate *Albemarle,* twenty-eight guns. From October to December this vessel cruised in the Baltic, escorting merchant vessels. Incidentally, Nelson was acquiring useful information concerning the approaches to Copenhagen, which was later to be invaluable to him.

Nelson's frigate was then ordered to escort some merchant vessels to Newfoundland and Quebec. Having seen his convoy arrive in safety on the other side of the Atlantic, he set out for a cruise about Boston Bay and Cape Cod; but it was barren of results, his only adventure being the chase of his ship by four French ships of the line and a frigate. But he escaped and, returning to Quebec, fell in love with a fair Canadian,

with whom he was prevented, only by the timely intervention of a friend, from making an imprudent marriage. His frigate then departed for New York, where he found Admiral Hood with a portion of Rodney's fleet which had recently defeated De Grasse at Saints' Passage. Nelson at once became desirous of accompanying Hood to the West Indies, and when it was pointed out to him that the American station was best for gaining prize money, he replied, "The West Indies is the station for honor."[1]

Hood, who had been intimate with Nelson's uncle, Captain Suckling, granted the young officer's request, and he again sailed for the West Indies. That Hood highly prized Nelson's professional ability is shown by the fact that, when he introduced him to Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV., on board the flagship *Barfleur,* he told the royal midshipman that, if he wished to ask any question concerning naval tactics, Captain Nelson could inform him as fully and as readily as any other officer in the fleet. The prince described Nelson at that time as appearing "to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail, of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation;

[1] *Life of Nelson,* by ROBERT SOUTHEY, p. 53.

and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being."[1]

Nelson was not, however, permitted to gain honor on the West Indies station with Hood's fleet, for the preliminaries of a treaty of peace were soon to be signed, and the *Albemarle* was ordered to return to England where the crew were paid off. Nelson happily wrote, "My ship was paid off last week, and in such a manner that must flatter any officer, in particular in these turbulent times. The whole ship's company offered, if I could get a ship, to enter for her immediately."[2]

After being presented by Admiral Hood at court where he was received with great approbation by the king, and after spending some time at his old home in Norfolk, Nelson received leave of absence to go to France where he studied French diligently for several weeks. He there also fell in love with the daughter of an English clergyman at St. Omer; but this love affair came to nought and Nelson soon returned to England.

He was then given the command of the frigate *Boreas* which was ordered to the West Indies station, Leeward Islands, among its passengers being the wife and family of the commander-in-chief of the station, Sir Richard Hughes. This was in the year 1784, and for the next three years Nelson was to remain on this station, which would ordinarily have been very dull in peace time. But excitement and action seemed always to go hand in hand with him, and he was soon in a violent controversy with his superior officer and his sympathizers over the action which Nelson saw fit to carry out in his enforcement of the navigation laws as affecting the trade of the lately liberated American Colonies with the British

[1] *Life of Nelson*, by MAHAN, I, 39.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 41.

West Indies. Though Nelson was put to much anxiety and suffered, for the time being, a certain social ostracism, he was eventually vindicated by the home government. During this period of service he found Captain Cuthbert Collingwood, with whom he had already served in the West Indies during the American War, a true and tried friend whom he was to love more warmly as the years went by.

He was consoled, moreover, by falling in love again,—this time with a young widow, a certain Mrs. Nisbet who was the niece of the President of the Island of Nevis. In the spring of 1787, they were married, Prince William Henry, then in command of the *Pegasus,* insisting on having the honor of giving away the bride. A few months after his marriage, Nelson returned to England with his wife, and in November, 1787, he gave up the command of the *Boreas* and retired to Burnham-Thorpe, where he and his wife, at the earnest solicitation of his father who was then old and infirm, resided for the next five years.

During this long period of inaction, Nelson amused himself as much as he was able with country sports and reading, but he became greatly impatient at the Admiralty for not giving him employment. Indeed, shortly after his return to England he had determined to resign from the service because of the failure of the Admiralty to appreciate his sacrifices in enforcing the Navigation Act and his attempts to uncover frauds in the West Indies naval administration. But Lord Howe, who was at the head of the Admiralty, was informed by a mutual friend of Nelson's irritation and invited the young officer to meet him in a private interview, where all misunderstandings were removed.

Meanwhile, the revolution had broken out in France, and, on February 1, 1793, war was declared by the French Republic against Great Britain and Holland. Nelson had no difficulty, with war imminent, in securing a command. He was offered a ship of the line of sixty-four guns immediately, or a seventy-four within a short time. He at once took the smaller ship, the *Agamemnon,* which was attached to the fleet under Admiral Hood that had been ordered to the Mediterranean. If he had only waited for a larger vessel, he might have joined Admiral Howe's fleet and fought alongside Collingwood in the Battle of the Glorious First of June, 1794.

Hood's fleet of fifteen ships of the line reached the Mediterranean in the latter part of May, and began a blockade of Toulon. As this port was unsympathetic to the Republican régime at Paris, it surrendered to the British toward the last of August. Nelson was then dispatched to Naples to ask for reënforcements of troops to assist in holding Toulon against the Republicans. These were easily obtained as the queen was a sister to Marie Antoinette of France, and Nelson was treated with great honor. It was on this visit that he first met Lady Hamilton, wife of the British Minister, Sir William Hamilton, who was afterwards to exercise such an influence over his life.

After Nelson had escorted these six thousand troops to Toulon, Hood dispatched him to Tunis to assist in detaching that country from the support of France. This, he failed to do. Meanwhile, the Republicans had assembled in force near Toulon, and Napoleon, then a young artillery officer, trained his guns on a key position and forced the British to evacuate the city and withdraw their fleet from the harbor. This had to be done

so hastily that there was time to destroy but a portion of the French ships, and the new masters of Toulon, therefore, still had a considerable fleet. Because of the loss of Minorca in the late war, the British had no base nearer than Gibraltar, and so Admiral Hood decided to capture Corsica, in order that the blockade of Toulon might be carried on more effectively.

Nelson rendered very essential assistance in coöperation with the army in the reduction of both Bastia and Calvi, in which Colonel John Moore, afterwards to become the famous Sir John Moore, served in a subordinate capacity. Nelson commanded a body of seamen and marines that were landed to assist, and he was ever at the post of danger. "What would the immortal Wolfe have done?"[1] was often in his mind. At Calvi, he had the misfortune of having his right eye injured by splintered stone from a parapet that was struck by a cannon ball, and, little by little, the sight faded until he could distinguish with that eye only light from darkness. But he cheerfully wrote to his wife, "It confined me, thank God, only one day, and at a time when nothing particular happened to be doing."[2]

With Corsica completely in British hands, Hood went home because of ill health, and left Hotham in command. Nelson's health stood the strain; he was, he declared, as a reed among the oaks, bending when others were broken. Hotham not keeping a close watch before Toulon, the French fleet of fifteen ships of the line came out ostensibly to recover Corsica, early in March, 1795. On the ninth, they were sighted by Hotham who had but one Neapolitan, and thirteen British, ships of the line.

[1] CALLENDER'S *Sea Kings of Britain*, III, 217.
[2] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, I, 147.

On the thirteenth, the French *Ca Ira* was damaged in a collision; this enabled Nelson, in the *Agamemnon,* to come into close action and so seriously damage the French vessel that she had to be towed by a sister ship. The following day, a general action was fought which resulted in the capture of the injured French ship and her escort, the *Censeur,* both of which struck to the *Agamemnon.*

Nelson was not satisfied with Hotham's failure to follow up the engagement, and in commenting on the battle he afterwards wrote these memorable words, so indicative of his character: "I wish to be an admiral and in command of the English fleet. I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham as soon as our firing grew slack in the van and the *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, to propose to him leaving our two crippled ships, the two prizes and four frigates to themselves and to pursue the enemy; but he, much cooler than myself, said, 'We must be contented. We have done very well.' Now, had we taken ten sail and had allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done."[1]

No more decisive was the partial fleet action of July thirteenth, brought on by the French fleet's chasing Nelson's squadron which had been sent to coöperate with the Austrian and Sardinian armies in driving the French from the Riviera di Genoa. The only loss was the

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson,* p. 168.

French *Alcide,* which surrendered and soon afterwards blew up. Though Nelson continued this coöperation for about four months, no real success was gained because of Admiral Hotham's indifference to the enterprise and his poor support, as well as the failure of the Austrians to use their armies to advantage.

Toward the close of the year, however, Hotham returned to England on the score of ill health, and he was soon afterwards succeeded by an admiral of great force of character, Sir John Jervis, under whom Nelson was to gain the opportunity of fighting his first great naval engagement. Nelson was himself far from being well at this time, his ship, the *Agamemnon,* was sadly in need of repairs, and he was very desirous of returning home after a three years' absence; but he remained at the request of Jervis who said to him, "You must have a larger ship, for we cannot spare you either as captain or admiral."[1]

During the year 1796, events happened in Italy and Spain, which caused the British temporarily to lose control of the Mediterranean. In the first place, Napoleon's brilliant and successful campaign in Italy closed the ports of Genoa and Leghorn to the British fleet, and, in the second place, Spain's entrance into the war on the side of France made the combined naval forces of the two countries so great that Jervis had to evacuate Corsica and retire to Gibraltar, where his fleet came to anchor on the 1st of December. But Nelson was not displeased with what he had accomplished during this long campaign and, on his way to Gibraltar, he wrote to his wife, "I am known throughout Italy; not a Kingdom, or State, where my name will be forgotten.

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson,* p. 216.

This is my Gazette. Probably my services may be forgotten by the great, by the time I get home; but my mind will not forget, nor cease to feel, a degree of consolation and of applause superior to undeserved rewards. Wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps."[1]

From Gibraltar, Jervis sent Nelson, then flying the pendant of a commodore, with two frigates to assist in the evacuation of Elba and the gathering together and escorting of British cruisers and other ships out of the Mediterranean. On the way, his *Minerve* fought a Spanish frigate for three hours and captured her, but he had to drop the prize when a second Spaniard came up, and finally had to flee when two hostile ships of the line appeared. Having successfully carried out his mission, Nelson on his return reconnoitered Toulon, Barcelona, and Cartagena. Seeing that the great Spanish fleet had put to sea, he hurried on, in fear that he had missed the battle which appeared imminent.

Stopping at Gibraltar only so long as necessary, Nelson set out to join his commander-in-chief off St. Vincent. He was chased by two Spanish ships of the line and almost captured, and on the night of February 11, 1797, his frigate sailed into the midst of a fleet which he soon recognized to be hostile. The hazy atmosphere fortunately prevented him from being detected, and for hours he conformed to the movements of the fleet until he was convinced that it was the Spanish fleet on its way to Cadiz. He then made off, and, toward noon of the thirteenth, he joined Jervis and soon had his broad pendant again hoisted on the *Captain*.

At daybreak on the following day, the two fleets came

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, p. 256.

in sight of each other twenty-five miles west of Cape St. Vincent, the Portuguese headland which is about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Cadiz. Jervis, with his fifteen ships in column, attacked the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships under command of Don José de Cordova, which was in a straggling formation. Consequently, a gap developed between the main body of eighteen ships and the remainder of the Spanish fleet, and toward this gap the British directed their course and so maneuvered, their ships tacking in succession, as to keep the smaller Spanish squadron from joining effectively in the battle. As this maneuver was being carried out, Nelson in the *Captain,* the third ship from the British rear, saw that the leading Spanish ships were endeavoring to join the smaller squadron by passing around the British rear.

Without orders, he immediately wore ship out of the line and threw himself upon the leading Spanish ships and held them until he was supported by other British vessels, particularly the *Culloden* and the *Excellent,* commanded by Troubridge and Collingwood respectively. The *San Nicolas* and the *San Josef,* badly injured, fouled each other. Though Nelson's ship had been shot to pieces, he took advantage of the opportunity to board. "At this time," he writes, "the *Captain* having lost her foretopmast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the line, or in chase, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board."[1]

The *San Nicolas* was soon in Nelson's hands; then using this ship as "Nelson's patent bridge," as it was

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson,* p. 273.

afterwards called, the boarders passed over to the *San Josef*. Nelson thus graphically relates what took place there: "It was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds below. I asked him, on his honor, if the ship were surrendered; he declared she was, on which I gave him my hand and desired him to call to his officers and ship's company, and tell them of it—which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish First-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them with the greatest sangfroid under his arm."[1]

Though only two other prizes were taken by the British, the Spaniards were decisively defeated and they retired with their morale so shaken that, for a long time, they counted for but little as an ally to France on the sea. Jervis, after the battle, embraced Nelson on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship and expressed to him the highest compliments and the warmest thanks for the part he had played in the battle. To his Chief of Staff Calder, who spoke critically of Nelson's maneuver which had been executed without orders, Jervis said, "If ever you commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also." All England rang with the praises of Nelson's exploit. The king made him a Knight of the Bath, and a few weeks after the battle he was promoted to be a Rear Admiral of the Blue.

The British fleet remained on blockade off Cadiz, and, in July, Nelson was permitted to lead an expedition against Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, where Blake had formerly

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, p. 275.

so distinguished himself, in order to capture some rich treasure-ships. This attempt ended in failure, due partly to Nelson's being seriously wounded in his right arm which, as a consequence, had to be amputated. He then was given leave to return to England which he had not seen for more than four years.

After seven months his wound, which through an error in surgery had caused him much suffering, was well enough to permit further active service, and in April, 1798, he rejoined Jervis, who, as a reward for his victory, had, meanwhile, been made an Earl, with the title of St. Vincent. On the 8th of May, Nelson sailed in the *Vanguard* with two other ships of the line and five smaller vessels to begin a campaign in the Mediterranean, during which another great victory was to raise him to the very heights of fame.

At that time, Great Britain was the only active enemy France had, and it becoming known that the French were fitting out a great expedition at Toulon, the British Cabinet decided to take measures to thwart this move in the Mediterranean. But, on May nineteenth, Napoleon Bonaparte sailed from Toulon and, eluding Nelson's ships, made his way eastward by way of Genoa and then continued between Corsica and the mainland of Italy. Nelson's *Vanguard* was dismasted in a violent gale the night of the twentieth, and his frigates were scattered by the storm. As a consequence, it was eight days after the French departure before Nelson heard of it, and a week later before he was informed that his frigates had gone to Gibraltar and that a detachment of ten ships, under Troubridge, had been sent as a reënforcement by Jervis.

On June seventh, Troubridge joined Nelson, and the

fleet at once set out to find the French as best they could without the assistance of the frigates. Nelson was ignorant of the destination of the French; but when he learned, off Sicily, on the twenty-second, that they had departed the previous day from Malta, in occupying which they had spent about ten days, he decided that they were bound for Egypt. His haste led him to arrive at Alexandria three days ahead of the French, though the two fleets had passed over the same tract of the sea one night, a haze alone hiding them from each other. Otherwise, as Southey writes, "a romantic obscurity would have hung over the expedition to Egypt, and he (Napoleon) would have escaped the perpetration of those crimes which have incarnadined his soul with a deeper dye than that of the purple for which he committed them—those acts of perfidy, midnight murder, usurpation, and remorseless tyranny, which have consigned his name to universal execration, now and forever."[1] Encumbered with its numerous transports, bearing some forty thousand men, the French fleet could hardly have escaped a disaster.

Nelson impatiently sailed away from Alexandria, thinking he had mistaken the French plans, and made his way to Syracuse. He had, as he said, "gone a round of 600 leagues with an expedition incredible," and yet was "as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was 27 days ago."[2] Finding that Sicily was not endangered, he supplied his fleet with water and set out, on July twenty-fifth, a second time for Alexandria, where just one week later his suspense was ended by the discovery of the enemy in Aboukir Bay.

[1] *Life of Nelson*, p. 161.
[2] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, I, 340.

During the two months spent in looking for the French, there had been ample time for Nelson to arrange plans with his captains for fighting the enemy whenever or wherever they might be found. Accordingly, when the French were sighted in Aboukir Bay, fifteen miles east of Alexandria, with their thirteen ships anchored in a long line close to the shore, with the flanks protected by shallows on the one hand and batteries on Aboukir Point on the other, there was not the slightest hesitation, though it was then so late in the day that the engagement would clearly have to be fought during the night.

Admiral Brueys was by no means well prepared. His frigates which might, if properly placed, have given warning of Nelson's approach, were at anchor in the bay; and numerous water parties were on shore with the boats which might have been used for arranging cables for winding the ships which were cleared for action only on the outboard side. The French admiral thought the British fleet would not dare attempt to pass inboard of his ships for fear of grounding; but Nelson concluded that, where an enemy ship had room to swing, a British ship would find room to anchor.

Nelson moved boldly into action in the order of his sailing and bore down on the French van which happened to be the weakest part of their line. The sun was just going down at six o'clock when the leading British ship, the *Goliath,* passed inboard of the first Frenchman, the *Guerrier.* Four other ships followed, and Nelson's *Vanguard* and two others moved forward on the outboard side. The five leading French ships were thus placed between the broadsides of eight British ships, and were soon overpowered. The British *Bellerophon,*

in the smoke and growing darkness, missed the sixth French ship in the line and found herself at grips with the flag-ship, the *Orient,* whose force was double her own, and inflicted upon her very heavy losses. The British *Majestic* had a similar experience further up the French line, and had to fight unsupported for a time.

While this first phase of the battle was at its height, Nelson received a painful scalp wound from a flying piece of iron, which caused the skin to fall down over his only good eye and produced such a flow of blood that Nelson exclaimed, "I am killed! Remember me to my wife!" He was carried below, but refused to be attended until his turn, when the surgeon assured him that his wound was not mortal.

Only ten British ships had become engaged with the enemy. Captain Troubridge's *Culloden* had unfortunately run aground and the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander* had been delayed because they had been sent in advance of the fleet to look in at Alexandria. They came up just in time to relieve the *Bellerophon,* which had been dismasted and had lost forty-nine killed and one hundred and forty-eight wounded out of her crew of five hundred and ninety men. They then concentrated their broadsides upon the *Orient,* which caught fire, the flames spreading so fast that they could not be extinguished. When Nelson learned that the destruction of the French flag-ship was imminent, he demanded to be led on deck. "He gave orders," writes Mahan, "that the only boat still in condition for use should be sent with the *Vanguard's* first lieutenant to help save the unhappy crew. He then remained watching the progress of the fire. At a quarter before ten the *Orient* blew up. At this time the moon rose, and from her tranquil path looked down,

through the clear Egyptian air, upon the scene of devastation."[1] The booty which Napoleon had carried away from Malta was destroyed with the ship, amounting to six hundred thousand pounds sterling, among which were three tons of plate, the silver gates to the cathedral, and the life-size silver statues of the twelve apostles. Admiral Brueys died of his wounds before the destruction of his ship; only seventy of the crew were saved.[2]

The battle ended at three o'clock in the morning, from sheer exhaustion on the part of the crews. By this time, six French ships had surrendered and the flag-ship had been destroyed. Of the six remaining, three went ashore, another was captured outright, and only two, the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, under Rear Admiral Villeneuve, made their escape. These, Nelson declared, would not have escaped him if he had not been incapacitated by his wound.

It was two months and a day before the news of the victory reached London. Then the popular applause of Nelson's achievement was commensurate with the greatness of his victory, "unquestionably the most nearly complete and the most decisive ever gained by a British fleet."[3] Many honors were bestowed upon him. He became Baron Nelson of the Nile, and received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of two thousand pounds a year, while the East India Company made him a gift of ten thousand pounds. The three great admirals, Howe, Hood, and St. Vincent, wrote him in terms of the highest admiration, and the Czar, the Sul-

[1] *Life of Nelson*, I, 354.

[2] The command had been relinquished to Captain Casabianca whose ten-year-old son's heroic conduct is commemorated in Mrs. Hemans's widely known poem.

[3] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, I, 361.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

From an engraving by James Fittler after Philippe J. De Loutherbourg.

tan, and the Kings of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies sent him letters of congratulation and costly presents.

Leaving three ships and three frigates under Captain Hood to blockade Alexandria, Nelson, with three of his ships most in need of overhauling, sailed for Naples. The main body of his fleet returned with the prizes to Gibraltar. It was most unfortunate for Nelson that Fate decreed his going to Naples instead of his accompanying his fleet to Gibraltar, for he was to become completely infatuated with Lady Hamilton, wife of the British Minister, through whom he became entangled in the affairs of the king and queen of the Two Sicilies in their struggle against the French and the Neapolitan republicans. During the two years which elapsed before Nelson's return to England, he rescued the royal family by receiving them on board his ship and by carrying them to Palermo, Sicily. Through his assistance, also, their kingdom was restored, for which service he had conferred on him the dukedom and estate of Bronte, valued at three thousand pounds a year.

Nelson, meanwhile, established a blockade of Malta, during which the two remaining French ships of the line which had escaped after the Battle of the Nile were captured, the first ship by Nelson himself in the *Foudroyant*. These were the last fruits of the victory which completely destroyed Napoleon's hopes of a campaign in the East. He, accordingly, returned to France in a frigate in October, 1799; and his army eventually surrendered to General Abercromby just two years later.

During this Neapolitan episode in his career, Nelson had unpleasant relations with Lord Keith who had succeeded St. Vincent in command in the Mediterranean.

Indeed, he went so far as to disobey Keith's orders to send ships to the support of Minorca, when he was alarmed at the movements of a large French fleet which had entered the Mediterranean to coöperate with the Spanish in regaining control of those waters. Nothing came of their plans; but this disobedience of orders placed a stain on Nelson's professional career, as his relations with Lady Hamilton had already blemished his private character. In the summer of 1800, he received leave of absence, and returned to the home from which he had been absent more than two years, by way of Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Hamburg, and everywhere he was received with expressions of the greatest admiration and appreciation for what he had done in humbling the common enemy, Napoleon and the French.

The enthusiastic reception by his own countrymen was, of course, much greater still, when Nelson landed at Yarmouth in November, 1800; and his journey to London was a sort of triumphal procession. He was not, however, warmly received at Court, and he experienced a distinct coolness in other quarters, notably from the wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, because of the scandal which had arisen over Lady Hamilton. Because of this affair, some three months after his return to England, Nelson became completely estranged from Lady Nelson, and his domestic happiness was destroyed.

On New Year's Day, 1801, Nelson was promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral of the Blue, and soon thereafter appointed second to Sir Hyde Parker, who had been placed in command of a fleet of twenty ships of the line and several frigates and other smaller craft. This fleet was to sail to the Baltic and deal with the

"Armed Neutrality," consisting of Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, which had been recently formed to protect their rights on the high seas that they thought were being curtailed by Great Britain.

Nelson broke through the frigid and unsympathetic bearing of his commander-in-chief by sending him the present of a turbot which had been caught as they were passing over Dogger Bank. So when they arrived off the entrance to the Kattegat, and the British envoy returned from Copenhagen with the Danish refusal to withdraw from the coalition, Nelson was able, after a little delay, to convince Parker of the necessity of at once attacking the Danes, before they could receive reenforcements from the Swedes and Russians. He had written shortly before, "I hate your pen and ink men; a fleet of British ships of war are the best negotiators in Europe."[1] On March thirtieth, the fleet passed through the Sound with negligible interference from the batteries on either the Danish or Swedish coasts, to carry out a plan which Nelson had outlined to Parker in a letter of March twenty-fourth, in which appeared his well-known slogan, "I am of the opinion the boldest measures are the safest."[2] On that very afternoon, the fleet anchored some five miles below Copenhagen.

The city was protected from attack by sea by a line of hulks, mostly mastless ships of the line, and floating batteries ranged along the flats on the inner side of the King's Channel. Toward the north, this line was flanked by a powerful permanent work called the Trekroner Battery, and by a small squadron consisting of two ships of the line and a frigate. This northern

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, II, 69.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 77.

portion of the Danish defenses was the strongest, and to attack there was, as Nelson styled it, to take the bull by the horns. He planned, therefore, to take the Danes by surprise by skirting an extensive shoal, called the Middle Ground, and then by coming up from the south through the King's Channel to attack the weakest end of the defenses, though this occasioned great risk of running his ships aground. Parker approved Nelson's plan and, giving the latter twelve ships of the line to make the attempt, he undertook to make a diversion against the northern defenses.

The wind being favorable in the afternoon of April first, Nelson took up a position south of the Middle Ground. The following morning, the wind changed to favor the "heaven-born" admiral and carry his ships north through the channel; so Nelson at once got under way. Unfortunately, one ship, the old *Agamemnon,* was so anchored that she could not weather the shoal and did not get into action; two others went aground on the west side of the shoal where they stuck fast and were of little service in the battle. Nelson's force was thus reduced to but nine ships, but these moved up and took position alongside the Danish line, where, as Nelson wrote, "was no maneuvering: it was downright fighting."[1]

Captain Riou, with his division of light ships, engaged the Trekroner, but Parker's division found it difficult to get into action because of the adverse wind. Seeing that the battle had developed into a stubborn struggle, and becoming doubtful as to its outcome, the commander-in-chief made signal to Nelson to leave off the action. When this was reported to him, he was greatly

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson,* II, 89.

agitated, as was shown by the way he moved the stump of his right arm. After a time, he observed to Captain Foley, "You know, Foley, I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then placing the glass to his blind eye, he said, "I really do not see the signal."[1] Captain Riou with the frigates, however, obeyed the signal and was killed by a raking shot from the Trekroner Battery during his withdrawal. But none of Nelson's ships budged, as he kept the signal for close action flying.

At two o'clock, the Danish fire began to slacken. Their commander-in-chief, Commodore Fischer, had been forced to shift his flag from the *Dannebrog* to the *Holstein* and, from her, to the Trekroner Battery because of injuries to these respective ships. Nelson, about this time, sent a message, under flag of truce, to the Crown Prince. It was as follows: "To the Brothers of Englishmen, the Danes. Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when no longer resisting; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson will be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them. Nelson and Bronte."[2]

This brought the battle to an end, and both sides hoisted flags of truce. Nelson then began to remove his damaged ships and to secure his prizes and prisoners, while the Danes attempted to repair and strengthen their defenses. On April third, Nelson went ashore to have an interview with the Crown Prince, and, on April ninth, an armistice of fourteen weeks was signed, the Danes, meanwhile, having heard of the murder of the

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, II, 90.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 95.

Czar Paul, who was the mainstay of the "Armed Neutrality." The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of St. Vincent, wrote Nelson, "Your Lordship's whole conduct, from your first appointment to this hour, is the subject of our constant admiration. It does not become me to make comparisons: all agree there is but one Nelson."[1]

After some dilatory movements in the Baltic, during which the Russians retired from Revel to Cronstadt (near St. Petersburg, now Leningrad), Parker was recalled, on May fifth, and Nelson (as a reward for his recent victory, advanced in the peerage to be a viscount) was placed in chief command. He at once made a naval demonstration before Revel and received the release of British merchantmen held in Russian ports. Then, being relieved because of his poor health, he returned to England where he arrived on the 1st of July.

Nelson was not, however, to be relieved from arduous service at sea until October, for, soon after his return from the Baltic, he was placed in command of a "Squadron on a Particular Service," the duty of which was to frustrate Napoleon's pretended scheme for an invasion of England. But this was brought to an end by the close of the war with the Treaty of Amiens which was signed March 25, 1802, though hostilities had ceased by agreement the previous October.

Nelson then retired to an estate which he had purchased at Merton, near London, and there he spent a little more than a year most happily with the Hamiltons. During this time, he took his seat in the House of Lords where he often spoke on naval subjects. Here, in the only home he ever owned in England, he enter-

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, II, 104.

tained his friends freely. But this peaceful life was abruptly brought to an end early in 1803, when the renewal of war with Napoleon became imminent. On May sixteenth, the same day war was declared, Nelson was made commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet.

On May twentieth, Nelson sailed in the *Victory* for his new command, where, before Toulon, he commenced one of the most famous blockades of history, which lasted for eighteen months. During this time, he never went ashore from the *Victory;* but, in spite of the storms of the Gulf of Lyons, his health remained fairly good. As for the fleet, its condition gradually improved, both in the morale of its personnel and in its equipment and readiness to meet the French in battle or to pursue them to the ends of the earth, in case they succeeded in slipping out of Toulon unobserved. Meanwhile, Nelson was promoted to be Vice Admiral of the White; and his antagonist, Admiral Latouche Tréville, died. As to the latter, Nelson wrote half humorously: "The French papers say he died of walking so often up to the signal-post, upon Sepet, to watch us: I always pronounced that would be his death."[1] Napoleon, who strongly believed in luck, replaced Tréville by Pierre Charles Jean Baptiste Silvestre Villeneuve, one of the French captains who escaped from Nelson after the Battle of the Nile.

It was this French admiral who finally, early in the year 1805, managed to get his fleet to sea in an effort to assist Napoleon in his last attempt to invade England. A storm caused the fleet to return to Toulon to refit; but Nelson, who was not sufficiently well informed as to its movements, went off on a wild-goose chase to

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, II, 257.

Alexandria. On March thirtieth, Villeneuve came out again, looked in at Cartagena, passed through the Straits, picked up eight more ships at Cadiz, and then made off for the West Indies with his fleet of eighteen ships, arriving at Martinique on May fourteenth. This was a part of the French plan by which it was hoped the British would be drawn away from Continental waters; and, in the consequent confusion, French and Spanish squadrons were to concentrate at a French port and then cover the transporting of Napoleon's one hundred and thirty thousand soldiers across the Channel to invade England.

At first, all went well with the French. Nelson did not secure information sufficiently definite to justify his pursuit of Villeneuve until May ninth, and it was not until the eleventh that he sailed with his ten ships of the line. But Nelson made better time across the Atlantic than Villeneuve had, and arrived at Barbados only three weeks after the French fleet had reached Martinique. Learning of Nelson's arrival, Villeneuve hastily made arrangements for his return to Europe, in spite of his orders to remain in the West Indies forty days to allow for the arrival of the other French and Spanish squadrons. Nelson followed him four days later; but thinking he was steering for the Mediterranean, he did not overtake him, as Villeneuve had shaped his course for Ferrol, Spain, where he arrived safely, after an indecisive engagement with Calder on July twenty-second. When this became known in England, great fear of a possible invasion overspread the country, and the London merchants were thrown into a fever of anxiety over the possibility of the loss of their homeward-bound convoys.

On arriving at Gibraltar and finding no news of Villeneuve's whereabouts, Nelson set out for northern waters and, on August fifteenth, joined Admirals Calder and Cornwallis off Brest. He had, after cruising for two long years in the stormy Gulf of Lyons, proceeded without going into port to Alexandria, thence to the West Indies, and then back to Gibraltar; still he had kept his crews in good health and fine spirits, and his ships in fighting trim,—an achievement never before accomplished by any other admiral.

Nelson proceeded at once to England in the *Victory* on leave of absence, arriving at Spithead on August eighteenth; but this respite from active service proved to be a brief one. The Admiralty was soon informed by Collingwood, then off the Straits, that Villeneuve had found refuge in Cadiz after having made a half-hearted attempt to carry out Napoleon's orders to join the French forces at Brest; and so Nelson was sent to command a fleet off Cadiz large enough to engage the allied French and Spanish fleet in a decisive action, should they attempt to leave that port.

On September fifteenth, Nelson, accordingly, set out from Portsmouth to give "Mr. Villeneuve a drubbing"; but with premonitions of his own approaching end. "A crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain sight of his face," writes Southey; "many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served

his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England."[1]

On September twenty-eighth, Nelson reached the fleet off Cadiz, and was welcomed with demonstrations of affection and confidence by the junior admirals and captains. "I believe," wrote Nelson to Lady Hamilton, "my arrival was most welcome, not only to the Commanders of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and, when I came to explain to them the 'Nelson touch,' it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!' and, from admirals downwards, it was repeated—'It must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them! You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence.'"[2]

The "Nelson touch" refers to the plan of attack which he had formulated for crushing the allied fleet. For the testing of this plan, he had to wait only three weeks. Napoleon insisted on Villeneuve's risking a battle, and, on the morning of October nineteenth, there was repeated from masthead to masthead along the line of frigates, with which Nelson had arranged to keep in touch with the movements of the French, the long-expected signal, "The enemy are coming out of port."

On the 21st of October, 1805, the two fleets came in sight of each other; the French sailing southward, and the British heading northward, some ten miles to the west of the former fleet. In the distance, Cape Trafalgar was just visible in the east. The allied Spanish and French fleet of thirty-three ships of the line was in a long column, except for twelve vessels under the Spanish

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson*, II, 333.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 339.

admiral, Gravina, which were stationed to leeward to assist that part of the line against which the British might concentrate their attack. The British fleet was sailing in two columns, Nelson in command of the windward division of twelve ships, and Collingwood in command of the fifteen sail to leeward.

Without changing the order of sailing, the British bore down to attack, with Nelson leading his column in the *Victory,* and Collingwood setting a sharp pace for his ships in the *Royal Sovereign.* About nine o'clock, the allied fleet wore together and thus reversed the order of its sailing, which then took the direction of Cadiz as a port of refuge. But the British continued to bear down, the head of Nelson's column being directed at Villeneuve's flag-ship, the *Bucentaure,* and Collingwood's division being in a line of bearing which would enable his ships to cut through the enemy and closely engage the seventeen ships of the allied rear.

As the engagement became more imminent, Nelson wrote his last messages to his loved ones and entered in his diary the following: "May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."[1] Nelson then made the famous signal to his fleet, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson,* II, 381.

Collingwood and Nelson raced their ships into action, and the former won by a few moments, thus receiving the first enemy fire at a few minutes past 12 o'clock noon and, soon thereafter, bringing up alongside the *Santa Ana,* flag-ship of the Spanish admiral, Alava. Soon afterwards, Nelson's *Victory* passed under the stern of the *Bucentaure* and, with one raking broadside, brought down about four hundred men; she then crashed into the *Redoutable* and commenced a deadly combat with that ship. These leading British vessels were soon supported by others, and, within an hour, the entire allied center and rear were feeling the effects of the roaring broadsides of the British.

About fifteen minutes after the beginning of the duel between the *Victory* and the *Redoutable,* Nelson received his mortal wound. This was inflicted by a musketeer in the mizzentop of the *Redoutable,* only some fifty feet distant from the quarter-deck of the *Victory* where Nelson was walking with Captain Hardy, the British admiral making an excellent target because of the decorations he wore on his breast. Nelson clung to life, suffering painfully, for three hours after he was struck. Meanwhile, the battle went on stubbornly without the other ships knowing that the great commander-in-chief had been stricken. One by one, French and Spanish ships hauled down their colors, and the good news seemed to cheer the dying admiral. When Hardy came to take his farewell of Nelson, about four o'clock, he was able to report that fourteen or fifteen ships had certainly been taken, though the exact number afterwards proved to be eighteen. "That is well," said Nelson; but he added, "I bargained for twenty."[1] Thirty

[1] MAHAN'S *Life of Nelson,* II, 394.

NELSON MORTALLY WOUNDED AT TRAFALGAR.

From an engraving by James Heath of the painting by Benjamin West.

minutes later, he passed very quietly, his last words caught by those bending near him being "God and my country."

Of the eighteen captured ships, eleven were wrecked in the storm which followed the battle, three were recaptured or turned back to their crews by their prize masters, and only four finally reached Gibraltar.

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed and tore,
As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon that surly shore;
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near and far,
Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar.[1]

Nelson was buried in St. Paul's with kingly honors, and a monument was there erected to him. But the most noteworthy memorial is the Nelson Column, one hundred and forty-five feet high, which stands in Trafalgar Square in the very heart of London. However, there is scarcely a town of considerable size in England that does not have some memorial of Nelson, so universally do the English love and honor their greatest sea king.

Of Nelson's death at the hour of victory, Southey has written: "The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an

[1] From *Boatman's Song* in *The Dynasts*, by THOMAS HARDY.

example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England:—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them; verifying in this sense the language of the old mythologist: 'These godlike spirits, through the will of almighty Zeus, are beneficent, and remain on earth as the protectors of mortal men.'"[1]

Though the victory at Trafalgar did not bring the struggle with Napoleon to a close, it set definite limits to his power. Though he fought on for ten years longer and won brilliant victories on the land, yet he made no further attempts against the sea power of Great Britain except indirectly,—and in vain, through his Continental System. After he had finally failed at Waterloo, it was an irony of history that he should yield himself a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon,* one of Nelson's ships in the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. At that time, he is reported to have said in bitterness of spirit, "Wherever there is water to float a ship, we are sure to find you English in the way." Certainly, of all Englishmen who stood in the way of Napoleon's march to world empire, there should be mentioned first of all the name of Nelson.

[1] *Life of Nelson,* p. 362.

CHAPTER XIII

WILHELM VON TEGETTHOFF (1827–1871), THE GREATEST OF AUSTRIAN ADMIRALS

Give me the iron in the men and I care not so much about the iron in the enemy's ships.

ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, U. S. NAVY.

DURING the fifty years following Nelson and the Napoleonic Wars, greater changes in ships and weapons were made than had been brought about during the long lapse of time since the Battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when the age of oar, as far as naval warfare was concerned, came to an end. During that long period of nearly two hundred and fifty years, surprisingly little progress was made, either in types of ships or in ordnance. Indeed, a sailor of the Spanish Armada, as has often been stated, would have been quite familiar with both the guns and the sails in one of Nelson's ships of the line, a type of vessel which had become the fighting unit of the fleet as early as the First Dutch War in the middle of the seventeenth century.

With the coming of the Industrial Revolution, however, early in the nineteenth century, there began a transitional period, sail gradually giving place to steam, and wood to iron, with corresponding revolutionary changes in ordnance. It was in 1815 that the U. S. S. *Fulton,* the first steam man-of-war, made her trial run. In 1837, Ericsson made a successful application of the screw-propeller to steam propulsion, and, in 1843, the

U. S. S. *Princeton* was completed as the first screw warship. Between 1822 and 1853, great progress was made in the development of the explosive shell, and this made the use of armor protection more and more imperative. As a consequence, the French armored ship *Gloire* and the British *Warrior* appeared about 1859, and under the stress of the American Civil War, the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* made their appearance in 1862 and revolutionized the construction of ships of war. At about the same time, rifled guns began to become practical, and both torpedoes (or mines) and submarines came into use in naval warfare.

During this transitional period, up to the War between the States in America, there had been but little opportunity for the development of naval leaders. In the greatest European war of the period, the Crimean War, in which England, France, and Turkey fought against Russia, the naval warfare was of little consequence. There was, however, one naval battle during the first half of the nineteenth century of considerable importance and of great interest, inasmuch as it was the last naval battle between sailing ships and, accordingly, might be thought of as the last sea fight in the age of sail. This was the Battle of Navarino, in which an inferior Turkish fleet was practically annihilated by a combined British, French, and Russian fleet, in the year 1827.

In the very same year was born one who was to become the first great European naval leader in the new age of steam ironclads. This great naval genius was born December 23, 1827, at Marburg, Steiermak, second in age of the five children, all sons, of Karl von Tegetthoff, who fought in the Austrian army at Austerlitz,

Baron Wilhelm Von Tegetthoff.
From a photograph.

Aspern, and Wagram, and, after rising to the rank of major, had to retire from active service on account of poor health. Young Wilhelm Tegetthoff early developed a strong body, and, as a boy, showed himself to be possessed of a resolute and courageous spirit. After receiving a part of his education at the Marburg gymnasium, the lad who had expressed a decided preference for a maritime life was sent by his father to the Naval Academy at Venice, which then belonged to the Austrian Empire. He was then only thirteen years old, and was forced to remain away from home during the entire five years of his naval education, the straitened circumstances of his father making it impossible for him to furnish his son's traveling expenses. In such a Spartan training was his youthful spirit moulded.

After finishing his studies at the Naval Academy, where he distinguished himself for his industry, Tegetthoff became, in September, 1847, a regular naval cadet in active service, and began his naval career on board the brig *Montecucculi* in a cruise in the Adriatic. The young cadet was then filled with ambition to distinguish himself, and was greatly dissatisfied with the smallness of the Austrian navy, as compared with those of other European nations of prominence.

After making a cruise in the corvette *Adria,* Tegetthoff received his commission as ensign, in January, 1848. When the Italian Revolution broke out that same year, he had hopes of making a name for himself, inasmuch as the Austrian naval officers of Italian birth joined the new republic. But the unprepared condition of the Austrian navy prevented him from playing the rôle of which he had dreamed. In anger and disgust he wrote his father, "It is truly maddening and sicken-

ing that the Austrian Empire must flee before such States as Sardinia. If I did not cherish the hope that our navy will be enlarged some time, I should have offered my resignation."

After having remained in inactivity at Triest until October, 1848, he was appointed adjutant to Lieutenant Field-Marshal Martini, then acting as vice admiral and head of the Austrian navy, whom Tegetthoff accompanied to Vienna and thence on an embassy to Naples. On his return from Vienna, the young officer had the opportunity of seeing his mother at Graz for the first time in nine years. During this long time, both had changed so much that neither recognized the other upon meeting.

In May, 1849, on the *Adria* again, he was present at the blockade of Venice where he heard for the first time the whistle of hostile cannon balls. After the surrender of this city, he became first officer of the war steamer *Maria Anna,* in which he made a cruise to the Levant, meanwhile being promoted full lieutenant, in 1852.

It was not until two years afterwards that Tegetthoff received his first independent command, the little schooner *Elizabeth,* which bore his flag until the autumn of 1855 when he was given the command of the war steamer *Taurus,* which he was ordered to sail to the station in the Black Sea off the principal mouth of the Danube River. En route, he arrived at Syra, one of the Greek Cyclades, where he anchored in the early morning near a British squadron commanded by a vice admiral. The following letter, which he soon dispatched to the English admiral, shows some of Tegetthoff's dominant traits of character: mastery of his profession, decisiveness and fearlessness, and jealousy for the honor of the

flag of his country. "Sir Admiral:" he wrote, "On my arrival this morning I passed close by your squadron with the steamer which I have the honor to command, and anchored it a half-cable's length from you. Two courtesies were neglected by the squadron which you command; namely, the squadron of Her Britannic Majisty neglected to hoist its flag at the arrival of His Imperial Majesty's ship *Taurus,* and to send a boat as is customary as a greeting to a commander of this war-ship. I consider it as my duty to you, Sir Admiral, to state that such a proceeding appears hardly proper as an exchange of courtesies between two friendly nations and scarcely in accordance with those good and friendly relations which exist between His Imperial Majesty, my honored sovereign, and Her Majesty, the Queen of England. Be pleased to accept, Sir Admiral, the assurance of my highest respect. Von Tegetthoff." The British admiral at once made excuse for the oversight, and rendered the Austrian flag full recognition, in accordance with international usage.

During the remainder of the Crimean war, which was then being fought between Russia and the allied nations, Great Britain, France, and Turkey, the *Taurus* performed important police duties at its station in the Black Sea, inasmuch as the great bulk of the commerce of Central Europe passed down the Danube to those waters. Tegetthoff made proposals for improving the navigation of the mouth of that great river, which led, at the close of the war, to the establishment, by the Peace of Paris, of an international commission which made possible the entrance of steamers of one thousand tons, and thus greatly increased the commercial possibilities of the Danube.

Tegetthoff's work was recognized by the Austrian embassy at Constantinople, and also gained the favorable notice of Archduke Maximilian who had been appointed, in 1854, to the supreme command of the Austrian navy, with the rank of rear admiral. He wished to extend the maritime commerce of Austria beyond the narrow limits of the Mediterranean, and was also desirous of raising the navy from the humble place it then held among those of other European powers. The Archduke saw that it would be to the advantage of Austria to have a coaling-station on the Red Sea, for the building of the Suez Canal was then being planned. He, accordingly, decided to send a mission south for that purpose, and chose as its head Tegetthoff, who had been recalled from the Black Sea early in the year 1856. In March, 1857, Tegetthoff embarked for Egypt with the distinguished African traveler, Dr. Heuglin. This expedition in the interests of the development of navigation and commerce went down the Red Sea and into the Arabian Sea as far as the island of Sokotra, for the purchase of which an option was taken from Sultan Saad. The Austrian government, however, did not see fit to take advantage of the opportunity immediately, and not long afterwards, the island fell into the hands of the British. In Somaliland, Tegetthoff and Heuglin were taken prisoners and held until a small ransom of some seventy-five hundred dollars was paid. At the time of their capture, Heuglin was wounded and, when free, was forced to return to Cairo and leave Tegetthoff alone for the last three months of the expedition.

While at Aden, Tegetthoff received notice of his promotion to corvette captain, and on his return to Austria, he was appointed to command the screw corvette

Erzherzog Friedrich (*Crown Prince Frederick*), which was sent to the coast of Morocco to inquire into the fate of the crew of an Austrian merchantman that had been wrecked there. Being unable to learn whether the crew had been carried away as slaves into the interior, owing to the disturbed state of affairs then existing on that coast, he returned to the Adriatic, because of the imminence of war with France and Italy.

During the war which then ensued, the French fleet swept the seas unopposed; but it was not able to attack Venice, where Tegetthoff was obliged to hold his ship in inactivity, nor did it attempt to destroy the naval base at Pola, where the main Austrian fleet remained, regarding "discretion the better part of valor."

When peace was signed after about three months of fighting, Tegetthoff became aide-de-camp to Archduke Maximilian whom he accompanied as commanding officer of the *Kaiserin Elizabeth* in a voyage to Brazil, during which a close intimacy was formed between these two romantically interesting characters.

Upon his return to Austria, Tegetthoff was made a captain of the second class, and placed in command of the screw corvette *Radetzky*. In this ship, and later in the frigates *Novara* and *Schwarzenberg*, he spent some three years in the Levant, being present in Greek waters during the revolution and the accession of King George. Meanwhile, he had been advanced to captain of the first class in November, 1861, and had commanded a division of the fleet in the Levant, a great distinction for so young a captain.

Late in the year 1863, Tegetthoff was ordered to the North Sea. With the *Schwarzenberg, Radetzky,* and a gunboat, he proceeded to Brest where he was joined by

three Prussian gunboats, which were placed under his orders. With this squadron, he went north to cruise against the Danes who were reported to be blockading the mouths of the Elbe and Weser Rivers. War had just broken out between Denmark and the German Confederation over the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein.

On May 9, 1864, Tegetthoff met the Danish squadron, under Commodore Suenson, within sight of the island of Heligoland. The Danish force of three frigates was somewhat superior, and Tegetthoff's gunboats proved to be a liability rather than an asset in the battle, as he had to maneuver to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Danes. Tegetthoff, however, did not hesitate for a moment in attacking his enemy. The action lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon until four, when the antagonists found themselves in neutral waters, Heligoland then belonging to Great Britain; and the battle came to an end. Though Tegetthoff's flag-ship was seriously damaged, and his killed and wounded were about double those of the Danes, still the latter withdrew, giving up the blockade and thus awarding a strategical victory to the Austrians. The Austrian commander was rewarded by his emperor with the promotion to the rank of rear admiral and, also, with the Order of the Iron Cross.

After a few months in the War Office in Vienna, Tegetthoff was again placed in command of a small squadron in the Mediterranean, but, in the beginning of the year 1866, when the Seven Weeks' War with Prussia and Italy seemed imminent, he was recalled to Pola to take command, on May ninth, of all the effective forces of the Austrian navy. This was in a state of unpreparedness, for under the impression that the late al-

liance with Prussia had ushered in an era of peace, the ships, which were unfinished when Maximilian departed for Mexico, had not been completed, and other vessels had been permitted to lie in a state of disrepair. The spirit of the service, however, was excellent; and Tegetthoff set to work manfully to meet the emergencies of war.

By the 20th of June, when Italy declared war, Tegetthoff had made ready for service some seven armored ships and the same number of wooden vessels of considerable size, from corvette to ship of the line. The two strongest units were the *Erzherzog Ferdinand Max* and the *Habsburg,* armored frigates of a little more than five thousand tons. Their heavy Krupp breech-loaders had been held up in Prussia because of the war, and so they were armed with old 56-pounder smooth-bore guns, which were greatly out of date. The other five armored vessels averaged about thirty-three hundred tons, and were correspondingly lightly armed. Tegetthoff hoisted his flag on the *Ferdinand Max.* He drilled his men, most of whom were newly raised recruits, incessantly, and inspired his captains with his indomitable fiery spirit, at the same time indoctrinating them with the plans of the campaign so that, when the day of battle came, every captain knew the intention of his admiral.

The Italians, on the other hand, had twelve armored ships and eleven wooden vessels. In material strength, their navy was about double that of the Austrians. Their two largest ships, *Re d'Italia* and *Re di Portogallo,* built in New York, had a tonnage of fifty-seven hundred, and carried two 150-pounder and two 300-pounder Armstrong rifles respectively, in addition to a number of 7-inch guns. There was also the *Affondatore,* a turret-ram of four thousand and seventy tons, built

in England, with two 300-pounder guns in turrets having 5-inch armor. There were, besides, two smaller rams of twenty-seven hundred tons, two armored gunboats of two thousand tons, and five broadside-armored frigates of a little more than four thousand tons. The wooden ships of the Italians were also larger than those of the Austrians. In personnel, however, the Italians were weak; the officers were young and inexperienced, and discipline was at a low ebb. The commander-in-chief, Count Carlo Pellion di Persano, was then sixty years old; though he had a distinguished record in the Italian service, his age seemed to have weakened any power he might formerly have had to inspire confidence and awaken enthusiasm among his men, and, in this war, indecision appeared to have become his dominant characteristic. "Send me what you have," was Tegetthoff's request of the Austrian Minister of the Navy, "I will do something with it." Persano's tone was, on the contrary, "If you don't send me what I ask for, I can do nothing."

On June twenty-fifth, in response to repeated orders from the government to sweep the Austrians from the Adriatic, Persano sailed with nineteen ships, eleven of them armored, from his base at Taranto to Ancona. Two days later, Tegetthoff, with six armored ships, an old frigate, and some small craft, appeared off the port and steamed back and forth for two hours, waiting for Persano to come out and fight. The Italians finally, though superior in force, took up a position under their land batteries, and the Austrians, having no intention of engaging both a superior fleet and the Ancona forts, reluctantly withdrew. The Italian Minister of Marine, Depretis, continued to urge Persano to go out and meet

the enemy. In one of his dispatches he wrote, "Would you tell the people, the people who are vain enough to believe our sailors the best in the world, that after spending three hundred millions, we have done nothing better than get together a squadron which dare not meet the Austrians? Why, they'd stone us! As if the mere name of the Austrian has not always been a subject of ridicule."[1] Finally, on July eighth, Persano went out with his fleet, but he sailed back and forth in the middle of the Adriatic without making an effort to seek out the Austrians, and, after a cruise of five days, returned to Ancona.

The Austrians had recently been seriously defeated by Prussia at Sadowa on July third, and it looked as though a truce was imminent. The Italian government became, therefore, more and more anxious to strike a blow at sea to wipe away the disgrace of the defeat of their army at Custozza, and, if possible, seize some territory which might be claimed by Italy when the treaty of peace was being drawn up. Lissa, a rocky island eleven by six miles in size, lying in the middle of the Adriatic about thirty miles from the Dalmatian coast, was chosen for attack, for it might become an important naval base in Italy's possession. On the night of the 17th of July, the Italian fleet arrived near the island, and, the following day, began a bombardment of the forts. This was continued on the nineteenth, but the Austrians, numbering only eighteen hundred and thirty-three officers and men, stuck manfully to their guns, under this dispatch from Tegetthoff: "Hold out till the fleet can come to you."[2]

[1] *Studies in Naval History*, by JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, p. 173.

[2] The Italians had not taken the precaution to cut telegraphic communications until their fleet had already been sighted and reported to Tegetthoff at Pola.

On the morning of the 20th of July, Persano began landing twenty-two hundred men to coöperate in another attack, when about 8 A. M. the scout *Esploratore* came rushing into view with this signal flying: "Suspicious vessels west-north-west." The Italian fleet was not prepared for this contingency, and no detailed instructions had been issued by Persano to his subordinates to meet such an emergency. No council was called to discuss a plan of battle, and Persano seemed to have formed no plan for himself. The small ram *Formidabile,* short of ammunition and somewhat damaged in a previous action with the forts, was sent away to Ancona. Her sister ship *Terribile* and the armored gunboat *Varese* were some ten or twelve miles to the south. Persano was, accordingly, left with only nine armored vessels. These, he ordered to form line abreast; while the wooden vessels and the convoy under command of Albini were ordered to form in rear of the ironclads. Albini, however, claimed that he did not receive the orders and, for that reason, remained well back, close to the island and out of the battle.

Meanwhile, Tegetthoff continued to advance at full speed, his order of sailing being his order of battle, in true Nelsonian style. His fleet was in three divisions, each presenting a wedge-shaped front. His seven armored ships, with his flag-ship at the apex, constituted the first line; immediately in rear, the second line was composed of the seven larger wooden vessels under Commodore Petz in the *Kaiser* as his flag-ship; while the third line, which was made up of smaller craft under command of Commodore Eberle, brought up the rear. Tegetthoff's plans were well understood by his officers, and the only signals that he found it necessary to make

were: "Clear for action"; "Full speed"; and "Armored ships ram the enemy and sink him" (the latter signal made at 10:35). His full intention was to engage as closely as possible, for he was aware of his own weakness in armament.

As the Austrians came steaming straight at the Italian line, Persano turned his ships into line ahead toward the northeast as a battle formation but, unluckily, he shifted his flag from the *Re d'Italia* to the ram *Affondatore,* which was to starboard of the three ships composing the central division and thus somewhat protected by them from the oncoming enemy. This change of flagships so confused the signals and orders that the battle was, from that change, fought practically without a commander. At about eleven o'clock, the Austrians approached the gap which had opened between the Italian van and center. Vacca, in command of the van, turned to port to attack the Austrian rear, but Tegetthoff, in the *Ferdinand Max,* turned with three other armored ships and attacked Vacca's division. The remaining three Austrian ironclads attacked the Italian center; while Petz, with his wooden ships, boldly advanced on the enemy's rear.

In the mêlée which followed, the ships were easily distinguishable as the Austrian vessels were painted black, while the Italian ships were a light gray. Tegetthoff's standing order was to ram everything gray. "Each ship maneuvered independently, striving to ram, to escape the ram, or to interpose for the protection of a threatened consort. Vessels passed one another continually within pistol-shot, emerging from one bank of obscurity to enter another, and often having barely time to discharge their concentrated broadsides into an

enemy of whom they caught but vague and fleeting glimpses. The national ensigns were not distinguishable amid the rolling volumes of steam and smoke of powder and coal."[1]

Of the Austrian wooden ships, the *Kaiser*, particularly, distinguished herself by attempting to sink the *Re di Portogallo* of the Italian rear division, by ramming, in which effort she was herself severely damaged, leaving the imperial crown of her figurehead on the deck of the Italian ship. Though the enemy ironclad was seriously injured, the *Kaiser* had to retire from action, as she had been set on fire by the wrecking of her funnel.

Meanwhile, a terrible struggle was going on in the center of the line. The Italian *Palestro* received a shell in her stern that started a dangerous fire in her wardroom, and caused her to steam out of line with smoke pouring from her. The *Affondatore* made several half-hearted and ineffective attempts at ramming during the battle, seeming to have taken on the indecision of Persano after he had shifted his flag to that vessel. The fighting in the center revolved about the *Re d'Italia*, supposedly Persano's flag-ship. Her steering gear finally became injured, and the Austrian armored ships gathered about the doomed ship. It was well for Persano that he had shifted his flag; perhaps he was guided by a premonition in doing so. Finally, Tegetthoff's *Ferdinand Max* bore down on the injured ironclad at a speed of eleven and one-half knots, and, with a weight of some five thousand tons, crunched through her iron plates and wooden backing. When the Austrian vessel backed out, a hole of about three hundred square feet

[1] *Four Modern Naval Campaigns*, by Sir William Laird Clowes, p. 51.

in extent, with half of it below the water-line, was left, and within two minutes afterwards, the ship had disappeared in two hundred fathoms of water. She went down, however, with her flag flying and her crew cheering, "Venice is ours!" Her commanding officer, Fra di Bruno, is said to have exclaimed, "The captain must perish with his ship," and then to have committed suicide with his revolver. When the smoke of battle cleared, Persano signaled, "Where is the *Re d'Italia?*" The reply came from the nearest ship, "Sunk to the bottom."

The battle came to an end a few minutes past noon; but it was not until 2:30 in the afternoon that the *Palestro,* which had been set afire early in the engagement, blew up in plain sight of both fleets, with the loss of all hands except twenty-three officers and men. The Italian losses had indeed been heavy, six hundred and twenty killed (including those drowned) and forty wounded; while the Austrians lost only thirty-eight killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded. In addition to the loss of the *Palestro* and the *Re d'Italia,* the *Affondatore* (which means "Sinker") went down about a month afterwards in a squall in Ancona harbor, partly as a result of damages received in the battle.[1]

The day after the engagement, the Austrians were still off Lissa and prepared to renew the fighting; but the Italians had retired to Ancona. Persano, being a Senator, could not be subjected to court-martial; but he was arraigned before the Senate, converted into a High Court of Justice. His trial lasted for several months,

[1] It is interesting to recall in passing that G. A. Henty, the famous author of books for boys, was present at the Battle of Lissa in the capacity of Special Newspaper Correspondent.

but finally, on April 15, 1867, he was found guilty of negligence and incapacity, deprived of his rank as admiral and dismissed from the service, and forced to pay the costs of the trial.

The moral effect of the victory in Austria was great, and it, undoubtedly, caused her to receive better terms when peace was concluded not long afterwards. Tegetthoff received, by telegraph, news that he had been promoted to the rank of vice admiral. Of the many decorations that were bestowed upon him, he probably appreciated most of all the Grand Cross of the Order of Guadalupe given him by his friend Maximilian, then Emperor of Mexico. The decoration was accompanied by a letter, in part as follows: "The glorious victory which you have gained over a brave enemy, vastly superior in numbers and nurtured in grand old naval traditions, has filled my heart with unmixed joy. When I handed over to others the care of the Navy which had become so dear to me, and relinquished the task of making the land of my birth great and mighty by sea, amid the clash of contending nations, I looked hopefully to you and the young generation of officers and men whom I have been proud to see growing up and striving in a noble emulation under my command. . . . With the victory of Lissa your fleet becomes enrolled amongst those whose flag is the symbol of glory, and your name is added to the list of the naval heroes of all time."[1]

After the Battle of Lissa, the first engagement between ironclads in European waters, Tegetthoff traveled in England, the United States, and France to see, unofficially, the great naval arsenals of these countries and to study their organization. Having returned from

[1] *Studies in Naval History*, by JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, p. 192.

SINKING THE *RE D'ITALIA* AT LISSA.

From an old print.

the United States, he was on his way to Paris to attend the "Great Exhibition" of 1867, when he was recalled by telegraph to Vienna. There, he was intrusted with the melancholy mission of going to Mexico to reclaim the body of the Emperor Maximilian and to bring it back to Austria for honorable burial in the imperial vault in Vienna. After considerable difficulty and delay caused by the Mexican government, Tegetthoff carried out the wishes of his government and brought home, in the *Novara,* the body of his dear friend, the former head of the Austrian navy.

Tegetthoff's own career was then drawing to a close, though other honors were in store for him first. Early in 1868, he was made head of the Naval Section of the War Office and Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. This position he held until his death, after a brief illness, on April 7, 1871. His death indeed came, as so feelingly expressed in the language of the semi-official announcement, "zu früh für Oesterreich" ("too early for Austria").

Tegetthoff is said to have been a man of few words, rather decidedly a man of action. But when he thought the good of the service demanded it, he spoke out in no uncertain terms. There were times when he was so moved by disgust and dissatisfaction with the lack of support which the navy received at the hands of his government that he considered retiring to private life. Against doing this, he was persuaded by the Archduke Maximilian who thus contributed most effectively to the glory and welfare of Austria.

CHAPTER XIV

HEIHACHIRO TOGO (1847–) AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER

That there's a God who rules above
And shapes man's destinies,
Is doctrine hard perhaps to prove:
But had you been with us that day,
When, from the deep indented bay,
Where hidden from the world we lay,
Brave Togo led his fleet
Our Russian foe to meet,
You would no longer have a doubt;
For, had you seen that rout,
You'd know that God does rule the skies,
And shapes man's destinies.

From *The Battle of the Japan Sea*, by I. TAMAMA.

AFTER the Battle of Lissa, a period of many years followed before another great naval engagement was fought. In Europe, indeed, there was a time of comparative peace after the wars connected with Italian and German unification, though the Great Powers were beginning those stupendous preparations both on land and sea, and those wonderful improvements in fighting craft and in weapons of war which they were to use eventually with such terrible effect in the World War.

Toward the close of the nineteenth century, the center of international rivalry shifted, for the time being, from the continent of Europe to that of Asia. The period of conflict in the Far East was ushered in by the war between China and Japan, which broke out in the sum-

mer of 1894, over who was to control the destinies of Korea. Japan made short work of China in the Battle of the Yalu on September 17, 1894; but she was prevented from reaping the full fruits of her victory by France, Germany, and Russia, who immediately set about exploiting China for themselves. The first result of this ruthless policy was the Boxer Rebellion which burst forth in massacres and rebellion in the summer of 1900; the second result was the great war which was declared, on February 8, 1904, by Japan against Russia who was reaping territorially in Manchuria and Korea where Japan had sown. It was in this war that Admiral Togo won for himself a niche in that hall of fame where only the greatest seamen of all time are admitted.

Count Heihachiro[1] Togo was born in the little village of Kajiga, near Kagoshima, in the province of Satsuma, on December 22, 1847. He was, accordingly, only about six years old when Matthew Calbraith Perry dropped anchor from "the fire-vessels of the Western barbarians" in Yedo Bay, in that expedition which opened up Japan to the civilization of the West. His father, Kichizaemon Togo, was a trusted samurai in the service of Prince Shimadzu, the feudal lord of Satsuma; while his mother was a descendant of Kiyomori, head of the proud feudal house of Taira.

Togo's mother was well educated, and she instructed her son until he reached the age of twelve. He then became a pupil of the distinguished samurai of Satsuma,

[1] At a dinner given in his honor in New York by the Japan Society and New York Peace Society, Togo explained that "Heihachiro" means "peaceful son" and "Togo" has the meaning "eastern country"; hence his name signifies "The Peaceful Man of the East." Editorial of the *Outlook* of August 26, 1911.

known as Takemori Saigo, with whom he studied, for four years, ideographic penmanship, the Chinese classics, fencing, jiu-jitsu wrestling, and military exercises. At that time no one gave him credit for more than ordinary ability, though he was noted for his diligence, modesty, and quiet demeanor. The following precept of his great teacher undoubtedly had a remarkable influence over his career: "Where you see faults, take the blame of them yourself; where there is merit, attribute it to others. Act resolutely, and the very gods and devils shall flee before you."[1]

During the period of turbulence preceding the downfall of the Shogunate, the famous Satsuma clan undertook to defend its coast by creating a small navy after the European plan. Togo, then a lad but sixteen years old, entered this Satsuma navy as an apprentice; and, in 1868, on board the *Kasuga,* he fought the Shogunate cruiser *Kwaiten* and defeated her. After this naval experience, he became desirous of going to England to learn modern naval science. As a preparation, he went to Yokohama and learned English from an Englishman then residing in that city, and, in 1871, he had the good fortune to be one among the twelve young Japanese naval cadets who were sent by the Imperial Government to study in the Greenwich Naval College in England.

The commanding officer of the British training-ship *Worcester,* on which Togo served for some eighteen months, declared that Togo was an excellent fellow. "He was not what you would call brilliant," he said, "but a great plodder, slow to learn, but very sure when he had learnt; and he wanted to learn everything! He

[1] *Admiral Togo,* by GEORGE KENNAN in the *Outlook* of August 12, 1905.

COUNT HEIHACHIRO TOGO.
From a photograph.

was a quiet, good-tempered young fellow, and as brave as a lion."[1] Though good-tempered, he would not permit the English lads to call him "Johnny Chinaman," and they knew when to stop teasing him. After five years of study in England, he was ordered to supervise the construction of the cruiser *Hiyei* which Japan had ordered from an English dockyard. Two years later, in 1878, he returned to Japan on board the new cruiser, and his progress in his profession was steady and rather rapid, for he became a captain in 1890.

He did not, however, have an opportunity to make his name known to the general public until 1894, when the war began with China. When this war was on the point of breaking out, Rear Admiral Tsuboi was sent with a small squadron of three cruisers to stop the Chinese from transporting troops to Korea. One of these cruisers, the *Naniwa,* was commanded by Togo. Off the Korean coast this Japanese squadron engaged two Chinese war-ships, the protected cruiser *Tsi-Yuen* being badly damaged and the sloop *Kwang-Yi* being destroyed and sunk. Immediately afterwards, they came up with another Chinese sloop escorting a transport with munitions and twelve hundred Chinese troops on board. The sloop surrendered, but the transport, refusing to follow the Japanese into port, was fired on by the *Naniwa* and sunk, with the loss of all on board except some five hundred men.

In the Battle of the Yalu, which followed the formal declaration of war, Togo's *Naniwa* was one of the "Flying Squadron" commanded by Tsuboi, which led the attack and accounted for the destruction of four of the Chinese vessels, with relatively slight losses and little

[1] *The Battle of the Japan Sea,* by I. Tamama, p. 5.

damage to itself. After the battle, the *Naniwa,* while reconnoitering the Chinese coast in company with the cruiser *Akitsushima,* came upon the Chinese *Kwang-Kai* aground near Port Arthur and promptly destroyed her. Finally, in January of the next year, Togo's cruiser assisted in the naval operations which terminated with the capture of Wei-hai-wei and the remnant of the Chinese fleet, and practically ended the war. Togo was promoted, February, 1895, to the rank of rear admiral, and, at the close of the war, the Emperor conferred on him the Order of the Rising Sun, and soon afterwards made him the commander-in-chief of the "Standing Squadron."

Forced by European Powers to give up Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula which had been handed over to her by the Treaty of Shimonoseki with China, Japan was angered beyond limit when Russia, the leader of the Western nations in opposition to the terms of the recent treaty, so maneuvered as to gain for herself, in 1897, the very territory which had been withheld from Japan. The Japanese, therefore, turned the energies and the resources of the nation into preparations, both military and naval, for a war against Western aggression in the Far East. Japan arranged also, in 1902, a defensive alliance with Great Britain, obligating each contracting nation to come to the assistance of her ally, when this ally, already engaged in war with an enemy, should be attacked by a second enemy nation.

In the building up of a powerful modern navy, Togo played an important rôle. As early as October, 1903, as Vice Admiral, he had been appointed to command the main Japanese fleet, for he had gained great prestige by displaying high professional qualities while in command

of the Japanese "Permanent Squadron" during the Boxer Campaign. A man of modesty and good judgment, courage and determination, he proved his supreme worth in the hour of Japan's greatest need. On February 5, 1904, the day diplomatic relations were broken with Russia, he called his officers on board the flag-ship and announced: "We sail to-night. Our enemy flies the Russian flag."[1] Then, as the officers filed out, he looked intently at a small dagger lying in a white wood tray and at each officer in turn as he passed; all understood this symbol of samurai honor, which thus served as a wordless preface to the Russo-Japanese war.[2]

When Japan declared war on Russia, February 8, 1904,[3] she had a very considerable naval force ready for service. There were six battleships, typical of that day, each mounting four 12-inch guns fore and aft; six armored cruisers carrying four 8-inch guns and from twelve to fourteen 6-inch guns; eight protected cruisers; nineteen destroyers; and sixteen torpedo boats. Two other armored cruisers, the *Nisshin* and the *Kasuga*, recently purchased from Argentina while they were building in Italy, arrived in Japan on February sixteenth. These naval forces were organized in two squadrons, with Togo's flag in the battleship *Mikasa*. There was also an independent Third Squadron of old vessels, and an Auxiliary Squadron of armed merchant steamers, colliers, gunboats, mine layers, mine sweepers, repair ships, and torpedo depot ships. The fleet was manned by thoroughly well-trained seamen and experienced of-

[1] *Outlook* of August 19, 1911.

[2] *Togo the Silent*, by ADACHI KINNOSUKE in the *Independent* of June 8, 1905.

[3] *On the Sixth Night of the Second Moon of the Thirty-seventh Year of Meiji*, according to the flowery phraseology of the Orient.

ficers with an efficient staff. There were no submarines nor aircraft; as a naval historian[1] remarks, "This was the last great war in two dimensions at sea and it marks the end of an age of naval development."

The available Russian naval forces were divided between the Baltic and Black Seas, and Port Arthur and Vladivostok in the Far East. At Port Arthur, there were seven battleships, one armored cruiser, five protected cruisers, two torpedo gunboats, two mine layers, and twenty-five destroyers; while at Vladivostok, eleven hundred miles to the north, were three armored cruisers, one protected cruiser, and seventeen torpedo boats. There were also, at both Port Arthur and Vladivostok, several old ships of small size that were used for inshore duties. In spite of the fact that the Japanese had a real advantage in the number of armored ships and in the weight of broadside, as well as in their use of high explosives in their heavy projectiles, the Russian General Staff was lulled into a state of false security by the statement of Rear Admiral Vitjeft, Chief of the Russian Naval Staff in the Far East, to the effect that "our fleet cannot be beaten by the Japanese Fleet, whether in the Gulf of Korea or in the Yellow Sea," and that, consequently, a landing of Japanese troops in Korea was "absolutely impossible."[2] They were, however, soon to realize how foolishly they had been misled.

For, indeed, the very evening of the day war was declared, the Japanese fleet struck viciously at the Russians at Port Arthur. Unprepared for immediate fighting, the Russian fleet lay in the outer harbor "with all lights burning, without torpedo nets out, and without

[1] H. H. Wilson, in *Battleships in Action*, I, 171.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 168.

any guard vessels."[1] A few minutes past midnight, the Japanese launched a torpedo attack. Of the eighteen torpedoes fired, three did execution, two battleships and one cruiser being so damaged that they grounded in attempting to retire into the inner harbor. The next morning at eleven o'clock, Togo attacked with the main fleet and engaged the Russians for an hour. This action was indecisive inasmuch as the Russians were supported by their land batteries, though they suffered more damages to their vessels than the Japanese and had double the casualties of the latter. Togo's *Mikasa* had her battle-flag brought down by a shell, and when it was hoisted again, another shot tore off a large portion of the flag.

The Japanese immediately afterwards commenced the transportation of an army to Korea and southern Manchuria; while Togo continued to harass the Russian fleet at Port Arthur with torpedo attacks and bombardments, and with attempts to block the harbor entrance, for the next six months. During these operations, the most serious loss was suffered by the Russians on April thirteenth when Vice Admiral Makaroff, Russia's best naval leader, who had recently arrived to take over the command of the fleet at Port Arthur, in making an attack against the Japanese went down in his flag-ship, the *Petropavlosk,* which struck a mine and vanished within two minutes afterwards. Then another battleship was badly damaged by a mine; and the number of Russian effective capital ships in Port Arthur harbor was thus reduced from seven to three. Meanwhile, other losses had amounted to two cruisers, one mine layer, and three destroyers.

[1] *Rasplata,* by VLADIMIR SEMENOFF, p. 45.

Japan had been lucky in the beginning, but, on May twelfth, a torpedo boat, while mine-sweeping, struck a mine and was sunk. Two days later, a small cruiser went down in the same waters under similar circumstances. But May fifteenth was a far more unlucky day, for it was then that the cruiser *Yoshino* was rammed and sunk by a sister ship in a dense fog off Port Arthur, and the battleships *Yashima* and *Hatsuse* were sunk by mines laid the previous day by the Russians outside of territorial waters, in utter disregard of the rights of neutral merchant ships. This caused the loss of sixty-seven officers and seven hundred and forty-four men, and was a stunning blow to Japanese morale. Even that was not the end of their losses, for, on May seventeenth, a destroyer struck a mine and was sunk, and a dispatch boat was sunk by ramming.

Meanwhile, Port Arthur had been cut off by the advance of the Japanese on land, and Admiral Vitjeft, who had succeeded to the command of naval forces there, under urgent orders to take the fleet out and drive back the Japanese who had continued doggedly to blockade these waters, moved out, on June twenty-third, to make a sortie. When he saw Togo's four battleships, four armored cruisers, and a large number of smaller craft lying across his course, his heart failed him, and he steamed back into Port Arthur, as night fell, without firing a shot. That same night, Togo made a determined torpedo attack but with no serious damages, except to the battleship *Sevastopol* which was considerably injured by a mine which she struck during the confusion of the attack. This game of tag continued until early in the month of August, mines or accident accounting for damages to a Russian destroyer and an armored cruiser

and one Japanese cruiser, and the loss of two Russian destroyers and two small Japanese craft; moreover, a transport with eighteen siege-guns, much needed by the Japanese army at Port Arthur, was sunk by the Vladivostok Russian squadron.

By the first of August, the Japanese army had closed in on Port Arthur to such an extent that its artillery began to reach effectively the Russian battleships in the harbor. Even Vitjeft was slightly wounded in one of the bombardments. Accordingly, on August tenth, the Russian fleet of six battleships, four cruisers, and eight destroyers made a second sortie, with the hope of breaking through and making a junction with the naval forces at Vladivostok. As the fleet began to leave the port, Vitjeft, having a presentiment of death, bade his friends farewell with the words: "We shall meet in another world."[1]

Togo was again ready to meet the Russians with four battleships, four armored cruisers, seventeen destroyers, and twenty-nine torpedo boats. It was a little after one o'clock in the afternoon when the engagement began, at a range of fourteen thousand yards. For two hours the fighting continued at long range, Togo appearing loath to risk his precious battleships at close quarters. He probably wished to draw the Russians farther out to sea so that they might find it less easy to retire later into Port Arthur, as they had done on a previous occasion. In any case, it was 5:30 before the range was reduced to eight thousand yards. For a time there appeared to be little difference in the effectiveness of the firing in both fleets, severe damages being inflicted on both Russian and Japanese ships. But the climax of the battle

[1] Wilson's *Battleships in Action*, I, 206.

came at 6:37 when two Japanese 12-inch shells struck the *Tsarevitch,* the flag-ship. The first shell hit the foremast, and the explosion swept the forebridge, killing Admiral Vitjeft and killing or wounding some seventeen other officers and men; the second burst against the roof of the conning tower, killing or injuring all within and, at the same time, jamming the helm hard to starboard so that the ship turned suddenly to port. The entire fleet was soon in disorder, without a leader and without signals. Togo then closed to four thousand yards, and only a Russian destroyer attack and nightfall saved the Russians from annihilation.

Under cover of darkness, the ships separated and made for various ports. The flag-ship, the cruiser *Novik,* and three destroyers reached Kiaochau. The cruiser, after coaling, departed in an effort to reach Vladivostok, but she was destroyed by Japanese cruisers on August twenty-first, near the island of Sakhalin. Another cruiser and a destroyer made their way in safety to Shanghai, while still another cruiser reached Saigon. These vessels, of course, were all interned in neutral ports and were lost to the Russians for the remainder of the war. Another destroyer was forced ashore on the Shantung coast and destroyed. The remainder of the fleet,—five battleships, one cruiser, and three destroyers, —though badly battered, succeeded in getting back into Port Arthur, which death trap they were destined never to leave.

Though the Vladivostok Russian squadron of three armored cruisers came out, on hearing of the Port Arthur sortie, they did not reach the vicinity of the Straits of Tsushima until August fourteenth. Then they were surprised by a superior force under Admiral

Kamimura, and driven back to Vladivostok with the loss of one of their cruisers and some fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, or captured.

The siege of Port Arthur went on with renewed energy and, finally, on the 5th of December, 203-Metre Hill was stormed and captured. This was then used as a naval observation point from which the fire of the Japanese 11-inch siege howitzers could be directed on the Russian war-ships. One by one, these were all sunk except the *Sevastopol* which was taken out into deep water and sunk by her captain, just before the surrender of Port Arthur on January 2, 1905.

Thus far in the war, the Russians had lost seven battleships, two armored cruisers, five protected cruisers, thirty-three destroyers, mine layers, and torpedo gunboats, and numerous other small craft, either destroyed, captured, or driven into internment in neutral ports. The Japanese loss had amounted to only two battleships, two protected cruisers, two destroyers, four torpedo boats, and six old gunboats and small cruisers. Besides, all the sunken ships at Port Arthur fell into the hands of the Japanese who, at once, made preparations to raise them and recondition them for active service.

Meanwhile, the Russian government had decided to dispatch the Baltic Fleet to the Far East, and on October 15, 1904, it set out under Vice Admiral Rojdestvensky. There were seven battleships, two old armored cruisers, four light cruisers, seven destroyers, and nine auxiliary and store-ships. After a remarkable cruise around Africa, the lighter vessels passing through Suez Canal, the fleet was reunited at Nossi Bé, in Madagascar, on January 9, 1905. Three days before, news of the fall

of Port Arthur was received by the commander-in-chief. At Nossi Bé, a small reënforcement of two cruisers, two destroyers, and three auxiliary cruisers joined the fleet. Against the advice of Rojdestvensky, a third division under Rear Admiral Nebogatoff was sent from Libau as a reënforcement on February 15, 1905. This was composed of very old vessels,—one battleship, one armored cruiser, three small coast defense ships, and seven auxiliary vessels, laughingly referred to by the Russians as an archæological museum of "flatirons and galoshes," or "war junk" and "auto-sinkers." Without waiting for Nebogatoff, who was to proceed through the Suez Canal, Rojdestvensky left Nossi Bé on March sixteenth and proceeded across the Indian Ocean to Kamranh Bay, French Cochin China, arriving April thirteenth. Nebogatoff finally reached this port May ninth.

Meanwhile, Togo had been straining every nerve and sinew in overhauling and reconditioning the ships of his fleet after the successful termination of the Port Arthur campaign. Three new destroyers and a new light cruiser were added to his forces at this time. Moreover, a plan of operations was agreed upon by the Supreme Command, which called for a concentration of all naval forces in the Straits of Korea. There the Japanese were to await the Russians, who, it was concluded, would be forced to use this entrance to the Sea of Japan because of the difficulty of navigating the Tsugaru Strait and the necessity of coaling off the coast of Japan, if they went through the Strait of La Perouse, the only other available route.

On May fourteenth, Rojdestvensky commenced the last lap of his voyage with his strangely assorted and heterogeneous fleet of some fifty vessels. On the twenty-

fifth, off the mouth of the Yangtze, six transports were detached and ordered to Shanghai. Rojdestvensky, however, vacillated between evading the Japanese and fighting them.

> Togo or not Togo; that is the question:
> Whether 'tis better on the sea to suffer
> The winds and billows of outraged Neptune,
> Or to take arms against the fleet of Togo,
> And by opposing end me.[1]

At best, the Russian Admiral hoped that he might encounter thick weather and so pass unobserved through the straits.

On the night of the 25th of May, the Russian ships began to hear wireless signals in a strange language, and knew that their enemies, though invisible, were not far distant. The fleet was then sailing in two parallel columns, the first consisting of the first and second squadrons which were composed of the seven best battleships and an armored cruiser, and led by the *Suvaroff* as flag-ship; the second consisting of one battleship, three old coast defense vessels, two light cruisers, and two armored cruisers, which constituted the third squadron. In advance, was a scouting division of two light cruisers and an armed steamer, in wedge formation; on either beam and parallel with the leading ships in each column was a light cruiser, each accompanied by two torpedo boats; while, in rear, steamed four transports, two repair tugs, and two hospital ships. Four auxiliary ships had been detached as scouts to mystify the Japanese; while five torpedo boats (de-

[1] Quoted from the *Japan Mail* of June 6, 1905, in *The Battle of the Japan Sea*, by I. TAMAMA, p. 14.

stroyers) were ordered to protect the transports, if an engagement took place.

Togo was in Douglas Inlet at the entrance to Mesampo harbor on the Korean coast with his main force of four battleships and eight armored cruisers, in two equal divisions; and four divisions of light cruisers of four ships each. There were also in the fleet twenty-one destroyers, seventeen first-class and forty second-class torpedo boats, two dispatch boats, and some auxiliary cruisers. During the night of May 26–27, four of these auxiliary vessels and two light cruisers of the sixth division constituted a line of patrol for the purpose of seeking intelligence of the Russian approach.

It was not until 5:05 o'clock on the morning of May twenty-seventh that Togo received, at his base, a wireless message from one of his scouts that the Russians had been located in square 203.[1] This was considered a good omen, from the fact that the storming of 203-Metre Hill had brought the downfall of Port Arthur. Togo immediately telegraphed the following self-confident message to Tokio: "I have just received the news that the enemy's fleet has been sighted. Our fleet will forthwith proceed to sea to attack the enemy and destroy him." During the morning hours Japanese cruisers continued to keep in touch with the Russians, the fifth and third light cruiser squadrons, in particular, approaching in a threatening manner and securing fuller information concerning the enemy fleet.

At ten o'clock, the Russian fleet changed to battle formation with the twelve strongest ships in line ahead, and with the transports to starboard and astern where

[1] The Japanese had divided the map into numbered squares in order to render signaling easier.

the destroyers and cruisers were ordered to protect them. At about noon, the Japanese third cruiser division approached to approximately nine thousand yards, and the *Orel* fired a 12-inch gun by accident. Nebogatoff's ships also opened fire, and thirty rounds were wasted before Rojdestvensky could signal the firing to stop.

At 1:45 o'clock, Togo sighted the Russians for the first time several miles south on his port bow. Ten minutes later, he ran up his famous signal: "The fate of the Empire depends upon this event. Let every man do his utmost."[1] His main squadron then headed southwest, as if to cut across the enemy's course, but at five minutes after two, it turned suddenly to the east and bore down diagonally on the head of the Russian column. The Russians changed course slightly to starboard and opened fire with the first shell from the *Suvaroff's* fore-turret at 2:08 o'clock. The Japanese waited until the range was reduced to about six thousand metres, when the *Mikasa* deliberately answered. Almost immediately the Japanese fire became effective; while that of the Russians lacked precision. Writing of the Japanese big shells, which the Russians called "portmanteaus," a Russian officer declared, "I had never imagined anything like it. Shells seemed to be pouring upon us incessantly, one after another. . . . It seemed as if these were mines, not shells, which were striking the ship's side and falling on the deck. They burst as soon as they touched anything—the moment they encountered the least impediment in their flight."[2]

[1] Togo's *Official Report* in *The Naval Battles of the Russo-Japanese War*, by CAPTAIN KITCHITARO TOGO, p. 98.
[2] *The Battle of Tsushima*, by SEMENOFF, p. 63.

When Togo had completed his turn, he changed his course a little to starboard, as if to cross the "T" of the Russian course, and further decreased the range to between five thousand and six thousand yards. Throughout the battle the Japanese commander-in-chief remained in the open, outside the conning tower on the upper bridge. The climax of the engagement then approached. One Japanese ship, the eleventh in the line, had been heavily hit and forced out of the line with a disabled steering gear. The *Mikasa* had been struck by two 12-inch and two 6-inch shells which had caused fifty-four casualties. But conditions were far worse on the Russian ships. The *Osliabia's* fore-turret had been put out of action, a great fire had broken out on her, and, with a huge hole below her water-line, she began to list to port. Three other battleships, including the flag-ship, were ablaze and covered with dense clouds of brown smoke. A few minutes before three o'clock, the *Suvaroff*, with Rojdestvensky wounded and most of the officers and men in the conning tower either killed or wounded, had her steering gear wrecked and, no longer under control, she circled round and round so battered as hardly to be taken for a ship. A little later, the *Osliabia* was struck by several shells at the water-line, and filling with rushing water, she slowly turned over to port and then vanished forever, with the loss of five hundred and fifteen of her crew, the first modern battleship to be sunk by gun-fire.

The *Suvaroff* having been forced out of line, the *Alexander III* took the lead and endeavored to pass to port in rear of the Japanese fleet which had forged ahead. But Togo reversed his course by ordering his ships to "turn together," and thus forced the Russians

to veer off to the southeast. Meanwhile, a heavy fire was concentrated on the *Alexander,* which "at times seemed completely enveloped in flames and brown smoke, while round her the sea literally boiled, throwing up great pillars of water."[1] In time, both fleets resumed parallel courses to the northwest, and at four o'clock the *Alexander* was so seriously hit as to be forced out of line, burning furiously. The *Borodino* then took the lead; but, by that time, the fleets had lost contact temporarily, and the first and decisive phase of the battle came to an end.

At 5:30, Admiral Rojdestvensky, who had become unconscious from the wound in his head, and his staff were transferred with the greatest difficulty from the flagship to the destroyer *Buiny.* On board this vessel, during an interval of consciousness, he relinquished the command of his fleet, muttering indistinctly, "Command—Nebogatoff—keep on Vladivostok—course north 23 degrees east."

Meanwhile, the Russian fleet had changed course to the south and then again toward the north, making a wide circuit round the disabled flag-ship. Togo with the first squadron had continued to the northward; while the second division, under Kamimura, went off independently toward the south, hunting the Russians in the obscurity of oncoming night. He got into contact with Nebogatoff's ships a little after five o'clock, shelled the auxiliary *Kamchatka,* gave several salvos to the *Suvaroff,* and then continued northward to join Togo and leave the field free to torpedo craft.

At six o'clock, Togo came up with the *Alexander* which had made hasty repairs and was again leading

[1] *The Battle of Tsushima,* by SEMENOFF, 117.

the line. A few minutes afterwards, the Japanese had made a complete wreck of her, and turning over, she floated a few moments bottom upwards and then sank with all her crew of eight hundred and thirty, except only four men. About one hour afterwards, the *Borodino* was hit by a 12-inch shell which exploded her magazine, and down she went with all her crew, except one man. At 7:20, the *Suvaroff,* which had continued to float in spite of repeated bombardments for five hours, was torpedoed by the Japanese 11th Torpedo Boat Division and went to the bottom, still firing her one last serviceable gun. She took down with her all who remained alive of her heroic defenders.

Before night came, the Japanese light cruiser squadrons had been active. Having passed around the Russian rear, they fell upon the cruisers and auxiliaries, sinking two and setting fire to two others. The Japanese, however, had one cruiser put out of action, and did not do as much damage to the Russians in this phase of the action as they apparently should have done.

Shortly before the *Alexander* went down, Nebogatoff hoisted the signal, "Follow me," and turned to the southwest and later to the northeast for Vladivostok, with the remnant of the fleet. Not observing the last change of course, three Russian cruisers, *Oleg, Aurora,* and *Jemtchug,* continued to the southwest and escaped to Shanghai and then to Manila where they were interned.

At eight o'clock in the evening, a series of torpedo attacks were delivered against the Russians by twenty-one destroyers and thirty-seven torpedo boats. A heavy sea interfered with the work of these small war-ships, but they managed to sink the battleships *Navarin* and

ROJDESTVENSKY BEING TRANSFERRED TO A DESTROYER AT TSUSHIMA.

From a painting by Norman Wilkinson, R. B. A., in the third volume of the "Official History (Naval and Military) of the Russo-Japanese War." Used by permission of the Controller of H. M. Stationery Office.

Sissoi Viliki, and so damaged the *Nakhimoff* and *Monomakh* that their captains sunk them, the following morning, to keep them from falling into the hands of Japanese cruisers. In these night attacks, the Japanese lost two torpedo boats by gun-fire and one other by collision.

The following morning Togo's crews were rested and ready to reëngage the Russian ships still afloat, whose crews, after one of the fiercest naval battles of history, had had but little rest because of the harassing torpedo attacks of the previous night. At 9:30, the Russians were sighted again,—two battleships, two old coast defense vessels, and one cruiser. They were quickly surrounded by Togo's forces, but not until the cruiser had escaped. At 10:30, Nebogatoff surrendered this remnant of the Russian armada. Afterwards, he declared to Togo that he shrank from the responsibility of causing the death of the two thousand men under his command, in useless resistance.

In the afternoon, at 4:50, the destroyer *Biedovy,* to which Admiral Rojdestvensky had been transferred, was also captured. Of the thirty-eight vessels which had entered the Straits of Korea, all had been captured or destroyed except eleven. Of these, seven escaped and were interned in neutral ports; one hospital ship was released after capture; and one cruiser and two destroyers safely reached Vladivostok. On the contrary, Togo lost only three torpedo boats which were sunk, though certain other ships were damaged and temporarily disabled. The Japanese lost only one hundred and seventeen killed and five hundred and eighty-three wounded; while the Russian casualties amounted to four thousand eight hundred and thirty killed, five thousand nine hundred

and seventeen prisoners, and one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two interned in neutral ports (the number of their wounded is unknown). No naval victory in modern history, where the fight had begun with no overwhelming advantage on either side, had led to such a complete annihilation of the enemy.

Rojdestvensky survived; and, on June third, Togo called upon the defeated Russian admiral at the Naval Hospital at Sasebo and expressed to him the sincere hope that he would soon recover his health and be able again to serve his country. Rojdestvensky replied that he could not but admire the efficiency of the Japanese fleet and that he considered it an honor to receive wounds from such an illustrious commander.

The Japanese nation was thrown into transports of rejoicing over the victory of their "invincible Togo." One newspaper declared, "Call it a great success! It far outbids our expectation! We are possessed of an indescribable feeling of extreme wonder and joy, and can only shed tears of ecstasy."[1] Indeed, the press of the whole world joined in heaping praise upon Togo for his wonderful achievement.

The immediate results of this great naval victory were far-reaching. The Russian armies had already received a great defeat in Manchuria at Mukden, and, through the mediation of President Roosevelt, a peace conference was assembled at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where a treaty of peace was signed on September 5, 1905. By this treaty, Japan's paramount position in Korea was recognized; Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula were transferred by Russia to Japan; as an indemnity,

[1] *The Japan Times*, as quoted from *The Battle of the Japan Sea*, by I. TAMAMA.

the southern half of the island of Sakhalin (Saghalien) became Japanese; and Russia was forced to evacuate Manchuria permanently. Ultimately, Korea was annexed to Japan, in 1910.

Togo was highly honored by the Emperor, who bestowed upon him the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum and the First Order of the Golden Kite. In 1906, he was given the British Order of Merit, and, the following year, he became a Japanese Count. Modesty, however, is a dominant trait in his character, and he is said to have stopped an attempt to commence a popular subscription from which he was to receive one hundred thousand yen ($487,000). When he returned to Japan a world hero, he purchased from the court photographer the only negative of him then in existence in Japan. This, he destroyed, saying, "I am shocked to find that people . . . spend money on the portrait of such a stupid person."

An Englishman has given the following description of Togo's appearance: "In person, Admiral Togo is a short, somewhat stout man, with full black beard and moustache, and a distinctively Japanese appearance. He is not a great talker; indeed, in manner he is somewhat reserved. Above all, he is a cool, resolute, determined, very courageous sailor, quick and alert of perception, but calm and unprecipitate in action."[1]

In 1882 (or 1883), Togo married the eldest daughter of Viscount Kaieda, of a proud family higher in rank than that of the admiral's. There are two sons, twenty and seventeen years old respectively at the time of the Battle of Tsushima, and a younger daughter.

[1] Robert Machray in London *Daily Mail*, as quoted in *The Battle of the Japan Sea*, by I. TAMAMA, p. 10.

In June, 1911, Admiral Togo, in company with General Nogi, represented Japan at the coronation of King George in London. On his way home, he spent two weeks in the United States as the guest of the nation. He was received on the floor of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, given a dinner in his honor by President Taft, and signally honored wherever he went. He visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, and that of John Paul Jones at Annapolis; and he was greatly impressed with his inspection of the navy yards at Washington, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn.

Togo is said to be famous for his love of flowers, dogs, and children. Indeed, he is reported to have taken leave of his wife at the outbreak of the war with Russia with this request: "Madame, be so good as to take excellent care of my dogs." He still lives, now eighty years old, in a modest little cottage in the outskirts of Tokio, in the retirement which he loves, among his flowers and dogs, having lived to see the Japanese navy become not only the most powerful fighting force in the Far East, but also one of the most modern and efficient in the world.

CHAPTER XV

DAVID BEATTY (1871–) AND THE WORLD WAR

Captains adventurous, rest ye in your havens,
Pipe your ghostly mariners to keep their watch below,
Sons of your sons are here to strike for England,
Heirs of your glory—Beatty, Jellicoe.

Yet shall your names ring on in England's story,
You who were the prophets of the mighty years to be,
Drake, Blake, and Nelson, thundering down the ages,
Captains adventurous, the Masters of the Sea.

From *Captains Adventurous,* by NORAH M. HOLLAND.

THOUGH the Battle of Tsushima was a stupendous engagement and the weapons of destruction employed in it wrought havoc as never before in modern naval history, yet, after the lapse of only ten years, another war broke out which, in the number of nations participating, the destructiveness of the engines of warfare employed, and the amount of blood and treasure poured out in its waging, simply beggars all comparisons and fully merits the sonorous name,—the World War. During this war, many heroic deeds were performed on the High Seas, and it is difficult to choose one naval officer from so many distinguished ones; but perhaps the career of no other naval leader during that titanic struggle was so uniformly picturesque as was that of Admiral David Beatty.

David Beatty was born, January 11, 1871, the second son of Captain David Longfield Beatty, 4th Hussars, of

Borodale, County Wexford, Ireland. Young David's entrance into the navy was largely a matter of accident, as his family traditions and associations had to do mainly with the army and the hunting-field. At the age of thirteen, however, he entered, as a naval cadet, the training-ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth, which, at that time, constituted the naval school for preparation for the British naval service.

In his sea service, Beatty was fortunate in having the maximum of variety and the minimum of mere routine. As a midshipman, he served in the Mediterranean flagship *Alexandra* and in the *Ruby* with the training squadron. He was a sub-lieutenant on the *Nile* and the yacht *Victoria and Albert.* As a lieutenant, he served again in the *Ruby* and then in the *Camperdown* and the *Trafalgar;* later still, with the Portsmouth destroyer flotilla and the Nile gunboats.

In command of the gunboat *Abu Klea,* Lieutenant Beatty rendered very effective service in the successful attack on Dongola, September 19–22, 1896, during Lord Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. The commanding officer of the flotilla of three gunboats having been wounded during the first day's fighting, Beatty succeeded to the command and "at his instance a daring maneuver was carried out, all three boats going full speed ahead, running the gauntlet of the batteries on shore and steaming straight for Dongola."[1] His assistance during the next two days' fighting contributed largely to the capture of the place, with very few casualties. The *Abu Klea,* however, was hit eighty-six times, and one shell, fortunately without a fuse, landed in her magazine.

[1] *Life of Lord Kitchener,* by Sir George Arthur, I, 202.

ADMIRAL DAVID BEATTY.
From a photograph.

The following summer, the gunboats with some other steamers were taken up the Fourth Cataract, with great difficulty, one steamer with Beatty on board being capsized and swept downstream. In October, the gunboats reconnoitered the enemy's position further up the river at Metemmeh, shelling the forts and Dervish forces and causing them heavy losses.

In the Battle of Atbara, fought April 8, 1898, Beatty commanded a rocket detachment which set fire to the enemy stockade in several places. The gunboats also cooperated with Kitchener in the Battle of Omdurman, September second of the same year, which brought the campaign in the Sudan to a successful termination. According to Churchill, Beatty commanded the gunboat which "had come up the Nile as close as possible to support the 21st Lancers when we made the charge at Omdurman."[1]

Beatty was also in the expedition which proceeded up the White Nile, under the command of Kitchener, to Fashoda. Arriving here September twenty-first, they raised the British and Egyptian flags as a countercheck to the French who had advanced eastward across Africa to this point and had hoisted their flag there on the preceding July tenth. This was the famous Fashoda Incident which brought the two nations to the brink of war, France finally retiring because of the insistence of Great Britain.

"The flotilla of gunboats," it is maintained, "was indispensable to the successful issue of the campaign; and, but for the bombardment of Omdurman—which undoubtedly determined the Khalifa to leave the city and fight in the open—the Sirdar might have found the

[1] *The World Crisis*, by WINSTON CHURCHILL, p. 87.

capture of Omdurman a far more hazardous and formidable undertaking than it proved to be."[1]

Beatty's name was mentioned in the dispatches of November 3, 1896, and again in those of January 25 and September 30, 1898; and he was, accordingly, awarded the D. S. O. and the Turkish Order of the Medjidie 4th Class. Beatty's services in Egypt and the Sudan also won for him a promotion to commander. In this rank he served in the *Barfleur;* but his next opportunity for active service did not present itself until the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion in June, 1900.

Commander Beatty arrived at Tientsin, on June eleventh, with one hundred and fifty men. During the first siege of the European settlements in that city, he was severely wounded twice in his left arm on June nineteenth, while in command of a force of British bluejackets operating in conjunction with a detachment of Russians in an attempt to silence some enemy guns. These wounds prevented him from taking part in the International Relief Expedition which made its way to Pekin and successfully relieved the Foreign Legations there on August fourteenth. His gallantry, however, won for him a promotion to a captaincy at the unusually young age of only twenty-nine.

From 1900 to 1910, Beatty commanded successively the cruisers *Juno, Arrogant,* and *Suffolk,* and the battleship *Queen.* In the naval maneuvers of 1912, he flew the flag of a rear admiral in the *Aboukir,* a rank which had been given him just twenty-four years from the day when, as a boy of thirteen, he had entered the training-ship *Britannia* as a naval cadet. His rise had indeed

[1] *The Egyptian Sudan: Its Loss and Recovery,* by Alford and Sword, p. 289.

been a remarkably rapid one. It is said that he was never at the top of the list of his rank. On the contrary, he was generally near the bottom; but from this position, because of some meritorious service, he would leap to a similar place in the next higher list, and thus pass many officers who were climbing slowly through the routine of seniority which advanced them only on the death or promotion of those above them.

By taking advantage of every opportunity for active fighting service, Beatty escaped those long periods of drudgery on board big ships which some contend have a tendency to deaden the fighting spirit and initiative of naval officers. He also avoided long periods of shore service at the Admiralty, which, though excellent training in administrative duties, do not fit an officer for high command in time of war. Beatty had, however, while a captain, served for about a year as naval adviser to the War Council; and he was, for a time, naval secretary to Winston Churchill who became, in 1911, the First Lord of the Admiralty. In this capacity, Beatty assisted at the Malta Conference in 1912, where it was decided to replace the older battleships of the Mediterranean Fleet with a smaller but modern force of battle cruisers.

Though Churchill had been warned against giving Beatty employment, he declared, "My first meeting with the Admiral induced me immediately to disregard this unfortunate advice. He became at once my Naval Secretary (or Private Secretary, as the appointment was then styled). Working thus side by side in rooms which communicated, we perpetually discussed, during the next fifteen months, the problems of a naval war with Germany. It became increasingly clear to me

that he viewed questions of naval strategy and tactics in a different light from the average naval officer: he approached them, it seemed to me, much more as a soldier would. His war experiences on land had illuminated the facts he had acquired in his naval training. He was no mere instrumentalist. He did not think of *matériel* as an end in itself, but only as a means. He thought of war problems in their unity by land, sea, and air. His mind had been rendered quick and supple by the situations of polo and the hunting-field, and enriched by varied experiences against the enemy on Nile gunboats, and ashore. It was with equal pleasure and profit that I discussed with him our naval problem, now from this angle, now from that; and I was increasingly struck with the shrewd and profound sagacity of his comments expressed in language singularly free from technical jargon."[1]

Beatty's appearance at about this time is suggested in the following appraisement by another person who was intimately associated with him: "Youth and high physical training were written all over the figure and shone in the clear eyes; but there was something in the heavy lines of the face (they are heavier to-day) that seemed to contradict the sense of youth, and, like the deep voice, gave an impression of weight and gravity to a personality that I perceived at once to be remarkable. . . . Here was the man for whom, in a dim but persistent way, one had been looking as a sea-leader; here surely was the realization of one's dream of the fighting sailor."[2]

In 1913, Beatty was appointed to command the First

[1] *The World Crisis*, by WINSTON CHURCHILL, p. 88.
[2] *With Beatty in the North Sea*, by FILSON YOUNG, p. 6.

Battle Cruiser Squadron, "the fastest and most powerful scouting force ever launched,"[1] and, on March first, he hoisted his flag on the *Lion*. The other ships in the squadron were the following: *Princess Royal, Invincible, Indefatigable,* and *Indomitable*. This command was given him by Churchill, though he was the youngest admiral on the list, and the last to be entitled to it by the laws of seniority. "I had no doubts whatever," declared Churchill, "when the command of the Battle Cruiser Squadron fell vacant in the spring of 1913, in appointing him over the heads of all to this incomparable command, the nucleus as it proved to be of the famous Battle Cruiser Fleet—the strategic cavalry of the Royal Navy, that supreme combination of speed and power to which the thoughts of the Admiralty were continuously directed."[2]

The battle cruiser was then a comparatively new type of fighting craft, intended to embody the aphorism of Lord Fisher (First Sea Lord, 1904–1910) that "speed is armor," and it became Beatty's task to determine the best uses to be made of battle cruisers in war time, and to train and exercise his personnel for the most efficient performance of their new duties. He had given much previous study to the problem, and after he took command, he laid down the following main duties for such a fighting force: "to provide on occasion an independent scouting force, and to act as a provocative or decoying force to engage the enemy's heavy ships and, by the use of superior speed, bring them within reach of the main fleet and so force them to action; . . . while

[1] Filson Young on *Beatty,* in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* 11th edition, new volumes.
[2] *The World Crisis,* by Winston Churchill, p. 88.

in general action they would form a fast division of the Battle Fleet."[1] His officers were indoctrinated with initiative which would make the action of the squadron as largely automatic as possible. His strategy and tactics might be summed up in his phrases, "to get at the enemy; to destroy him or to lead him to destruction." To accomplish these ends, risks could not be too great, even to annihilation of oneself. His ideal was that his squadron should maneuver and fight as a unit without orders from the flag-ship, and that "once it had got its teeth in an enemy it would never have let go so long as one of them remained above the water."[2]

Beatty did not have long to wait to put his plans and preparations for war to the test. When news came, at six o'clock on the morning of August 4, 1914, that the Germans were determined to invade Belgium, the British Grand Fleet put to sea. At midnight of the same day, the ultimatum to Germany expired, and hostilities commenced. That night the Grand Fleet swept the northern entrances to the North Sea to intercept German raiders, and the life and death struggle between the two strongest navies in the world had begun.

The naval engagements of the World War are too numerous and complicated to be covered with any pretension to detail in this sketch, and only those battles in which Beatty played a part will be considered at all. These were all fought in the North Sea, narrow limits indeed as compared with the Seven Seas which constituted the field of British naval activity; but in this sea were fought a number of engagements, one of which was the greatest naval battle in the annals of history.

[1] *With Beatty in the North Sea*, by Filson Young, p. 23.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 26.

Beatty had the good fortune of participating in the first considerable naval action of the war. This was fought on August 28, 1914, in Heligoland Bight, a channel eighteen miles wide leading to the ports of the Elbe, some thirty-five or forty miles off the coast of Germany. Perhaps a more confused engagement, and one fraught with more anxious moments to both sides, was never fought.

A force of thirty-two destroyers, led by two light cruisers, and supported by a light cruiser squadron of six ships under Commodore Goodenough and five battle cruisers commanded by Admiral Beatty, was to sweep southward to within a few miles to the west of the island of Heligoland where submarines had been placed as decoys. According to the original plan, the destroyers were to make the sweep unsupported by the larger craft, but a change was made which added stronger forces, in view of the fact that some larger German ships might be induced to come out. The message from the Admiralty explaining the change failed somehow to reach the destroyer flotilla commanders, and when the light cruiser squadron appeared on the scene, it was thought to belong to the enemy and came very near being torpedoed. Wireless had revealed the approach of the British destroyer force to the Germans, and they laid a trap for them. But they did not know that light cruisers and battle cruisers were at hand, and so they, in turn, were entrapped.

The engagement began with a fight between the British destroyers and ten German destroyers; then two German light cruisers appeared and engaged the British, drawing them within sight of Heligoland. Meanwhile, a German destroyer was surrounded and destroyed.

When Goodenough's cruisers arrived on the scene, they were thought by the British submarines to be enemy ships, and great confusion reigned. One of the British submarines had to make a lightning dive to escape being rammed by a British cruiser, the *Southampton*. Two boats from a British destroyer, while rescuing Germans from one of their destroyers which had been sunk, had to be abandoned at the approach of a German cruiser. Fifteen minutes later, however, a British submarine suddenly arose alongside, took both the British and the Germans on board, and disappeared under water again. Four more German cruisers then entered the fray; but, just at the most critical moment for the British, Beatty's five great battle cruisers, which had caught the disabled cruiser *Arethusa's* signals for help, came rushing at full speed out of the mist, and in a short time, by dashing in with utter disregard of submarines and mines, Beatty had sunk two of the German cruisers. A third cruiser was destroyed by the smaller British ships. In these three cruisers alone the Germans lost an admiral and over one thousand officers and men; while the British losses amounted to only thirty-five killed and forty wounded.

This success came at an opportune time, and had an excellent effect on British morale at a time when it needed support, for the German advance into France had not then been stopped, the Battle of the Marne being fought a few days later, on the 6th of September.

A period of about three months of comparative inaction for Beatty's battle cruisers followed the engagement in Heligoland Bight, though they made several periodic sweeps of the North Sea without intercepting enemy vessels. On December sixteenth, however, a

battle of extensive proportions came very near taking place. The Admiralty learned that the Germans were coming out with four battle cruisers, five light cruisers, and three destroyer flotillas to make a raid. Accordingly, a force consisting of six battleships, four battle cruisers, four armored cruisers, four light cruisers, and seven destroyers was dispatched to destroy the German force. The battle cruisers, *Lion, Queen Mary, Tiger,* and *New Zealand,* were commanded by Beatty. The Germans succeeded in making their way to the English coast and bombarded Scarborough and Hartlepool, killing about one hundred and wounding over five hundred non-combatants, mostly women and children. On their way home, they were cut off by Beatty's battle cruisers; but the weather became so thick that, though contact was made five different times, the Germans made good their escape, without an engagement. The two forces on this day have been compared to two men in a dark room fumbling for each other and occasionally even brushing together in the search. Admiral Beatty is reported to have been bitterly disappointed, particularly so, later, when he learned of the horrible casualties of women and children.

Meanwhile, important naval events had happened elsewhere on the seas. On November first, Admiral Cradock's squadron of cruisers was nearly completely destroyed by Admiral von Spee off Coronel, Chile; and on December eighth, von Spee's squadron was, in turn, destroyed by Admiral Sturdee in the Battle of the Falkland Islands. On November ninth, the destructive cruise of the raider *Emden* was brought to an end by her demolition off the Cocos Islands; and, by the close of the year 1914, most of the other German raiders had

been either destroyed or forced to intern in neutral ports. The U-boats, however, had already begun to make themselves feared, having destroyed two light cruisers, three old armored cruisers, and one large dreadnought, the *Audacious*. On January 1, 1915, they began the new year by sinking the battleship *Formidable*.

Early in the year 1915, Beatty was, after many disappointments, to meet the German battle cruisers in the first engagement of history between super-dreadnoughts. On January twenty-fourth, the Germans attempted another raid with three battle cruisers, one armored cruiser, four light cruisers, and twenty-two destroyers. Beatty, whose base had been moved from Scapa Flow to Rosyth, in the Firth of Forth, December twenty-second, sailed, on the evening of January twenty-third, with all available destroyers and light cruisers to rendezvous with the Harwich flotillas of thirty-five destroyers and seven light cruisers. The Grand Fleet also moved down the North Sea, and seven pre-dreadnoughts of the Third Battle Squadron from Rosyth were a considerable distance astern of Beatty.

At 7:20 o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth, off the Dogger Bank which is some two hundred miles from the mouth of the Tyne, Scotland, the light cruiser *Aurora* signaled somewhat humorously, "Am in action with the High Sea Fleet." Beatty immediately increased speed and changed course to get south of the enemy to cut the Germans off from their base. Meanwhile, he learned that the main force of the enemy consisted of four battle cruisers. These were sighted at 8:44 from the bridge of the *Lion*, in the form of four triangular masses of smoke speeding along toward the southeast.

The Germans opened fire first, but at a range too great for effective results. At 8:52, the *Lion* first answered at a range of about twenty thousand yards, and, at five minutes past nine, Beatty signaled his battle cruisers, "Open fire and engage the enemy." The sea between the two squadrons became alive with spouting columns of water where the projectiles were striking. Beatty's ships were rushing along at a speed of 28.5 knots; Admiral von Hipper was held down to twenty-five knots because of the slower *Blücher* which was now the rear-most ship. Both squadrons moved in line of bearing. The *Blücher* was the first to be struck; then the *Lion* was hit several times, the Germans at first concentrating on her with the hope of putting the flag-ship out of action. At about ten o'clock, the German *Seydlitz* had two turrets set on fire by a shell which destroyed both gun crews; and the flames rose as high as a house above the turrets. Her magazines, however, were saved by the heroic action of a petty officer who seized the red-hot wheels controlling the flood valves and turned them, though they burned the flesh from his hands. At 10:30, the *Blücher* was hit by a 13.5-inch shell which turned the ship into a sea of flames amidships, and so damaged both steering gear and engines that her speed rapidly decreased, and von Hipper left her to her fate. The *Indomitable* was detailed to finish her off, but the well-built German vessel was not sunk until 12:13 o'clock, after having been hit by seven torpedoes and nearly a hundred shells. At about eleven o'clock, the *Lion* had to leave the line, the hit which she received, some forty minutes previous, having pierced the feed-water tank of the port condenser and finally caused the stopping of the port engine. Among other serious hits was one

which gave her a marked list to port and another, later, which set one of her turret magazines on fire, the ship being saved from destruction only by the flooding of the magazine. As the rest of his squadron passed her, Beatty displayed the signal: "Keep nearer the enemy."

Unfortunately Rear Admiral Moore, who succeeded to the command, did not grasp the meaning of Beatty's signal, and turned aside to help make an end of the *Blücher;* and the three German battle cruisers made good their escape. Meanwhile, Beatty had gone aboard a destroyer in order to rejoin his squadron. As he was leaving the *Lion,* one of the stokers who had come up from below and pressed near him cheering, in the enthusiasm of the moment, clapped him on the back and shouted, "Well done, David!"

When, at noon, Beatty came in sight of his squadron, it had turned back to look for the *Lion.* So when he had transferred his flag to the *Princess Royal,* he turned again in pursuit of the fleeing Germans; but soon it was decided that nothing was left to be done but go back to the *Lion* and cover her retirement. At 5:30, her starboard engine also having broken down, she was taken in tow by the *Indomitable* and, screened with destroyers, she thus made her way slowly back to Rosyth. The British losses were only seventeen wounded on the *Lion;* ten killed and eleven wounded on the *Tiger.* The Germans had one hundred and fifty-nine killed and thirty-three wounded on the *Seydlitz;* and seven hundred and ninety-two killed and drowned, forty-five wounded, and one hundred and eighty-nine made prisoners on the *Blücher.*

In commenting on the battle, Churchill writes, "When I visited him (Beatty) on board the *Lion,* with the

scars of victorious battle fresh upon her from the action of the Dogger Bank, I heard from his Captains and his Admirals the expression of their respectful but intense enthusiasm for their leader. Well do I remember how, as I was leaving the ship, the usually imperturbable Admiral Pakenham caught me by the sleeve, 'First Lord, I wish to speak to you in private,' and the restrained passion in his voice, as he said, 'Nelson has come again.' Those words often recurred to my mind."[1]

During the month of February, after the Dogger Bank engagement, Admiral Jellicoe's naval forces were organized into two fleets. Admiral Beatty was then placed in command of what was called the Battle Cruiser Fleet, which was composed of the ten battle cruisers and divided into three squadrons under command of Admirals Brock, Pakenham, and Hood respectively. To it, were attached three squadrons of light cruisers and a flotilla of destroyers. The main fleet, which was composed largely of the first four Battle Squadrons, was under the immediate command of Jellicoe and was based on Scapa Flow.

During the remaining months of the year 1915 and, in fact, until March, 1916, when von Scheer took command of the High Sea Fleet, the Germans would not come out in force to meet the British, who, however, continued from time to time to make sweeps of the North Sea in full force and tried various plans for enticing the Germans to sally out and fight. Meanwhile, the Dardanelles Campaign dragged its weary way to ultimate failure with heavy losses of ships and heavier losses of soldiers in the army. On land, the Russians had been decisively defeated on the Eastern Front;

[1] *The World Crisis,* by WINSTON CHURCHILL, p. 89.

Servia had been completely overrun; and the French and Germans were engaged in the sanguinary struggle at Verdun. The German U-boat campaign was then taking on dangerous proportions and threatening to involve the United States in the war, the *Lusitania* having been sunk as early as May 7, 1915.

Early in March, 1916, the German battle cruisers came out in coöperation with an airship raid on England, and were safely on the way home before the Grand Fleet was able to intercept them. To counteract such raids, mines were laid to protect the mouth of the Thames, and an expedition went to attempt to destroy the Zeppelin sheds on the Schleswig coast. In this operation, Beatty's battle cruisers acted as a support, and, for a time, it was thought that the Germans were coming out in strength; but Scheer decided not to risk an engagement. On April twenty-second, the Grand Fleet made a sweep toward Heligoland Bight, under information that the German High Sea Fleet was putting to sea. It did not come out, however, until the twenty-fourth; the following day, it bombarded Lowestoft and Yarmouth, and then had the good luck to escape the British and get home again in safety. This "tip and run" style of warfare could not go on forever with impunity to the Germans, and, a few weeks later, the two great naval forces came together in one of the greatest naval battles of history.

On the evening of May thirtieth, the entire Grand Fleet went to sea from both Scapa Flow and Rosyth in the general direction of the Skagerrak, between Norway and Denmark, to make a periodic sweep and, if possible, to intercept the Germans, the Admiralty having been informed on the twenty-eighth that some con-

siderable enemy movement was afoot. Just what the Germans intended was not, however, known. As a matter of fact, on May eighteenth, Scheer had definitely ordered another raid in force on the east coast of England, to be assisted by both submarines and airships. But unfavorable weather conditions forced the abandonment of this plan on May thirtieth, and, early on the following day, the entire German forces put out toward the Skagerrak with the hope of entrapping a portion of the Grand Fleet.

Admiral Jellicoe's Battle Fleet was composed of twenty-four battleships in six divisions "in line ahead disposed abeam to starboard,"[1] screened by three flotillas of destroyers and flanked by four light cruisers, one destroyer, and one mine layer; five light cruisers in line three miles ahead; thirteen miles further in advance, two squadrons of eight armored cruisers in line extending forty miles; and four miles still further in advance, the van composed of three battle cruisers and two light cruisers, screened by four destroyers. With Admiral Beatty were four battle cruisers in line ahead, screened by a cruiser and ten destroyers; two battle cruisers, three miles E.N.E. of the *Lion,* and screened by eight destroyers lately come from the Harwich force; four of the finest battleships of the fleet under Rear Admiral Evan-Thomas five miles N.N.W., screened by a cruiser and nine destroyers; and eight miles S.S.E. two light cruiser squadrons of twelve ships extended on a thirty mile line of direction E.N.E. and W.S.W., with one cruiser as a linking ship with Beatty's flag-ship *Lion* and also with one seaplane carrier. The British had, therefore, in all, twenty-eight dreadnoughts; nine battle

[1] *The Grand Fleet, 1914–1916,* by Admiral Jellicoe, p. 317.

cruisers; eight armored cruisers; twenty-six light cruisers, of which four were attached to the battle squadrons and three to destroyer flotillas; seventy-nine destroyers, including one mine layer and five flotilla leaders which were a larger type of destroyers; and one lone seaplane carrier.

The Germans had twenty-two battleships (sixteen dreadnoughts and six pre-dreadnoughts); five battle cruisers; eleven light cruisers, of which two were flotilla leaders; and sixty-one destroyers. Their van, under Vice Admiral Hipper, was composed of the five battle cruisers in single line ahead, screened by destroyers; and five light cruisers, spread out in a semicircle ten miles ahead and also screened by destroyers. (There were thirty destroyers, in all, with Hipper.) Admiral Scheer's main fleet, following at a distance of some fifty miles, was composed of the twenty-two battleships, arranged in three squadrons in one long column; six light cruisers; and thirty-one destroyers.

At 2:10 in the afternoon of May thirty-first, the *Galatea,* a light cruiser farthest east of Beatty's forces, sighted an enemy destroyer which had stopped a Danish steamer eight miles E.S.E. Ten minutes later, the *Galatea* signaled Beatty, "Enemy in sight." A few minutes later still, a German light cruiser, the *Elbing,* reported, "Enemy armored cruisers in view to the northwest." The long awaited "day" had at last come which was to test the power of the two greatest fleets in the world.

At the time of contact between the two advance forces under Beatty and Hipper, Jellicoe was seventy miles away with the Grand Fleet, and Scheer about fifty miles distant with the High Sea Fleet. Both scouting forces

turned toward each other, and when the opposing battle cruisers sighted one another about 3 : 30, Hipper turned to the S.S.E. to draw Beatty on toward the German main fleet; while Beatty in column, at a speed of twenty-five knots, pursued with his six battle cruisers, Evan-Thomas's four battleships following about ten thousand yards in rear. Beatty's purpose was to destroy Hipper's force before it could be assisted, though he did not know that the German High Sea Fleet was so near, the British Admiralty being unaware that it was out of port.

At 3 : 48 the action commenced, both sides opening fire almost simultaneously at a range of eighteen thousand five hundred yards, on parallel courses. Beatty's cruisers were superior in speed and guns, but inferior in armor to Hipper's ships. It was not a case of Beatty's rashly attacking a much superior enemy force, even though Evan-Thomas was not in a position to render effective support. From the very beginning, the German fire proved to be wonderfully accurate and effective, and within a few moments, the *Tiger, Lion,* and *Princess Royal* were all hit several times.[1] The British fire, though somewhat slow and uncertain on account of poor visibility, soon set the *Seydlitz* on fire, and almost caused the vessel to blow up. The *Lützow* also was struck, but not dangerously injured. At four o'clock, the *Lion* had a turret struck and its ammunition set on fire; but the ship was saved by the heroic action of an officer, who, though mortally wounded, gave orders to

[1] "A 14-inch gun hurls three-fourths of a ton of steel fifteen miles in thirty seconds accurately into a 40-foot target to cut through sixteen inches of steel and then explode, destroying all life near with poisonous gases." *Beatty, Jellicoe, Sims, and Rodman,* by FRANCIS T. HUNTER, p. 143.

close the magazine doors and flood the magazine.[1] Two minutes later, the *Indefatigable* was hit by three 11-inch shells of a salvo of four, which injured her steering gear. As she turned out of line with a list to port, she was hit by two more 11-inch shells; then she suddenly turned over and, in a moment, all trace of her disappeared. With her went down fifty-seven officers and nine hundred and sixty men; there were only two survivors.

Beatty then increased the range from about thirteen thousand to about twenty thousand yards, in order to confuse the enemy's fire control; and there was a lull in the battle for a few moments. At 4:15, twelve British destroyers moved out to attack the enemy with torpedoes; but they were met by fifteen German destroyers. In the hot engagement which followed at very close range, two German destroyers were sunk and the rest forced to retire on their battle cruisers. Two British destroyers were injured and afterwards sunk by the oncoming High Sea Fleet.

Soon Beatty and Hipper drew together again and, for nearly half an hour, a fierce fire was interchanged. At about 4:30, the *Queen Mary,* two German ships having concentrated their fire on her, had three heavy shells to strike her forward and also a salvo amidships; there was a mighty explosion, a column of dense black smoke shot up more than a thousand feet, and the ship disappeared with all her officers and men except eighteen. The *Tiger* and *New Zealand,* following at five hundred

[1] "Major Hervey (Royal Marine Artillery), shattered, weltering, stifled, seared, had found it possible to give the order down the voice tube: 'Close magazine doors and flood magazine.' So the *Lion* drove on her course unconscious of her peril, or by what expiring breath it had been effectually averted." *The World Crisis, 1916–1918,* by WINSTON CHURCHILL, II, 123.

yards distance respectively, at the speed of an ordinary express train, had barely time to sheer off and avoid the sinking wreck; the *Tiger* indeed passed through the smoke cloud which was as dark as night. A tremendous salvo struck near the *Princess Royal,* and she seemed, for the moment, also to have vanished in a cloud of spray and smoke. A signalman sprang to the bridge with the words: "*Princess Royal* blown up, sir." Beatty calmly turned to his Flag Captain and said, "Chatfield, there seems to be something wrong with our ——— ships today. Turn two points to port." That meant two points nearer to the enemy. Undismayed, the squadron continued on its course; but the movements of those great castles of steel were governed by the spirit of a single man. "This second stunning disaster," writes the naval historian Wilson, "did not shake Beatty's resolution. A weaker admiral might have drawn off, for the loss of this second ship was a clear indication that there was some structural defect in the British battle cruisers. The courage which their admiral showed in this hour of supreme trial was shown by officers and men."[1]

At 4:38, however, the following urgent wireless signal came to Beatty from the *Southampton,* a light cruiser scouting well in advance to the southeast: "Have sighted enemy battle fleet bearing approximately southeast, course of enemy north." Beatty then immediately reversed his course by signaling his ships to turn in succession to starboard, and proceeded toward the north to lead the Germans on toward the approaching Grand Fleet. Hipper's ships turned in succession in the same manner and proceeded in advance of the High Sea Fleet. Both battle cruiser forces continued to fire as

[1] *Battleships in Action,* by H. W. Wilson, II, 142.

often as weather conditions permitted, Beatty now being effectively supported for the first time by Evan-Thomas's battleships; but neither side, though punishing each other severely, lost any ships.

Jellicoe, being informed about 2:30 of the contact with the enemy, increased speed and proceeded toward the battle area, prepared for action. At 4 P. M., he dispatched Hood with his three battle cruisers to reenforce Beatty, on learning that he was engaged with German battle cruisers. A few minutes before five o'clock, Jellicoe received information that the High Sea Fleet had been sighted, and was coming north. His *Iron Duke* and Beatty's *Lion* were then over fifty miles apart, but they were approaching each other at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Unfortunately, there was some uncertainty on Jellicoe's part as to the exact position of Beatty's approaching ships, as well as that of the Germans. These positions had to be plotted rapidly, with no time for checking or confirmation, and it was afterwards found that the *Iron Duke's* correct position was four and a half miles to the southeastward of her reckoning, and that the *Lion* was six and three-fourths miles to the westward of her reckoning. There was consequently some confusion incident to Jellicoe's deployment of his forces when contact was made not exactly when or where he had expected to meet the enemy. The Germans, on the contrary, had the advantage of being already united, though they were not aware of the nearness of the Grand Fleet.

Hood's battle cruisers, sent to reënforce Beatty, had, through error in positions, gone too far to the eastward; but, at 5:52, they got near enough to engage German light cruisers effectively. While so engaged on a

westerly course, they were very nearly fired on by British scouting cruisers of the Grand Fleet because of decreasing visibility.

By this time, the meeting of the two great armadas was imminent. "From 5:00 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.," says the Admiralty's official *Narrative,* "there was silence for half an hour. No reports had come in. The Battle Fleet was ready to deploy; its guns were manned, and every man was at his station. The mist had come down, and the columns were becoming grey and ghostly."[1]

Near six o'clock, Beatty sighted the leaders of the Grand Fleet, and, at 6:14, he signaled to Jellicoe: "Have sighted the enemy's Battle Fleet bearing south-south-west." Jellicoe then began to form line of battle on the port wing column, and Beatty turned east to head off the Germans, signaling Hood to fall in in advance and lead the line of battle cruisers. Meanwhile, the German light cruisers came in for severe punishment, and the *Wiesbaden* was put out of action; but the oncoming German dreadnoughts caught a squadron of British armored cruisers by surprise, and sunk the *Defense* and put the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince* out of action. (Later the first was abandoned, and the latter was sunk.) Also the *Warspite* of Evan-Thomas's squadron received thirty hits and was put out of action, as the squadron was taking its place astern of Jellicoe's Sixth Battle Division. A few minutes later, at 6:33, disaster overtook Admiral Hood in his flag-ship *Invincible,* which was struck by a complete salvo and immediately blown up, with the loss of the Admiral and all his officers and men except only six survivors. "Flames shot

[1] *The Naval History of the World War,* by THOMAS G. FROTHINGHAM, II, 204.

up," it is said, "from the gallant flag-ship, and there came again the awful spectacle of a fiery burst, followed by a huge column of dark smoke which, mottled with blackened debris, swelled up hundreds of feet, in the air, and the mother of all battle cruisers had gone to join the other two that were no more."[1]

Hipper had, of course, changed course when Beatty turned toward the east. So the High Sea Fleet was, accordingly, led toward what was fast becoming an encircling arc of flashing guns stretching from north to east. But when Admiral Scheer realized he was in the presence of the Grand Fleet, he put into execution a maneuver which his fleet had often practised. This was a simultaneous "swing-around" of all his ships, which was carried out on a curved line, under cover of smoke screens and a destroyer attack, in such a way as to bring the fleet into an opposite course. At 6:35, this movement was executed with great success, and the course thereby changed to the westward. Hipper had been hard pressed by Beatty's forces, and his flag-ship *Lützow* was so seriously injured that he had to shift his flag at 7 P. M. (It took him two hours, however, to get on board the *Moltke*.) As Scheer maneuvered toward the west, the battle cruisers under Hipper steamed away to the south.

Jellicoe, uncertain as to what course the Germans had taken under cover of the dense smoke screen, altered his course by divisions to the south and conformed to the movements of Beatty's battle cruisers which, for a time, were thrown into confusion by the sudden loss of Hood's flag-ship and the necessary readjustments that had to

[1] *History of the Great War, Based on Official Documents, Naval Operations*, by JULIAN S. CORBETT, III, 366.

be made in the line. At 6:55, Scheer changed his course to eastward again by another "swing-around" of his whole fleet, and launched his van in an attack at the center of the British line. British authorities are of the opinion that Scheer had hopes of cutting off some detached ships of the enemy rear and of escaping through the assistance of torpedo attacks around the stern of the main body of the Grand Fleet. But an accurate and heavy fire from the Grand Fleet caused such great damage to the ships of the German van, especially the four remaining battle cruisers which were ordered to "charge the enemy" in support of a destroyer attack, that Scheer decided to make another "swing-around." This was again successfully carried out at 7:17 to a westerly course, and the Germans escaped from their most serious situation of the entire battle. However, two German battle cruisers, *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz,* were recalled from their "death ride" just in time to escape annihilation, for they were so terribly damaged that it was remarkable that they kept afloat. In this last serious engagement of the battle, Beatty's battle cruisers were able to take part effectively, though at long range. "Fitfully the firing died away; like a Homeric mist the smother of haze and smoke thickened impenetrably between the combatants, and Admiral Scheer, for the time at least, had saved his fleet."[1]

After continuing to the westward for some time, Scheer, wishing not to be pushed further in that direction, turned to the south to escape in the general direction of Horn Reef. Admiral Beatty, who had continued to the southwest, just before eight o'clock signaled Jel-

[1] *History of the Great War, Based on Official Documents, Naval Operations,* by JULIAN S. CORBETT, III, 380.

licoe: "Submit van of battleships follow battle cruisers. We can then cut off whole of enemy's battle fleet."[1] A few minutes afterwards, his light cruisers came into contact with those of the enemy. At 8:15, Beatty caught sight again of German battle cruisers and battleships, and opened fire. The German battle cruisers were further damaged without being able to make effective reply, and were saved only by the interposition of the predreadnoughts. But Beatty was not supported from the Grand Fleet; and Scheer turned to the westward and was lost to sight in the mists. By this time, it had become quite dark, and Jellicoe, not wishing to engage in a night action for which the Germans had better recognition signals and searchlights, at 9 P. M., brought the Battle of Jutland to a close, intending to maintain a position between the Germans and their bases so as to force them to fight again on the following day, June first.

The British fleet, however, continued too far to the south, and failed also to keep in touch with the enemy during the night. So Scheer turned again toward Horn Reef and his bases, determined to fight his way through, if necessary, and passed luckily through the wake of Jellicoe's forces and got safely away during the night; but not without some losses, occasioned by clashes with scattered British cruisers and destroyers. The predreadnought *Pommern* was sunk by a torpedo with the loss of all hands; the disabled light cruisers *Rostock* and *Elbing* had to be abandoned and were blown up; the light cruiser *Frauenlob* was sunk by gun-fire; and the battle cruiser *Lützow,* in a sinking condition with her

[1] *History of the Great War, Based on Official Documents, Naval Operations,* by JULIAN S. CORBETT, III, 383.

screws spinning in the air, was finished by a torpedo at 1:45 A. M. In these night clashes, five British destroyers were lost; the disabled armored cruiser *Black Prince* was sunk by gun-fire; and, at 7:45 A. M., the armored cruiser *Warrior* had to be abandoned.

Altogether the British lost three battle cruisers, three armored cruisers, and eight destroyers with six thousand and ninety-seven killed, five hundred and ten wounded, and one hundred and seventy-seven prisoners. The Germans lost one battleship, one battle cruiser, four light cruisers, and five destroyers with twenty-five hundred and forty-five killed and four hundred and ninety-four wounded. Thus ended this great naval conflict. It had extended over a large area, Beatty's cruisers having steamed sixty-four miles between the time of opening fire and 6:17 P. M., and the whole fleet having covered eighty-five miles from 9 P. M. to 2 A. M. during the night.

In the Battle of Dogger Bank, Beatty had remained in the conning tower for only a few minutes, and had spent most of the time on the upper bridge where the view was good, even though the danger was greater. He appeared not conscious of danger, and had the extraordinary faculty of being able to think more quickly in the midst of such peril, it is said. At Jutland, he and his personal staff directed the engagement from the high upper bridge, just below the foretop. "They were quite in the open, unprotected from the smallest splinter, while about them whizzed fragments of the German shells which burst and huge masses of steel hurled from the *Lion's* bows by the German fire. A great fragment of a capstan went past, turning over and over in the air, and there were constant narrow escapes."[1]

[1] *Battleships in Action*, by H. W. WILSON, II, 173.

Whatever criticism might be launched at the Grand Fleet for not closing on the High Sea Fleet for a decisive victory, Beatty should certainly be free from blame; he had fought "in a manner that was in keeping with the best traditions of the service."[1] If his gunfire was not as effective as it might have been, as compared with that of the Germans, it should be remembered that he had "pressed for gunnery practise at high speed and extreme range,"[2] but that the delays of "obscure committees which often determine the fate of nations"[3] extremely limited such practise before the battle. In this connection, the following estimate by Churchill is of interest: "The ponderous, poignant responsibilities borne successfully, if not triumphantly, by Sir John Jellicoe during two years of faithful command, constitute unanswerable claims to the lasting respect of the nation. But the Royal Navy must find, in other personalities and other episodes, the golden links which carried forward through the Great War the audacious and conquering traditions of the past; and it is to Beatty and the battle cruisers, to Keyes at Zeebrugge, to Tyrwhitt and his Harwich striking force, to the destroyer and submarine flotillas out in all weathers and against all foes, to the wild adventures of the Q-ships, to the steadfast resolution of the British Merchant Service, that the eyes of the rising generation will turn."[3]

On November 28, 1916, Jellicoe was appointed First Sea Lord, and Beatty then became Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet. But, during the remaining two

[1] Jellicoe's *Battle of Jutland Dispatch*, in his *The Grand Fleet, 1914–1916*, p. 468.
[2] *Battleships in Action*, by H. W. Wilson, III, 317.
[3] *The World Crisis, 1916–1918*, by Winston Churchill, p. 168.

THE *LION* LEADING THE BATTLE CRUISERS AT JUTLAND.

From a painting by W. L. Wyllie, R. A. Used by courtesy of the artist.

years of the war, the Germans concentrated their efforts on their U-boat campaign, and Beatty was given no opportunity to show how he could have handled the Grand Fleet in an engagement with the High Sea Fleet.

Meanwhile, terrible battles were fought on the Western Front, Italy was crushed, Roumania was overrun, and Russia collapsed; but the United States was eventually forced into the war by the ruthless German submarine campaign. Germany at last, with her U-boats curbed and the Grand Fleet dominating the sea, made a desperate effort on the Western Front in the spring of 1918. Her forces were, however, driven back by the allied French, British, and Americans; and the fighting came to a close with the armistice which was signed on November 11, 1918.

By the terms of this armistice, the Germans were obliged to send, for internment in a British harbor, five battle cruisers, eleven battleships, eight light cruisers, and fifty destroyers of the latest type; all U-boats were to be surrendered within fourteen days. This impressive ceremony took place in the Firth of Forth at Rosyth, on November twenty-first, in the presence of King George, Admiral Beatty, and the entire Grand Fleet, the Sixth Battle Squadron of the United States Navy under Admiral Rodman, and a small French Squadron.

Led by a small British cruiser, this great German naval force steamed slowly between two long lines of allied ships, all hands at battle stations, that German treachery might not take them unprepared. "It was a most disappointing day," said Beatty. "It was a pitiful day, to see those great ships coming in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold, without an effort on any-

body's part."[1] At three o'clock in the afternoon, the German ships dropped anchor, and then the allied ships steamed past them. Last came the *Queen Elizabeth,* flag-ship of the Grand Fleet, and as she passed the *Friedrich der Grosse,* flying the flag of Admiral von Reuter, Beatty made the famous signal: "The German flag will be hauled down at sunset to-day, Thursday, and will not be hoisted again without permission."

The German ships were subsequently escorted to Scapa Flow where, on June 21, 1919, Admiral von Reuter, through orders from Germany, while the British guard squadron was out at practise maneuvers, sunk all except the battleship *Baden,* three light cruisers, and four destroyers which were beached before they went down. This, of course, was a breach of international law, and additional reparations were required of the German government. Some of the larger ships have been recently raised for the metal they contain. Such was the unheroic end of Germany's first great attempt to rival the sea power of Great Britain.

In 1919, Beatty was raised to the peerage as Earl Beatty, Viscount Borodale of Borodale, Baron Beatty of the North Sea, and he also was awarded the thanks of Parliament and one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The Grand Cross of the Bath, the Order of Merit, and other honors and decorations were bestowed upon him at about the same time. He became First Sea Lord in 1919, and at once began a reorganization of the naval staff to give the younger school of naval thought and experience a chance to make its influence felt. In 1921, he visited Washington to attend the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, and he was received with

[1] *Beatty, Jellicoe, Sims, and Rodman,* by F. T. Hunter, p. 176.

great respect and enthusiasm wherever he went in the United States. In 1927, he retired as First Sea Lord, and his remarkable naval career came to an end at the age of fifty-six.

In 1901, Lord Beatty married Ethel, the daughter of Marshall Field, the great Chicago merchant. Of their two sons, the elder was, in 1921, a cadet in the Royal Navy. Beatty is said to be a great lover of his home and family, and to take delight in open hospitality. He is a great sportsman, fond of hunting, walking, and tennis. In this game, the fundamental character of the man was interestingly revealed. In playing a game of doubles, he is reported to have urged his partner when they were dropping behind, "Here! We can't let it stand like this; it will never become us to be beaten";[1] and the game was won.

The following estimate, penned by one of his staff on the *Lion*, seems to be an admirable summary of the chief characteristics of the great naval officer: "In everything that he did or attempted he showed forth in himself and evoked in others the fighting spirit that made England invincible in the past. The common view of him as a dashing leader trusting largely to luck, which so much endears a man to the ordinary English mind, is singularly untrue. It was not the mere instinct of the hunting-field, strong as it was in him, that brought him to the head of the Navy. His caution and his sense of responsibility were just as remarkable as his enterprise; but they were never allowed to obscure or dominate the fighting spirit. Even a mere glance at his portrait should be enough to dispel the common delusion. You may read sensitiveness there, inspiration, fullness of

[1] *Beatty, Jellicoe, Sims, and Rodman*, by F. T. HUNTER, p. 21.

life; but you read also a sense of what responsibility really means. Burdens and problems, you feel, are not intolerable to one who does not rely on mysteries, but has his own clear light by which burdens can be borne and problems solved. Perhaps the greatest tribute one can pay to him and to the Navy is to say that in the qualities in which he proved supreme he was not exceptional, but typical; and it was because he was a product of the modern Navy and contained in himself all its most characteristic qualities, that the Navy would have trusted and followed him anywhere."[1]

[1] *With Beatty in the North Sea*, by FILSON YOUNG, p. 284.

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INDEX

Abercromby, Sir Ralph (General), 263.
Actium, 31, 36, 39, 42, 44, 46, 64, 80, 81; battle of, 41–44.
Affondatore, 285, 289, 290, 291.
Agamemnon, 251, 253, 254, 266.
Agrippa, Marcus Vipsanius, birth and early years, 31; the rebellion of Lucius Antonius, 32; victory over the Iberians, 32; marriage with Pomponia, 32; campaign against Sextus Pompeius, 32–35; campaign against the Illyrian pirates, 36; patron of art and architecture, 36; campaign against Mark Antony, 37, 38; Battle of Actium, 41–44; he becomes Consul, 44; his marriage to Marcella, 44; he becomes Governor of Rome, 45; his marriage to Julia, 45; his death, 46.
Alexander the Great, 28.
Alexandria, 37, 43, 44, 259, 260, 261, 263, 270, 271.
Alfred, King of England, 88.
Alva, Duke of, 94.
Anson, Baron George, 191.
Ark, 112.
Armada Campaign, 110–117.
Ayscue, Sir George, 149.

Barbarossa (Kheyr-ed-Din), his ancestry and brothers, 68; he goes to Jerba on the coast of Tunis, 69; captures galleys of Pope Julius II., 69, 70; expedition against Bujeya, 70; defeated by Andrea Doria, 71; captures Algiers, 71–72; defeated by the Spaniards, 72; enters service of Sultan Selim I., 72; Governor-General of Algiers, 72, 73; takes fleet to Constantinople, 75; becomes head of Turkish navy, 76; ravages coast of Italy, 76, 77; captures Tunis, 77, 78; defeated by Spanish fleet under Andrea Doria, 78; engages in war with Venice, 79, 80; Battle of Prevesa, 80–84; in French waters as an ally to Francis I. of France, 84, 85; his death, 85; his character, 85.
Barfleur, 213, 215, 248.
Barras, Louis, Comte de, 204.
Bart, Jean, 180, 181.
Beachy Head, battle of, 177.
Beatty, David (Admiral), birth, 317; entrance into British navy and early sea experience, 318; service on the Nile during Kitchener's campaign, 318–320; in Boxer Rebellion, 320; promoted to captaincy at the age of twenty-nine, 320; preparation for high command, 321–322; his appearance, 322; he is given command of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron, 322–323; in the World War, 324–345; Battle in Heligoland Bight, 325–326; Battle off Dogger Bank, 328–331; placed in command of Battle Cruiser Fleet, 331; Battle of Jutland, 332–344; he becomes commander-in-chief of the Grand Fleet, 344; the surrender of the German Navy, 345, 346; raised to the peerage, 346; other honors, 346; he visits the United States, 346; his home life, 347.
Blake, Robert (Admiral), birth and ancestry, 121; as a soldier in the Civil War, 122; his defense of Taunton, 122, 123; member of the Long Parliament, 123; he becomes one of Cromwell's admirals, 124; his expedition against Prince Rupert, 125, 126; he commands a fleet

in the Downs, 127; beginning of the First Dutch War, 128; Battle off Dover, 129; Battle off Kentish Knock, 130, 131; Battle off Dungeness, 131, 132; Battle off Portland, 133–135; Battle of the Gabbard, 135; war with Spain, 137–144; he humbles Tunis, 138–139; his attack on Santa Cruz, 141–143; his death, 144; his appearance and character, 145, 146, 149; 150, 257.
Blücher, 329, 330.
Boscawen, Edward (Admiral), 188, 190, 192, 196, 222, 223, 226.
Brederode, 132, 149.
Britannia, 318, 320.
Brueys, Francois Paul (Vice Admiral), 260, 262.
Bucentaure, 273, 274.
Burghley, Lord William Cecil, 100, 107.
Burgoyne, John (General), 198.
Burislav, King of Poland, 54, 57, 58.
Byng, John, 188, 222.
Byron, John (Admiral), 210, 224.

Cabots, John and Sebastian, 88.
Cadiz, Drake's expedition against, 108–110.
Calais Road, 115.
Calder, Sir Robert (Admiral), 257, 270, 271.
Calvi, Corsica, 252.
Cape St. Vincent, battle of, 256, 257.
Captain, 255, 256.
Carlyle, Thomas, 195.
Carthage, 30, 31, 47.
Cato, 31.
Charlemagne, 49.
Charles I. of England, 123, 128.
Charles II. (formerly Prince Charles Stuart), 127, 137, 145, 147, 152, 155, 159, 162, 166.
Charles V., Emperor of Spain, 72, 78–80, 84.
Charlie, Bonnie Prince, 189.
Châteaurenault, Francois-Louis de (Vice Admiral), 176.
Churchill, Winston, 319, 321, 323, 330, 344.
Cicero, 32.
Clarendon, Edward Hyde, first Earl of, 143, 145, 159.
Cleopatra, 32, 37, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44.
Clinton, Henry (General), 205.
Colbert, Jean Baptiste, 170.
Collingwood, Cuthbert (Admiral), 144, 231, 250, 251, 256, 271, 273, 274.
Columbus, Christopher, 50, 88, 211.
Condulmiero, 80, 82.
Conflans, Hubert de Brienne, Comte de, 193, 195, 223.
Constantinople, 50, 53, 65, 66, 72, 77, 79, 85, 282.
Copenhagen, battle of, 265–268.
Cordova, Don José de (Admiral), 256.
Corinthian Gulf, battle of, 20, 21.
Cornwallis, Charles (General), 199, 205, 207, 219.
Cortes, Hernando, 88.
"Corvus," 30.
Court, La Bruyère de (Admiral), 185, 220.
Cradock, Sir Christopher George Francis Maurice (Admiral), 327.
Crane, 57, 59.
Cromwell, Oliver, 121, 129, 135, 137, 143, 145, 147.
Cuddalore, battle of, 238.

Da Gama, Vasco, 88.
D'Amfreville, Marquis, 179.
Dandolo, Doge of Venice, 74.
Dannebrog, 267.
Deane, Richard (Admiral), 124, 125, 133, 135.
De Grasse, Francois Joseph Paul, Comte (Admiral), birth and early years, 199; fights English in the West Indies, 200; placed in command of a French fleet, 202; captures Tobago, 203; Yorktown Campaign, 203–208; back in the West Indies, 208, 209; Battle of Saints' Passage, 210–216; a prisoner of war in England, 217; retirement and

death, 218; honored by the United States, 218, 226, 230, 248.
De Guichen, Luc-Urbain, Comte (Admiral), 201, 202.
Delfland, 153.
Depretis, Agostino, 286.
De Ruyter, Michel, 130, 133, 134; birthplace and ancestry, 147, 148; his experiences at sea preceding the first Anglo-Dutch War, 148; the First Dutch War with England, 149–150; he commands a fleet in the Mediterranean, 150, 152; he aids Denmark in her war with Sweden, 151; the Second Dutch War with England, 152–162; the Four Days' Battle, 154–159; Battle of St. James's Day, 158–159; his descent of the Thames and Medway, 160–161; he retires to private life, 162; the Third Dutch War with England, 162–166; Battle off Solebay, 163–164; Battle off Schooneveldt, 165; Battle off the Texel, 165, 166; campaign against the French in the Mediterranean, 167, 168; his death and character, 169; 172, 173.
D'Estaing, Charles Hector, Comte (Admiral), 200, 224, 225, 246.
D'Estrées, Jean (Admiral), 165, 170, 171, 172.
Devonshire, 186.
De With, Cornelis (Admiral), 130, 131, 149.
De Witt, the Brothers, 164.
Dogger Bank, battle of, 328–331.
Don Juan, brother of Philip II. of Spain, 86, 87.
Doria, Andrea (Admiral), 71, 75, 78, 84, 86.
Doria, Gian Andrea, 86.
D'Orves, Comte, 227, 228.
D'Orvilliers, Louis Guillouet, Comte (Admiral), 200.
Doughty, Thomas, 99, 100.
Douglas, Sir Charles (Captain), 213.
Drake, Sir Francis, birth and early childhood, 88–90; takes service with the Hawkins brothers, 91; makes his first voyage to the West Indies, 91; his voyage to the Spanish Main with Hawkins, 92, 93; his marriage, 95; he commands an expedition against Nombre de Dios, 95–97; his circumnavigation of the globe, 98–103; knighted by Queen Elizabeth, 104; becomes Mayor of Plymouth, and Member of Parliament, 104; his expedition to the Caribbean, 105–107; his expedition against Cadiz, 108–110; Armada Campaign, 110–117; his last voyage and death, 118; 121.
Drake, John, 102.
"Dromon," 66.
Duguay-Trouin, 180.
Duncan, Adam (Admiral), 243.
Dungeness, battle off, 131–132.
Duquesne, Abraham (Admiral), 166, 168, 170, 171, 173, 175.

Ecnomus, 30.
Eirik, of Norway, 57–61.
Elizabeth, 98, 101.
Elizabeth Bonaventure, 105.
Elizabeth, Queen of England, 90, 94, 97–99, 100, 104, 105, 108, 111, 112, 117.
Emden, 327.
Ericsson, John, 277.
Erzherzog Ferdinand Max, 285, 289, 290.
Eugene, Prince of Savoy, 182.
Evan-Thomas, Sir Hugh (Rear Admiral), 333, 335, 338, 339.

Farragut, David Glasgow (Admiral), 277.
Fischer, Olfert (Commodore), 267.
Fisher, John Arbuthnot (Admiral), 323.
Foley, Thomas (Admiral), 267.
Formidable, 212, 214.
Four Days' Battle, 154–159.
Francis I. of France, 84.
Frederick the Great, 189.
Friedrich der Grosse, 346.

Frobisher, Martin, 98, 105, 114.
Fulton, 277.

Gabbard, battle of the, 135.
Galleon of Venice, 80, 81, 83.
"Galleon," 80, 110, 111.
"Galleot," 69, 71, 72, 74.
"Galley," 69.
Genseric, 47.
George II. of England, 185, 190, 196.
George V. of England, 316, 345.
Gloire, 278.
Golden Hind, 98, 101–104.
Goodenough, W. E. (Commodore), 325, 326.
Grace of God, 93.
Grand Captain of the South, 101.
Graves, Thomas (Admiral), 205–207.
Gravina, Carlos de (Admiral), 273.
"Greek Fire," 65.

Hamilton, Lady, 251, 263, 264, 268, 272.
Hamilton, Sir William, 251, 268.
Hardy, Thomas Masterman (Captain), 244, 274.
"Harpago," 35.
Hawke, Edward (Admiral), birth and parentage, 183; sea service in time of peace, 183; in the War of Jenkins' Ear, 184; in the War of the Austrian Succession, 184–189; Battle off Finisterre, 186; his character, 187; in the Seven Years' War, 188–196; attack on Rochefort, 189–190; Battle of Quiberon Bay, 193–195; his honors and rewards, 196; death and character, 196–197; 220, 221, 223, 246.
Hawkins, John, 91–95, 114, 118.
Hawkins, William, 94, 105.
Heligoland Bight, battle of, 325, 326.
Henry VII. of England, 144.
Henry VIII. of England, 88.
Héros, 195, 225, 226, 230, 236.
Heuglin, Doctor Theodore von (Baron), 282.
Hipper, Vice Admiral von, 329, 334, 335, 336, 340.
Holmes, Robert (Captain), 152.
Holstein, 267.
Homer, 47.
Hood, Horace Lambert Alexander (Admiral), 331, 338, 339.
Hood, Samuel (Admiral), 202, 203, 205, 208–211, 213, 215, 216, 247–249, 251, 252, 262.
Hotham, Sir Henry (Vice Admiral), 252–254.
Howard, Charles, second Baron Howard of Effingham, 111, 112, 114, 115.
Howe, Richard (Admiral), 189, 191, 197, 243, 250, 251, 262.
Hudson, Henry, 120.
Hughes, Sir Edward (Admiral), 227, 228, 230, 231, 232, 234–236, 238, 240, 245.
Hyder Ali, 228, 230, 233, 238, 239.

Iron-Beard, 59, 60.
Iron Duke, 338.

James, 129, 132.
James II. of England, 176, 178.
Jellicoe, John Rushworth, Viscount (Admiral), 331, 333, 334, 338, 339, 340, 342, 344.
Jervis, John, Earl of St. Vincent (Admiral), 243, 254–258.
Johnson, Samuel, 145.
Johnstone, George (Commodore), 226, 227.
Jones, John Paul, 201, 316.
Josephine, Empress, 210.
Judith, 92, 94.
Julian Haven, 33.
Julius Cæsar, 31–33.
Jutland, battle of, 332–344.

Kaiserin Elizabeth, 283.
Kamimura (Japanese Admiral), 305, 311.
Keith, George Keith-Elphinstone, Viscount (Admiral), 263, 264.
Keppel, Augustus (Admiral), 189, 197, 200.
Kitchener of Khartum, Horatio Herbert, Viscount (General), 318, 319.

Lafayette, Marquis de, 199, 205.
La Hogue, battle of, 178–180.
Leopard, 125.
Lepanto, battle of, 84, 86, 87, 110, 277.
Lepidus, 32, 33, 35, 36.
"Liburna," 38.
Lion, 323, 327–330, 333, 335, 336, 338, 343, 347.
Little Serpent, 56–59.
Locker, William (Captain), 246.
Long Serpent, 52, 57–62.
Louis XIV. of France, 162, 166, 170, 171, 174, 175, 178, 180.
Louis XV. of France, 192.
Louis XVI. of France, 240.
Lusitania, 332.
Lützow, 340, 342.

Madras, battle south of, 228–229.
Magellan, Fernando, 99.
Mahan, Alfred Thayer (Admiral), 165, 169, 181, 182, 187, 197, 233, 241, 261.
Makaroff, Stepan Osipovich (Vice Admiral), 301.
Marie Antoinette, 251.
Marigold, 98, 101.
Mark Antony, 31, 35–44.
Marlborough, Duke of, 182, 183.
Martini, Lieutenant Field-Marshall, 280.
Mary (Tudor), Queen of England, 89.
Mary Queen of Scots, 108.
Mathews, Thomas (Admiral), 184, 185, 220.
Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, 282, 283, 285, 292, 293.
Medina-Sidonia, Duke of, 110, 112, 115, 117.
Merrimac, 278.
Mikasa, 301, 309, 310.
Moltke, 340.
Monitor, 278.
Monk, George (Admiral), 133, 135, 136, 140, 155; (Duke of Albemarle), 157, 159.
Montagu, Edward (Earl of Sandwich), 140, 141, 163.
Moore, Sir Archibald (Rear Admiral), 330.
Moore, Sir John (General), 252.
Mordaunt, Sir John, 189, 190.

Naniwa, 297, 298.
Napoleon Bonaparte, 254, 258, 259, 262, 264, 268–272, 276.
Naulochus, 35.
Naupactus, 19, 21, 23, 24, 86.
Navarino, battle of, 278.
Nebogatoff (Russian Admiral), 306, 309, 311–313.
Negapatam, battle of, 233–234.
Nelson, Horatio (Admiral), 137, 142, 188, 231; birth and ancestry, 244; early years in the navy, 244, 245; made captain, 246; service in the West Indies during American Revolution, 246–249; his personal appearance, 248; his marriage, 250; service in war against France, 251–276; loses right eye at Calvi, Corsica, 252; Battle of Cape St. Vincent, 256–257; loses right arm at Santa Cruz, 258; Battle of the Nile, 258–262; assists the King of Naples, 263; returns to England, 264; estrangement from Lady Nelson, 264; Battle of Copenhagen, 265–267; in House of Lords, 268; Napoleon's attempt to invade England, 269–275; Battle of Trafalgar, 271–275; death and burial, 275; 277, 331.
Nero, 46.
Nile, battle of, 258–262.
Nogi, Maresuke, Count, 316.
Nombre de Dios, 95, 96, 107.
North, Frederick (Lord North), 208.

Obdam, Jacob van Wassenaer (Lieutenant-Admiral), 151, 153.
Octavius, 31–41, 44–46.
Orient, 261.
Osliabia, 310.
Our Lady of the Conception, 102.

Parker, Sir Hyde (Admiral), 264–266, 268.

Parker, Peter (Admiral), 217, 246, 247.
Parma, Duke of, 113–115.
Paul I., Czar of Russia, 268.
Pausanias, 25, 26.
Penn, William (Admiral), 130, 133, 134, 137.
Pepys, Samuel, 152, 153, 157, 161.
Pericles, 16, 18, 25.
Perry, Matthew Calbraith, (Commodore), 295.
Persano, Carlo Pellion di, Count, 286.
Petropavlosk, 301.
Philip II. of Spain, 86, 87, 97–100, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 117.
Phormio, first appearance in Thucydides, 16; earliest exploit of, 18; expeditions against Argos and Potidaea, 19; Battle of the Corinthian Gulf, 20–21; Battle off Naupactus, 22–24; expedition to Acarnania, 24; his death, 25; his character, 25–26; 64.
"Pinnace," 111.
Pitt, William, 189, 192.
Pizarro, Francisco, 88.
Plutarch, 16, 41–43.
Polybius, 47.
Pompey the Great, 31, 32.
Popham, Edward (Colonel), 124, 125, 127.
Portland, 184.
Portland, battle of (Anglo-Dutch), 133–135.
Portland, battle of (Anglo-Spanish), 114.
Porto Bello, 118.
Prevesa, battle of, 80–84.
Princess Royal, 330, 335, 337.
Princeton, 278.

Quiberon Bay, battle of, 193–195.
"Quinquereme," 29, 30, 37, 38, 43.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, 107.
Ramillies, 193.
Re d'Italia, 285, 289, 290, 291.
Revenge, 112.
Riou, Edward (Captain), 266, 267.
Rochambeau, Jean Baptiste, Comte de, 204, 205, 207, 216, 218.
Rodman, Hugh (Admiral), 345.
Rodney, George (Admiral), 189, 197, 201–203, 205, 209–211, 213, 214, 216, 217, 230, 242, 247, 248.
Rojdestvensky, Sinovi Petrovich (Admiral), 305–307, 309–313.
Rome, 29–31, 47.
Rooke, George (Admiral), 182.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 314.
Rosario, 114.
Royal Charles, 161.
Royal George, 193, 194.
Royal James, 163.
Royal Prince, 156.
Royal Sovereign, 273.
Rupert, Prince, 123, 124, 126, 155, 156, 164, 165, 172.
Russell, Edward, Earl of Oxford (Admiral), 178, 179.

Saad, Sultan, 282.
Saints' Passage, battle of, 210–216.
Salamis, 14–16, 26.
San Filippe, 110.
San Josef, 256, 257.
San Martin, 115, 117.
San Nicolas, 256.
San Salvador, 114.
Santa Ana, 274.
Santa Cruz, Marquis of, 110.
Sceptre, 173.
Scheer, Reinhold von (Admiral), 331, 334, 340–342.
Schooneveldt, battle of, 165.
Scipio, 47.
Seahorse, 183.
Selim I., Sultan of Turkey, 72.
Seven Provinces, 154, 158, 163.
Seydlitz, 329, 330, 335, 341.
Shakespeare, William, 40, 243.
"Ship of the line," 137.
Smollett, Tobias George, 195.
Solebay, battle of, 163, 164.
Soleil Royal, 179, 193, 194.
Southey, Robert, 259, 271, 275.
Speaker, 141.
Spee, Maximilian, Count von (Admiral), 327.

Stayner, Sir Richard (Captain), 141, 142.
St. James's Day, battle of, 158, 159.
St. Michael, 163.
Sturdee, Sir Frederick Charles Doveton (Admiral), 327.
Suckling, Maurice (Captain), 244, 246, 248.
Suenson, Edouard (Commodore), 284.
Suffren, Pierre André de (Bailli), birth, 220; early incidents of his career, 220, 221; a prisoner of war in England, 221; during the Seven Years' War, 222, 223; he becomes a Knight Commander of the Order of the Knights of St. John, 224; fights Great Britain in the West Indies, 224, 225; expedition to India, 225–239; he attacks British at Lagos, 226, 227; Battle against British south of Madras, 228, 229; Battle off Trincomalee, 230, 231; Battle off Negapatam, 233, 234; he captures Trincomalee, 235–237; Battle off Cuddalore, 238; honors and death, 240, 241; character, 241; 245.
Suleiman I., the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, 75, 79, 84.
Suvaroff, 307, 309–312.
Svein, King of Denmark, 57–59.
Svold Island, battle of, 58–61, 64.
Syracuse, 27.

Taft, William Howard, 316.
Tegetthoff, Wilhelm von (Admiral), birth, 278; education and early years in the Austrian navy, 279; in Revolution of 1848, 279, 280; during the Crimean War, 280, 281; heads a mission to the Red Sea and Somaliland, 282; goes with Maximilian on a voyage to Brazil, 283; service in the war with Denmark, 283, 284; Battle off Heligoland, 284; service in Seven Weeks' War, 284–292; Battle of Lissa, 287–291; his honors, 292, 293; he visits the United States, England, and France, 292; he brings Maximilian's body back to Austria, 293; his death, 293; his character, 293.
Texel, battle off, 165, 166.
Themistocles, 14–16.
Thucydides, 16, 18–20, 25–27.
Tippoo Sahib, 238.
Togo, Heihachiro (Admiral), birth and ancestry, 295; education, 296; sea experience in war against Shogunate, 296; goes to Greenwich Naval College in England, 296; service in war with China, 297; Battle of Yalu, 297, 298; war with Russia, 299–314; operations around Port Arthur, 300–305; cruise of Rojdestvensky from the Baltic to the Far East, 305–307; Battle of Tsushima, 307–314; his honors, 315; his character and appearance, 315; his family, 315; visit to England and the United States, 316.
Torrington, Earl of, 176, 177.
Tourville, Comte de, birth and ancestry, 171; becomes a Knight of Malta, 172; fights against the Dutch and the Spaniards, 172–174; he brings the Barbary Corsairs to terms, 175; war with England, 176; Battle off Beachy Head, 176; "Deep-Sea Cruise," 178; Battle of La Hogue, 178–180; death and character, 180, 181; 199.
Trafalgar, battle of, 271–275.
Tréville, Latouche (Admiral), 269.
Trincomalee, battle off, 230–231; capture of, 235–237.
"Trireme," 16–18, 43.
Triumph, 132, 133.
Tromp, Cornelis van (Admiral), 155, 156, 158, 159, 164, 165, 172.
Tromp, Martin van (Admiral), 127, 129–137, 149, 150.
Troubridge, Thomas (Captain), 245, 256, 258, 261.

Tryggvesson, Olaf, time of, 50; his *Long Serpent*, 52; his birth and ancestry, 53, 54; service under his father-in-law, King Burislav of Poland, 54; plundering expeditions, 54; he becomes a Christian, 55; he marries widow of an English earl with estates in England and Ireland, 55; he goes to claim throne of Norway, 55; converts Norway to Christianity, 55; Queen Sigrid rejects his offer of marriage, 56; he builds up a fleet, 56; he marries King Svein's sister Thyre, 57; expedition to Wendland, 58; Battle of Svold Island, 58–61; his death, 61; his character, 61; 64.
Tsarevitch, 304.
Tsuboi (Japanese Admiral), 297.

Ulugh Ali, 86.
Uruj (Barbarossa), 68, 69, 70, 71, 72.

Valdemar, King of Russia, 54.
Valdes, Pedro de, 114.
Van Diemen, Anton, 120.
Vanguard, 258, 260, 261.
Van Heemskerk, Jakob, 120.
Vaudreuil, Louis-Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de, 211, 213, 214, 216.
Vernon, Edward (Admiral), 184.
Victory (Blake's flag-ship), 127.
Victory (Nelson's flag-ship), 269, 271, 273, 274.
Viking Ships, 51, 52, 53.
Vikings, 49–52.
Ville de Paris, 207, 212, 214, 215, 216.
Villeneuve, Pierre Charles Jean Baptist Silvestre (Admiral), 262, 269, 273.
Vitjeft (Russian Rear Admiral), 300, 302, 303, 304.

Walpole, Horace, 188.
Walpole, Robert, 244.
Warren, Sir Peter, 186.
Warrior, 278.
Washington, George, 204, 205, 207, 216, 217, 218, 219, 316.
William II. of Holland, 128.
William III. of Holland and of England, 164, 176, 177, 187.
William IV. of England, 248, 250.
William of Normandy, 50.
William the Silent, 104.
Wolfe, James (General), 189, 191, 252.

Xerxes, 14.

York, Duke of, (Afterwards, James II.), 153, 155, 163, 172.
Yorktown, campaign of, 203–208.

LIST OF NAVAL BATTLES NUMBERED ON MAP

1. In Greek waters:
   - Salamis
   - Naupactus
   - Actium
   - Prevesa
   - Lepanto
2. Lissa (Adriatic Sea)
3. In Sicilian waters:
   - Mylæ
   - Ecnomus
   - Messina
   - Malta
4. Toulon
5. Barbary coast:
   - Tunis
   - Algiers
6. Alexandria
7. Dardanelles
8. In Spanish waters:
   - Gibraltar
   - Cape St. Vincent
   - Cadiz
   - Trafalgar
9. Quiberon Bay
10. English Channel:
    - Spanish Armada campaign
    - Battles of Anglo-Dutch Wars
    - Beachy Head
    - La Hogue
11. In North Sea:
    - Heligoland Bight
    - Dogger Bank
12. In Danish waters:
    - Copenhagen
    - Jutland
13. Svold Island (Baltic Sea)
14. Virginia Capes
15. Saints' Passage
16. Nombre de Dios
17. Cartagena
18. Vera Cruz
19. Falkland Islands
20. Coronel
21. In Chinese waters:
    - Yalu
    - Port Arthur
22. Tsushima
23. Cocos Islands
24. In Indian waters:
    - Trincomalee
    - Negapatam
    - Cuddalore

Key to numbers representing naval battles will be found on another page.

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